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Early English Text Society.

THE
ENGLISH CHARLEMAGNE ROMANCES.

PART VI.

The Taill of Rauf Coilyear

(ABOUT 1475 A.D.)

(FROM THE UNIQUE COPY OF LEKPREVIK'S EDITION OF 1572)

WITH THE FRAGMENTS OF

Roland and Vernagu

AND

Otuel

(FROM THE UNIQUE AUCHINLECK MS., ABOUT 1330 A.D.)

RE-EDITED FROM THE ORIGINALS,

With Introduction, Notes, and Glossary,

BY

SIDNEY J. H. HERRTAGE, B.A.,

EDITOR OF "SIR FERUMBRAS," "THE SEGE OFF MELAYNE," "THE LYF OF
CHARLES THE GRETE," THE "CATHOLICON ANGLICUM," ETC.

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XXXIX.

BUNGAY: CLAY AND TAYLOR, THE CHAUCER PRESS.

INTRODUCTION.

Rauf Coilgear, p. v.*Roland and Vernagu*, p. vii, xiv.*Otuel*, p. vii, xiii, xv.

THE present part of the Early English Text Society's series of Charlemagne Romances contains three pieces, all unique, and all only once before printed. The first piece, "The Taill of Rauf Coilgear," is here reprinted from the only known copy existing, which was discovered in the Advocate's Library in Edinburgh in 1821. Nothing whatever is known of the author of the poem. He certainly lived before 1500, for Dunbar, in his address to the king, refers to the "taill" as follows:—

"Quhen servit is all uder man,
Gentiil and semple off every clan,
Kyne of *Rauf Colyard* and Johne the Reif,
Nathing I get, na conqueis can,
Excess of thought dois one mischeif."

And Douglas, in his "Palice of Honour," written in the year 1501, also couples Rauf Coilgear and John the Reeve—

"I saw *Raf Colyear* with hes thrawin brow,
Craibit Johne the Reif, and auld Cowkelpis Low."

The copy in the Advocate's Library was, as will be seen from the colophon, printed in 1572 at St. Andrews, by Robert Lekpreuik. The "taill" begins on leaf A ij, and occupies fourteen pages. The subject is one which appears to have been a favourite one in all ages. The idea of a king disguising himself, in order to mix freely amongst his subjects without being recognized, whatever his motive, has frequently recommended itself to English ballad-makers. Thus we have the ballads of "The King and the Miller of Mansfield," "King Henry and the Soldier," "King James I. and the Tinker," "King William III. and the Forester," "King Alfred and the Shepherd," "King Edward IV. and the Tanner," "King Henry VIII. and the Cobbler," and the oldest of all, "John de Reeue," or "John the

Reeve," a ballad written in the opinion of Prof. Hales about the middle of the 15th century, but, according to Mr. Wright, in the latter part of the 14th century. It was certainly written after 1377 and before 1461.¹

The fact that Charles the Great and his "Duchepeiris" are introduced into the poem, and that the scene is laid partly on a wild moor near Paris, and partly in Paris itself, would lead to the conclusion that it had a French origin; but there are, probably, no real grounds for such a conclusion. The number of French idioms is far fewer than we should expect to find in a translation or adaptation; those which do occur, *e. g.* *pardie*, *in fay*, *bone fay*, are nearly all colloquial, and such as, from the intercourse between the two countries, might well be familiar to a native of Scotland.

The poem, as pointed out by Dr. Irving,² begins in a similar manner to the "Awnturs of Arthur."³ Both are written in 13-line alliterative stanzas, the only difference being in the scheme of rimes, which in the "Awnturs" is *ababababaccca*, and in "Rauf Coilgear," *ababababcdde*. For this reason Dr. Irving conjectured that possibly the two poems are by the same hand. In all probability the poem is quite original, the reference to an authority, "as the buik sayis," l. 355, being nothing more than one of those phrases which the authors of romances so frequently inserted in order to give a fictitious air of authenticity to their compositions.⁴ Whoever the author was, he deserves credit for the really quaint humour with which he has worked out his subject. It is impossible to say exactly when the poem was first written, since "the whole orthography has been assimilated to that of the 16th century," and in its present shape belongs to what Dr. Murray defines as the "Middle Period" of

¹ It is reprinted in full by Prof. Hales and Mr. Furnivall in "Bishop Percy's Folio MS." 1868, vol. ii. pp. 550—594. My own belief is that it was written not later than 1400. I do not think the use of such a construction as "thou had wedded Iohn daughter reeve," that is, the daughter of John the Reeve, came down so late as 1450; though common in the 14th century. See examples in note to p. 41, l. 154, below.

² "History of Scottish Poetry," ed. J. A. Carlyle, M.D. Edinburgh, 1861, pp. 88—93.

³ Printed for the Camden Society in "Three Metrical Romances," pp. 1—36.

⁴ See Dr. Hausknecht's note to the 'Sowdone of Babylone,' l. 26. But in this case it may mean that the service was done as the book directs.

Lowland Scotch.¹ Probably we shall not be far wrong in assigning it to the middle of the second half of the 15th century.

The description of the deadly duel between Rauf and the Saracen is a really comical burlesque of the combats described in *Sir Ferumbras*, *Otuel*, &c., and we may be pardoned for entertaining a slight suspicion that the promise of the hand of Joanna in the one case, and of Belesent in the other, had probably more to do with the conversions of the Saracens than either the arguments of Roland, or the descent of the dove on the head of Otuel.

The second and third poems contained in the present part are printed from the celebrated Auchinleck MS. They were printed, but far from correctly, for the Abbotsford Club in 1836, together with a fragment of a romance of Alexander, contained in the same MS.² In both, the first letter is always separated from the second by a pretty wide interval. Both are unfortunately defective, having been mutilated for the sake of the illuminations which have been torn out. "*Rouland and Vernagu*" has not, however, suffered much: the loss at the beginning probably only amounting to eight lines. "*Otuel*" has fared worse, having lost eight lines near the beginning, and probably a leaf at the end. The two poems were analyzed by Ellis, the first under the title of "*Roland and Ferragus*," the second under that of "*Sir Otuel*."³ Of the latter, he says that "a second MS., in six-lined stanzas, is in the possession of W. Fillingham, Esq. The style of this is much more languid and feeble, resembling pretty nearly the diction of the romance which we have just examined [*"Roland and Ferragus"*]. It has, however, the merit of completing the story, and of furnishing a paraphrase of Turpin's Chronicle from the period of the death of Ferragus to the battle of Roncesvalles." This MS. has been lost sight of, and I have not been able to gain any information as to its whereabouts. I therefore here reprint Ellis's analysis of that part of it which forms the continuation to "*Otuel*."

¹ "Dialect of the Southern Counties of Scotland," 1873, p. 57.

² "Ancient Metrical Romances," from the Auchinleck MS. Edinburgh, 1836, pp. i—xxvii, 84.

³ "Specimens of Early English Metrical Romance," 1805, vol. III. pp. 283—355.

“In the continuation of the story, Otuel appears to be almost forgotten, though his name occurs two or three times towards the end of the romance, for the sole purpose, as it should seem, of justifying its title. I have already observed that such a continuation would scarcely deserve notice, but that it presents us with the concluding scene in Turpin’s history, the battle of Roncesvalles.

Charles, having thus terminated the campaign of Lombardy, led his unsuccessful rival to Paris, where Garsie, convinced that it was out of the power of Mahomet or Apolyn to obtain for him such terms as he might secure by embracing Christianity, consented to be baptized by the hands of archbishop Turpin. Soon after this, Charles received intelligence that Ibrahim king of Seville, having united his forces with those of the king of Cordes, was encamped near that city; he therefore collected an army with all possible expedition, and marched to attack them. He found them

‘With batayles stern ten ;
The first waren foot-men
That grisliche were of cheer ;
With hair they were be-hong,
And beardys swithe long,
And hornes in hond bare.’

These ugly troops were also provided with numberless bells and other sonorous instruments, which, added to the hideous shouts and yells with which they advanced to the attack, produced a discord truly diabolical. It will readily be believed that the valorous knights, who formed the van of the Christian army, were very little disturbed either by the abominable features, or by the grotesque gesticulations, or by the dissonant noises of these uncouth antagonists: but their horses, who were perfectly unprepared for an encounter with such musicians in masquerade, utterly refused to approach them, and, when roused by the spur from the lethargy of astonishment into which they had been plunged by the unexpected sight, suddenly dispersed in all directions, and, charging the French infantry with the rapidity of lightning, threw them into confusion; after which, communicating the panic to the body of reserve, they hurried the astonished Charlemagne, together with his twelve peers, several miles from the field of battle.

The infantry, having at length gained a commanding eminence, were easily rallied, because they could not run much further; but it was not till late in the evening that they were joined by the cavalry, when the king commanded them to pitch their tents. On the following morning he gave orders that the ears of all the horses in the army should be carefully stopped with wax, and that they should at the same time be hood-winked; after which he marched forward in good order to meet the enemy. The Saracens were now repulsed in their turn; but maintained an obstinate conflict in defence of their sacred

standard, which was carried in a car drawn by twelve oxen. On this occasion, Charlemagne exhibited the greatest heroism, and, drawing his good sword Joyeuse, rushed into the midst of his enemies, forced his way to the standard, cut in two the long and massive spear on which it was reared, and shortly after clove the skull of the ferocious Ibrahim, the tyrant of Seville. Eight thousand Saracens fell in this battle; and on the following day the king of Cordes, who had escaped into the city, was forced to surrender, and to do homage to Charles, after promising to renounce his former creed, and to embrace the doctrines of Christianity.

Immediately after this victory, the French army was called off to repress the inroads of the king of Navarre; and on this occasion the pious Charles was gratified by a fresh miracle. It is well known that those who die in battle against the infidels are rewarded by the crown of martyrdom; and if this were not a matter of course, it was in the present case secured by the express promise made by St. James to Charles in his sleep. Now the good king wished to know how many of his knights were predestined to lose their lives on this occasion, and prayed to heaven that his curiosity might be satisfied. Accordingly, the intended victims were all marked with a red cross on their shoulder; but Charles, finding their number much greater than he expected, and wishing to obtain a cheaper victory, left them all behind in a place of security, attacked the enemy, gained the battle, and returned without loss. In the mean time those for whom he was thus solicitous had all expired; and thus did the good king learn that it is useless to oppose the designs of Providence.

Having at length secured the submission of Spain, by distributing all his conquests, either amongst his own friends or amongst those of his benefactor St. James, Charlemagne became desirous of returning into France; but feeling some uneasiness at leaving behind him two Saracen kings, named Marsire and Baligand, who then resided at Saragossa, he despatched an ambassador to inform them that they must immediately consent to be baptized, or else pay him tribute. The ambassador whom he chose for this mission was the celebrated Guines or Ganelon, whose duty to his sovereign and to his country was soon overpowered by a present of thirty *somers* (beasts of burthen) laden with gold and silver, which the artful Saracens offered to him on condition of his undertaking to lead the French army into the defiles of the forest of Roncesvalles.

And thritti steedes with gold fine,
To Charles sent that Sarrazin,
All they were white as flour;
And an hundred tuns of wine,
That was both good and fine,
And swithe fair colour.¹

¹ Gaguin, in his translation of Turpin, adds to this present a thousand beautiful damsels, "pour en faire à leur volonté," and further explains to us

At the same time they permitted Ganelon to make, in their name, whatever promises he might think necessary for the purpose of preventing any suspicions in the mind of Charlemagne.

The traitor executed his commission with great address, and suggested such a disposition of the French army as insured the destruction of Roland and of all his companions. Charles in person commanded one half of the army, and was suffered to pass the mountains unmolested, and to descend into the open country ; but no sooner had Roland, who conducted the second division, advanced into the forest of Roncesvalles, than he found himself attacked on all sides by the Saracens, who had been previously posted on every eminence, and had concerted every measure for the surprise of the Christians. Roland, as might be expected, made a desperate resistance, and, being assisted by all the best knights of France, nearly annihilated the first body of his assailants ; but the Saracens continued to receive constant reinforcements, while the Christians were exhausted by fatigue and hunger. Constantine of Rome, Ogier le Danois, Reynald de Montauban, Sir Bertram the standard-bearer, and many others of less note, after performing prodigies of valour, were successively slain. Olivier, covered with wounds, was at length overpowered, and Roland, after singly cutting his way through the enemy, perceived that all hopes of retreat were lost, and that nothing remained for him but to seek for an opportunity of dying honourably in the field.

After wandering for some time in the forest, he discovered a single Saracen, whom he secured and bound to a tree ; after which having gained an eminence from whence he could discover the situation of the enemy, he sounded his ivory horn, collected round him a small number of his fugitive soldiers, and, returning with them to his prisoner, unbound him, and promised him life on condition that he should point out to them the person of king Marsire. The Saracen readily obeyed, and showed him the king mounted on a bay charger, and bearing a golden dragon on his shield ; upon which Roland, setting spurs to his horse, dashed through the surrounding guards, and with one blow clove his enemy to the saddle-bows. Baligand collected the remains of the Saracen army, and retreated to Saragossa.

Roland, now covered with wounds, and beginning to suffer severely from fever and from thirst, dismounted from his horse, lay down under a tree, and, drawing his good sword Durindale,

‘ Tho he began to make his moan,
And fast looked thereupon,
As he it held in his hond.

the real cause of the terrible disaster which befel the Christians. “ Mais pour autant que les gens de l’ost s’estoient enyvres, les nuits précédentes, du vin des Sarrazins que Ganelon avoit amené, aucuns avoient commis le peché de fornication avec las femmes Sarrazines, et aultres femmes chretiennes de France.” Cap. 20.

"O sword of great might,
 "Better bare never no knight,
 "To win with no lond!
 "Thou hast y-be in many batayle,
 "That never Sarrazin, sauns fayle,
 "Ne might thy stroke withstond.
 "Go! let never no Paynim
 "Into batayle bear him,
 "After the death of Roland!
 "O sword of great powere,
 "In this world n' is nought thy peer,
 "Of no metal y-wrought;
 "All Spain and Galice
 "Through grace of God and thee, y-wis,
 "To Christendom ben brought.
 "Thou art good withouten blame;
 "In thee is graven the holy name
 "That all things made of nought!"

After these words he rose, and, exerting his whole force, struck the sword against a rock in hopes of breaking it: but Durindale sunk deep into the solid stone; and when he had with some difficulty drawn it out, he found the edge uninjured.

The dying hero now blew his ivory horn, in hopes of drawing round him some friends, if any such had escaped from the battle, to whom he might consign his sword, and who might join with him in prayer during his last moments. No one appeared. He made a second effort, and with such violence that he burst the horn, and at the same time so distended all his veins that his wounds began to bleed most abundantly, and soon reduced him almost to extremity. The sound of this blast was distinctly heard in the army of Charlemagne, who wished to return in search of his nephew, but was persuaded by Ganelon, that Roland could be in no danger, but was most probably amusing himself by hunting in the forest. It brought, however, to Roland, two of his companions, Sir Baldwin and Sir Terry, who having escaped the general slaughter, had been hitherto wandering through the forest, and whom he sent in search of some water; which, however, they were unable to find. In the mean time a Saracen, coming by chance to the spot where the hero lay, endeavoured to carry off Durindale; but Roland, suddenly starting up, wrenched the sword from his hand, killed him with one blow, and fainted with the exertion: so that Sir Baldwin, finding him apparently lifeless, laid him with great care across his horse, took care of his sword and horn, and conducted him to an adjoining valley, where the hero, recovering his senses, had time to make a very long prayer before he expired; when his soul was immediately carried up to heaven by a troop of angels.

Archbishop Turpin was, at this moment, saying mass for the souls of the dead, and distinctly heard the songs of these angels, who were, however, too distant to be seen: but at the same time he discovered

and interrogated a troop of black fiends, who were flying to hell with the soul of king Marsire, and who reported to him the death of Roland, which he instantly notified to Charlemagne.

The good king instantly set off towards Roncesvalles, and being met by Sir Baldwin, who confirmed the deposition of the devils, was conducted by him to the body of Roland, over which he swooned two or three times, and uttered many learned but tedious lamentations.¹ He then prepared for vengeance; and, having first prayed to Heaven that the sun might be stopped for him, as it had formerly been for Josua (a favour which was readily granted to him), led his army against Saragossa, where Baligand had found a retreat. In this battle, Sir Turpin distinguished himself by many acts of extraordinary valour, as did also Sir Hugon, Sir Thibaut, Charlemagne, and Otuel, of whom we have long lost sight, but who is now brought forward for the purpose of killing Perigon, king of Persia, whilst Turpin has the honour of destroying the treacherous Baligand. Sixty thousand Saracens, it seems, were slain in this long and murderous day; after which Charles returned to the fatal field of Roncesvalles; where Sir Terry, having formally accused Ganelon of causing the destruction of the French army, and having proved his charge in single combat, that traitor was condemned to be hanged, and then torn into quarters by four horses. Having thus revenged the death of his nephew,

‘Charlys took his knights,
And went to Roland, anon rights,
With swithe great doloür;
Rolandys body he let dight,
With myrrh and balm anon right,
With swithe good odoür.’

“Rouland and Vernagu” can claim credit for little more than being a fair translation or adaptation of the Chronicle of the pseudo-Turpin, as will be seen from a comparison with the Latin version, of which I reprint the chapter containing the account of the duel of Roland and Vernagu, or Ferragus. In l. 328 the translator expressly refers to his Latin original, and in l. 481 he evidently assumes it to have been written by Turpin himself.

¹ Though these lamentations are insufferable in the drawling stanzas of our English translator, they are not unentertaining in the old French of Gaguin. “O le bras dextre de mon corps! l’honneur des Gaules! l’espée de chevalerie! Hache inflexible, haubergeon incorruptible et heaulme du salut! Comparé à Judas Machabeus par ta valeur et prouesse, ressemblant à Sanson, et pareil à Jonatas fils de Saul par la fortune de ta triste mort! O chevalier très aspre et bien enseigné à combattre! fort plus fort, et très fort! génie royal! destructeur des Sarrazins! des bons Chrestiens défenseur! le mur et deffence des eleves! le ferme baston des orphelins et veuves! la viande et réfection des pauvres! la révélation des églises! langue sans avoir menti ès jugemens de toutes choses,” &c. (chap. xxiv.). (See *Charles the Grete*, pp. 240-1.)

"Otuel," on the other hand, is written with a considerable amount of spirit and animation. It is connected with "Rouland and Vernagu" by the concluding lines of the latter, the "Sege of Melayne" coming in as an interlude between the two. It differs in so many respects from "Roland and Otuell" that the relations of the two may be compared to those of the "Sowdone of Babylone" and "Sir Ferumbras." It is, in fact, not a translation so much as an adaptation or reproduction, the author not considering himself confined to a strict following of his text, but free to modify, add, or omit at pleasure. In its opening it agrees with the Middlehill MS. of "Otinell," rather than the Vatican MS., for while the latter gives the time of Otuel's appearance as "à Pasques," the former says: "ço fu le jor dunt li Innocent sunt." In "Roland and Otuell," l. 193, as in "Otinell," Otuel agrees to surrender his sword to Roland; but in the present version it will be seen that he indignantly refuses. "Roland and Otuell" again omits the passage describing the death of Arapater (Erpater) at the hands of Otuel (see note to l. 1129), which is briefly related in "Otuel," ll. 1111—1122. Nothing is said in "Otuel" about Ogier's reception and treatment by Clarel's mistress, in which "Roland and Otuell" follows closely the account in "Otinell," and both omit his torture by her on hearing of the death of Clarel. The positions of Roland and Oliver in the episode described in st. cxvii of "Roland and Otuell" are reversed in "Otuel," ll. 1399—1416. The details of the final general engagement differ very considerably, but "Roland and Otuell" follows "Otinell" more closely than does "Otuel." It appears then, on the whole, that "Roland and Otuell" is a tolerably close translation of a French version of "Otinell," which was not, however, identical with the "Otinell," edited by MM. Guessard and Michelant, while "Otuel" is a free adaptation or reproduction of another version, differing in some minor details, but how far it is impossible to say, owing to the loose open manner in which the author of the English poem has treated his subject. In l. 706 he refers to "romaunse" as his authority, but this may be simply for the purpose of gaining credit for his work.

The following are the principal dialectal peculiarities of "Roland and Vernagu" and "Otuel."

In the former the pronouns are—

S.			P.		
1	2	3	1	2	3
N I y ich.	pou.	he hye (116) it.	we.	3e.	he (70) pai.
G mi min.	pi.	his.			her.
D me.		him.			
A me.	pe.	him it.		3e.	hem.

Ichadel (768) and *ich* (208, 286) = same, very, are noticeable.

The genitives of nouns end in *-es*, except *pin* (396): *winter* (5) is plural as in A.S., and so also *nizt* (366, 389).

In verbs the infinitive ends in *-en*, but the *n* is generally dropped. We have *resten*, *gon*, *ben* (and also *be*), *slen*. Three times we have an ending in *-y* or *-i*, *answerey* (764), *prechy* (156), *serui* (358): *yse* occurs once (789).

In the present indicative we have one instance, *woni* (166), of an ending in *-i*. In the second person singular we have *comest* (162) and *winnes* (164): the ending in the third person singular is *-th*, and with one exception, *don* (202), the same ending is used throughout in the plural.

Bit for *biddeth* occurs once (56), and we have instances of the coalescence of the first personal pronoun with the verbs, *ichot* (767), *ichil* (2, 430), and *ichaue* (396, 732); the second personal pronoun is frequently attached to the verb, as *hadestow* (514), *astow* (781). In the preterite the plural ending is *-en*, but the *n* is generally omitted.

The plural imperative ends in *-ep*. Only one present participle occurs, *slepeand* (623).

In the past participles the ending of weak verbs is *t*, of the strong verbs *-en*, but the *n* is sometimes omitted. The prefix *i-* or *y-* (A.S. *ge*) is generally used: thus we have *y-meten*, *y-schapen*, *y-sen*, *y-bore*, and *y-born*, *y-founde*, *y-corn*, *y-herd*: *forlore* and *forlorn* also occur.

Of inflections of the article we have one instance, “*pan* bridde day” (691), which survived perhaps as a kind of formula: “*pe nende*” occurs in l. 389, and “*pe neue*” in l. 581.

In “*Otuel*” the following forms occur in the pronouns:—

S.			P.		
1	2	3	1	2	3
N i, ich, ihe.	þou, þou.	He, ho (1097), 3o (1001).	we. 3e.	þei.	
G mi, min, myn	þi, þin	his, hise.	3oure.	here, hare (1078).	
D me.	þe.	him.		ham (918), hem.	
A me.	þe, te.	him.	us. 3ou.	hem, ham (1660).	

Hit is used (103, 384) referring to masculine nouns, as in "Sir Ferumbras": *beie* for *both* occurs once (529).

In verbs the ending of the infinitive is generally *-en*, but the *-n* is at times omitted: thus we have *habben*, *habbe*, and *hauen*, *gon* and *go*, *sene*, *seen* and *se*, *slen* and *sle*, *ben* and *be*, &c.

In the present indicative the second person singular ends in *-est*, but once we have *tou wille*: the third person singular ends in *-eþ*.

In the plural the first and third persons end in *-en*, the *-n* being sometimes omitted.

The second person ends in *-eþ*, except in l. 2, where we have *willen*, and in l. 613, where we have *habben*. The termination is omitted in ll. 614 and 979.

Rit for *rideth*, *halt* for *holdeth*, and *bytit* for *betideth*, occur once each. There is no instance of this coalescence of the first personal pronoun with the verb, but the second is sometimes found attached on to its verb as *doustou*, and the third in one instance, *taket* (210).

In the preterite the second person singular ends in *-est*, and the third person plural in *-en*, the *n* as usual being frequently omitted.

The plural imperative ends in *-eþ*.

The present participle ends in *-ing* or *-yng*, except in one instance, *fleinde* (1460).

The past participles of the weak verbs end in *-t*, of the strong in *-en*, the *-n* being frequently omitted. The prefix *i-* or *y-* is omitted as often as it is used: thus we have *i-comen*, *comen*, and *come*, *i-be* and *ben*, *y-gon*, *gon*, and *go* (1012). We find also *lorn*, *i-loren*, and *lose* (1398).

The following instances of plurals of nouns in *-n* occur: *foon* (64), *honden* (174), *sinnen* (394), *gamen* (710), *steeden* (1007), and *eien* (1100): *hond* occurs in l. 916.

The verbs *have*, *will*, *wist*, and *be* have negative forms: *nist*, *nult*, *nold*, *nas*, *nelle*, *nere*, *nis*, *nabbe*, &c.

Adverbs in *-iche* occur in ll. 346, 365, 559-60 and 1158, &c.

In ll. 317 and 1528 we have perhaps an instance of the tendency to drop the *t* of the second person of verbs which is frequent in the "Bestiary" and "Genesis and Exodus." (See Dr. Morris' *Introd.* to the latter, p. xviii.)

The use of *u* for *i*, as *hul* for hill, *whuche* for which, &c., is not uncommon.

A consideration of these forms and peculiarities leads to the conclusion that the poems were written by an East-Midland scribe, who from some reason or other was acquainted with Southern literature.

With regard to the date of composition of the poems the Auchinleck MS., from which they are here reprinted, is generally ascribed to c. 1330 A. D.; but, were such not the case, so far as "Roland and Vernagu" and "Otuel" are concerned I should feel disposed to assign a somewhat later date.

I am indebted to Dr. Murray for the collation of "Rauf Coilgear" with the original, and also for numerous hints and suggestions as to the poem, and to Mr. Furnivall for information as to John de Reeue.

Finchley, N.

Christmas, 1882.

APPENDIX.

DE BELLO FERRACUTI GIGANTIS, ET DE
OPTIMA DISPUTATIONE ROLANDI.¹

STATIMVERO nunciatum est Carolo, quod apud Nageram, Gigas nomine Ferracutus, qui fuit de genere Goliad, aduenerat de oris Syriæ, quem cum viginti millibus Turcorum Babylonis Admiraldus ad bellandum Carolum regem miserat. Hic vero lanceam aut sagittam aut spatham non formidabat, vim quadraginta fortium possidebat. Quapropter Carolus ilico Nageram adit. Mox ut eius aduentum Ferracutus agnouit, egressus ab vrbe, singulare certamen, scilicet vnum militem contra alterum, petiit. Tunc mittitur ei primum à Carolo Ogerius Dacus: quem mox ut solum Gigas in campo aspexit, suauiter iuxta illum vadit, et ilico eum brachio dextro cum omnibus suis armis amplexatus est, et deportans illum, cunctis videntibus, in oppidum suum leuiter, quasi esset vna mitissima ouis. Erat enim statura eius quasi cubitis duodecim, et facies eius longa quasi vnus cubiti, et nasus illius vnus palmi mensurati, et brachia et crura eius quatuor cubitorum erant, et digiti ejus tribus palmis. Deinde misit ad eum causa bellandi Carolus Rainaldum de Alba Spina, et gigas detulit illum solo brachio illico in carcerem oppidi sui. Deinde mittitur Constantinus rex Romanus et Oliverius comes,

News having reached Charles that Ferragus, a Saracen giant, was at Nagera challenging any French knight to single combat,

Ogier is first sent against him.

But the Saracen lifts him easily with one hand and carries him off.

Then Rainald is sent, but he too meets with the same fate, as also do Constantine and Oliver, whom

¹ De Vita Caroli Magni et Rolandi Historia Joanni Turpino, Archiepiscopo Ramensi vulgo, tributa. Ed. A. Sebastiano Ciampi. Florence, 1822, ch. xviii, pp. 39-49.

Ferragus carries off, one in each hand.

Then 20 knights are sent in pairs, but with the same result, so that all are afraid of the Saracen.

At last Roland challenges him, but Ferragus lifts him on to his saddle.

Roland catches him by the chin, and they both fall.

They mount their horses and begin to fight.

Roland accidentally kills Ferragus' horse,

and afterwards knocks his sword out of his hand.

Ferragus with his fist kills Roland's horse,

and they fight on foot till dusk,

when they leave off, agreeing to resume the duel next day.

Next morning they meet again: Ferragus armed with a sword, and Roland with a long, crooked staff.

et ipsos simul, vnum ad dexteram, et alium ad læuam, in carcerem retrusit. Deinde mittuntur viginti pugnatōres, scilicet duo insimul separatim, et illos, similiter carcere mancipauit. His itaque inspectis, Carolus, cunctis insuper admirantibus, neminem postea ausus est mittere ad expugnandum eum. Rolandus tamen vix impetrata licentia à rege, accessit ad Gigantem bellatorem. At ipse Gigas rapuit eum sola manu dextera, et misit eum ante se super equum suum. Cumque illum portaret versus oppidum, Rolandus, resumptis viribus suis, et in Domino confisus arripuit eum per mentum, et statim euertit eum retro super equum, et ceciderunt ambo simul de equo prostrati solo: statimque eleuantur à terra ambo pariter, et ascenderunt equos. Illico Rolandus, spatha propria euaginata, Gigantem occidere putans, equum eius solo ictu per medium trucidauit. Cumque Ferracutus pedes esset, spathamque euaginatam manu tenens ei nimias minas intulisset, Rolandus sua spatha in brachio, quo spatham suam Gigas tenebat, illum percussit, et minimè eum læsit, sed spatham eius é manu excussit. Tunc Ferracutus gladio amisso, percutere putans pugno clauso Rolandum, eius equum in fronte percussit, et læsit, et statim equus obiit. Denique sine gladiis et pedites vsque ad nonam pugnīs et lapidibus debellarunt. Die vero aduesperascente impetravit trebas Ferracutus à Rolando vsque in crastinum. Tunc disposuerunt inter se, vt die crastina in bello sine equis et lanceis ambo conuenirent, et concessa pugna ex vtraque parte, vnusquisque ad proprium remeauit hospitium. Crastina vero die, summo diluculo separatim venerunt pedites in campo belli, sicut dispositum fuerat: Ferracutus tamen secum attulit spatham, sed nihil ei valuit, quia Rolandus baculum quemdam retortum et longum¹ secum detulit,

¹ Ed. lignum

cum quo tota die illum percussit, et minimè læsit eum.

Percussit et eum cum magnis et rotundis lapidibus, qui in campo abundantes erant, vsque ad meridiem, illo sæpe consentiente, sed eum nullo modo lædere potuit.

Roland attacks the Saracen with big stones, but to no purpose.

Tunc impetratis à Rolando trebis, Ferracutus somno prægrauatus cœpit dormire: Rolandus verò, vt erat iuuenis alacer, misit lapidem ad caput eius, vt libentius dormiret. Nullus enim Christianorum illum tunc occidere audebat, nec ipse Rolandus; nam talis erat inter eos institutio, quod si Christianus Saraceno, vel Saracenus Christiano daret trebam, nullus ei iniuriam faceret; et si aliquis trebam datam ante diffidentiam frangeret, statim interficeretur.

At noon Ferragus is drowsy, and Roland lets him have a sleep, placing a stone for his pillow.

Ferracutus itaque postquam satis dormiuit euigilauit, et sedit iuxta eum Rolandus, et cœpit eum interrogare, qualiter ita fortissimus et durissimus habebatur, qui aut gladium aut baculum non formidabat. Per nullum locum Vulnerari, inquit Gigas, possum nisi per vmbilicum. Loquebatur ipse lingua Hispanica, quam Rolandus satis intelligebat. Tunc Gigas cœpit Rolandum adspicere et interrogare eum, dicens: "Tu autem quomodo vocaris?" "Rolandus,"

When he wakes up Ferragus tells Roland that he can be wounded only in the navel:

inquit, "vocator." "Cuius generis," inquit Gigas, "es, qui tam fortiter me expugnas?" "Francorum genere oriundus," inquit Rolandus, "sum." At Ferracutus ait: "Cuius legis sunt Franci?" Et Rolandus: "Chris-

and afterwards asks him his name and family.

tianæ legis Dei gratia sumus, et Christi imperiis subiacemus, et pro eius fide in quantum possumus, decertamus." Tunc paganus audito Christi nomine ait: "Quis est ille Christus, in quem credis?" Et Rolandus, "Filius Dei Patris," inquit, "qui ex virgine nascitur, cruce patitur, sepulchro sepelitur, et ab inferis tertia die resuscitatur, et ad Dei Patris dexteram super coelos regreditur." Tunc Ferracutus, "Nos credimus," inquit, "quia creator coeli et terræ vnus est Deus, nec filium habuit nec patrem: scilicet sicut à nullo generatur, ita neminem genuit: Ergo vnus est Deus, non

Roland says he is a Frenchman, and Ferragus asks what is the faith of the French.

Roland says they are Christians.

"Who is Christ?" asks Ferragus. Roland says, "The Son of God, who was born of a virgin, died on the cross, and afterwards ascended into heaven." "But," says Ferragus, "God is one, how then can he be three?"

Roland says, "He is One God in Three Persons."

"Then," says Ferragus, "there must be three Gods, not one God."

"No," says Roland, "though there are three coeternal and coequal persons in the Trinity, there is but one God."

As in a harp when played are three things, skill, strings, and the hand, and yet there is but one harp:

and as in the sun are three things, heat, brightness, and whiteness, and yet only one sun,

so in God are three persons, but one God."

"Now I understand," says Ferragus, "but how could God be born?"

"As Adam," replies Roland, "was born of none, so the Son of God was born of none, but begotten by God himself."

trinus." "Verum dicis," inquit Rolandus, "quia vnus est: sed cum dicis, Trinus non est, in fide claudicas. Si credis in Patrem, crede et in Filio eius, et in Spiritu sancto. Ipse enim Deus et Pater, Filius, et Spiritus sanctus est, vnus Deus permanens in tribus personis."

"Si Patrem," inquit Ferracutus, "dicis esse Deum, Filium Deum, Spiritum sanctum Deum: ergo tres Dii sunt, quod absit, et non vnus Deus." "Nequaquam," inquit Rolandus, "sed vnum Deum et trinum prædico tibi, et vnus est, et trinus est. Totæ tres personæ coeternæ sibi sunt et coæquales. Qualis Pater, talis Filius, talis Spiritus sanctus; in personis est proprietas, in essentia est vnitas, et in maiestate adoratur æqualitas. Trinum Deum et vnum angeli adorant in cœlis. Et Abraham tres vidit, et vnum adorauit." "Hoc ostende," inquit Gigas, "qualiter tria vnum sint."

"Ostendam etiam tibi," inquit Rolandus, "per humanas creaturas: Sicut in cithara, cum sonat, tria sunt, ars scilicet, chordæ, et manus, et vna cithara est; sic in Deo tria sunt, Pater, et Filius, et Spiritus sanctus, et vnus est Deus. Et sicut in amygdala tria sunt, corium scilicet, nucleus, et testa, et vna tamen amygdala est: sic tres personæ in Deo sunt, et vnus Deus est. In sole tria sunt, candor, splendor, et calor, et tamen vnus sol est. In rota plaustris tria sunt, medium scilicet, brachia, et circulus, et tamen vna rota est. In temetipso tria sunt, corpus scilicet, membra, et anima, et tamen vnus homo es. Sic in Deo et vnitas et trinitas esse perhibentur." "Nunc," Ferracutus inquit, "trinum Deum et vnum esse intelligo: sed qualiter Pater Filium genuit, ut asseris, ignoro." "Credis," inquit Rolandus, "quod Deus Adam fecit?" "Credo," inquit Gigas. "Quemadmodum," inquit Rolandus, "Adam à nullo generatus est, tamen filios genuit: sic Deus Pater à nullo generatus est, tamen Filium ineffabiliter ante omnia tempora diuinitus, prout voluit, genuit à semet-

ipso." Et Gigas, "Placent," inquit, "mihi quæ dicis, sed qualiter homo effectus est qui Deus erat, penitus ignoro." "Ille," inquit Rolandus, "qui cœlum et terram et omnia creavit ex nihilo, ipse fecit humanari Filium in virgine sine semine humano, spiramine sacro suo." "In hoc," inquit Gigas, "laboro qualiter sine humano semine, vt asseris, nascitur de virginis vtero." Et Rolandus ait: "Deus qui Adam sine semine alterius formavit, ipse Filium suum sine semine hominis de virgine nasci fecit, et sicut de Deo Patre nascitur sine matre, sic ex matre nascitur sine homine patre. Talis enim decet partus Deum." "Valde," inquit Gigas, "erubesco, quomodo virgo sine homine genuit." "Ille," inquit Rolandus, "qui fabæ gurguglionem et arboris et glisci facit gignere vermem, et multos pisces et vultures, et apes et serpentes, sine masculo semine facit parere prolem, ipse virginem intactam absque virili semine facit gignere Deum et hominem. Qui primum hominem sine alterius semine, vt dixi, fecit, facile potuit facere, vt Filius¹ homo factus de virgine sine masculo concubitu nasceretur." "Bene," inquit Ferracutus, "potest esse, quod de virgine natus fuerit: sed si Filius Dei fuit, nullatenus, vt asseris, in cruce mori potuit. Nasci, vt dicis, potuit, sed si Deus fuit, nequaquam mori potuit; Deus enim nunquam moritur." "Bene," inquit Rolandus, "dixisti, qui de virgine nasci potuit, ecce verus homo natus fuit. Sed quia natus est vt homo, igitur mortuus est vt homo, quia qui nascitur, moritur. Si credis natiuitati, igitur crede passioni, simul et resurrectioni." "Quomodo," inquit Ferracutus, "credendum est resurrectioni?" "Quia," inquit Rolandus, "qui nascitur, moritur; et qui moritur, tertia die viuificatur." Tunc Gigas, audito verbo, miratus est multum, dixitque ei, "Rolande cur tot verba inania

"But how could God become man," asks Ferragus, "and be born of a virgin?"

"God," replies Roland, "who created Adam of nothing, could easily cause his Son to be born of a virgin, for such ought to be the birth of God."

"This may well be," says Ferragus, "but how could God die?"

"In that he was born man he could die," replies Roland.

"But how could he rise again from death?" asks Ferragus.

"Not only He," says Roland,

¹ Ed. Filium

"but also all the dead from the beginning of the world must rise and receive the reward of their deeds, whether good or bad.

As the grain of corn dies and rises again as wheat, so all must rise again from death to life.

Does not the lion bring its dead whelps to life again with its breath,

and did not Elijah and Elisha raise many from the dead? How easy then for God to raise his Son?"

"Yes," says Ferragus, "but how could he ascend into heaven?"

"He who came down from heaven," replies Roland, "could easily return thither.

As the sun sets in the west and rises again in the east."

"Now," says Ferragus, "we will fight for the

profers? Impossibile est, ut homo mortuus, denuo ad vitam resurgat." "Non solum," inquit Rolandus, "Dei filius à mortuis resurrexit, verum etiam omnes homines qui fuere ab initio vsque ad finem, sunt resurrecturi ante eius tribunal et accepturi meritorum suorum stipendia, prout gessit unusquisque siue bonum, siue malum. Ipse Deus qui modicam arborem in sublime crescere fecit, et granum frumenti mortuum in terra putrefactum reuiuiscere, crescere ac fructificare facit, ille cunctos propria carne et spiritu de morte ad vitam resuscitare in die nouissimo faciet. Leonis mysticam tibi adsume. Si die tertio leo catulos suos mortuos hanhelitu suo viuificat, quid miraris si Deus Pater, Filium suum die tertia à mortuis resuscitauit? nec nouum tibi debet videri, si Dei Filius ad vitam rediit, cum multi mortui ante eius resurrectionem ad vitam rediissent. Si Helias et Elisæus facile defunctos resuscitauerunt, facilius Deus Pater Filium resuscitauit: et ipse qui mortuos plures ante resurrectionem suam suscitauit facile à mortuis resurrexit, et à morte nullatenus teneri potuit, ante cuius conspectum mors ipsa fugit, ad cuius vocem mortuorum phalanx resurrexit." Tunc Ferracutus, "satis," inquit, "cerno quæ dicis, sed qualiter cœlos penetrauit, ut dixisti, prorsus ignoro." "Ille," inquit Rolandus, "qui de cœlis descendit, polos facile ascendit: qui facile per semetipsum resurrexit, facile polos penetrauit. Exempla multarum rerum tibi assume: vide rotam molendini quantum ad ima de supernis descendit, tantum de infimis ad sublimia ascendit. Avis volans in aëre quantum ascendit, tantum descendit. Tu ipse, si forte de quodam descendisti monte, bene potes iterum redire vnde descendisti. Sol ab Oriente heri surrexit, et ad Occidentem occubuit, hodie in eodem loco surrexit. Vnde ergo filius Dei venit, illuc rediit." "Tali igitur pacto," inquit Ferracutus, "tecum pugnabo; quod si vera est hæc fides

quam asseris, ego victus sim; et si mendax est, tu
victus sis; et sit genti victæ iugiter opprobrium,
victoribus autem laus et decus in ævum." "Fiat,"
inquit Rolandus, "ita." Bellum ex utroque corrobo-
ratur, et illico Rolandus paganum aggreditur. Tunc
Ferracutus eiecit ictum spatha sua super Rolandum, sed
ipse Rolandus saltavit ad lævam, et accepit ictum
spathæ in baculo suo. Interea abscisso baculo Rolandi,
irruit in eum ipse Gigas, et illum arripiens leuiter incli-
navit subter se ad terram. Statim agnouit Rolandus,
quod tunc nullo modo euadere poterat, cœpit igitur im-
plorare auxilium filium beatæ Mariæ semper virginis, et
erexit se Deo iuvante paulatim, et reuoluit eum subter se,
et adiunxit manum suam ad mucronem eius, et punxit
eius parumper per vmbilicum, et euasit ab eo. Tunc
excelsa voce cœpit Deum suum Gigas inuocare, dicens :
"Mahumet, Mahumet, Deus meus, succurre mihi,
quia morior ! Et statim ad hanc vocem concurrentes
Saraceni rapuerunt eum, portantes manibus suis versus
oppidum. Rolandus vero iam incolumis ad suos redierat.
Illico Christiani Saracenos qui Ferracutum deferebant
in oppidum, quod erat super urbem ingenti impetu
ingrediuntur. Sicque Gigas perimitur, vrbs et castra
capiuntur,¹ et pugnatores à carcere eripiuntur.

glory of our
faiths."

Roland attacks
Ferragus, who,
with a stroke of
his sword, cuts
Roland's staff in
two, and then
throws him on
the ground and
falls on him.

Roland prays for
help to God, and,
contriving to turn
himself, stabs
Ferragus in the
navel and escapes.

The Saracen
calls on his gods
for help,
and his country-
men come out to
rescue him,
but they are
attacked by the
Christians and
defeated, and the
city taken.

¹ Ed. urbem et castrum capitur.

Rauf Coilzean.

The Tail of
RAUF COIL 3 EAR.

In the cheiftyme of Charlis, that chosin Chiftane,
Thair fell ane ferlyfull flan within thay fellis wide,
Quhair Empreouris and Erlis and vther mony ane
Turnit fra Sanct Thomas befoir the 3ule tyde.
Thay past vnto Paris, thay proudest in pane, 5
With mony Prelatis & Princis, that was of mekle he and his retinue
pryde ;
All thay went with the king to his worthy wane,
Ouir the feildis sa fair thay fure be his syde. rode out into the
country.
All the worthiest went in the morning ;
Baith Dukis and Duchepeiris, 10
Barrounis and Bacheleiris,
Mony stout man steiris
Of town with the King.
And as that Ryall raid ouir the rude mure, On the wild moor
Him betyde ane tempest that tyme, hard I tell, 15
The wind blew out of the Eist stiflie and sture,
The deip durandlie draif in mony deip dell ; they were over-
taken
Sa feirslie fra the Firmament, sa fellounlie it fure,
Thair nicht na folk hald na fute on the heich fell
In point thay war to parische, thay proudest men and by a fearful
tempest, 20
pure,
In thay wickit wedderis thair wist nane to dwell.
Amang thay myrk Montanis sa madlie thay mer, which dispersed
them
Be it was pryme of the day,
Sa wonder hard fure thay
That ilk ane tuik ane seir way, 25 in all directtens.
And sperpellit full fer.

The King went
astray,

 no one knew
whither;

 he wandered over
the mountains,
[A ij, back]

 till it drew near
night.

 In this evil plight

 he meets a churl,
with a mare
bearing two
paniers,

 whom he accosts
and learns that he
is Rauf the Collier

 who lived some
seven miles off.

 Rauf is disposed
to be surly,

 but the King
deprecates a
quarrel,

Ithand wedderis of the eist draif on sa fast,
 It all to-blaisterit and blew that thairin baid.
 Be thay disseuerit sindrie, midmorne was past;
 Thair wist na Knicht of *the* Court quhat way *the*
 King raid. 30
 He saw thair was na better bot God at the last,
 His steid aganis the storme staluartlie straid;
 He Cachit fra the Court, sic was his awin cast,
 Quhair na body was him about, be fiue mylis braid.
 In thay Montanis, I-wis, he wox all will, 35
 In wickit wedderis and wicht,
 Amang thay Montanis on hicht:
 Be that it drew to the nicht
 The Kyng lykit ill.
 Euill lykand was the Kyng it nichtit him sa lait, 40
 And he na harberie had for his behufe;
 Sa come thair ane cant Carll chachand the gait,
 With ane Capill and twa Creillis cuplit abufe.
 The King carpit to the Carll withouten debait, 44
 “Schir, tell me thy richt name, for the Rude lufe:”
 He sayis, “men callis me Rauf Coilgear, as I weill wait;
 I leid my life in this land mith mekle vnrufe,
 Baith tyde and tyme, in all my trauale;
 Hine our seuin mylis I dwell,
 And leidis Coilis to sell, 50
 Sen thow speris, I the tell
 All the suith hale.”
 “Sa mote I thrife,” said the King, “I speir for nane ill;
 Thow semis ane nobill fallow, thy answer is sa fyne.”
 “Forsouth,” said the Coilgear, “traist quhen thow will,
 For I trow and it be nocht swa, sum part salbe thyne.”
 “Mary, God forbid!” said the King, “that war bot
 lytill skill;
 Baith myself and my hors is reddy for to tyne:

I pray the, bring me to sum rest, the weddir is sa schill, and begs Rauf to
 For I defend that we fall in ony fechtine. 60 conduct him to
 I had mekill mair nait, sum freindschip to find ; some place of
 shelter.

And gif thow can better than I,
 For the name of Sanct Iuly,
 Thow bring me to sum harbery,
 And leif me not behind !” 65

“ I wait na worthie harberie heir neir-hand
 For to serue sic ane man as me think the :
 Nane bot mine awin house, maist in this land, Rauf knows of
 Fer furth in the Forest, amang the fellis hie. [A iij] none but his own
 With thy thow wald be payit of sic as thow fand, 70 house far in the
 Forsuith thow suld be wel-cum to pas hame with me, forest,
 Or ony vther gude fallow that I heir fand to which the
 Walkand will of his way, as me think the ; stranger is
 For the wedderis ar sa fell, that fallis on the feild.” welcome.

The King was blyth quhair he raid, 75 The King eagerly
 Of the grant that he had maid, expresses his
 Sayand, with hert glaid, gratitude,
 “ Schir, God 3ow for3eild !”

“ Na ! thank me not our airlie, for dreid that we threip, but is cut short
 For I haue seruit the 3it of lytill thing to rufe ; 80 by Rauf,
 For nouthar hes thow had of me fyre, drink, nor meit, who bids him
 Nor nane vther eishmentis for trauellouris behufe. wait till he has
 Bot, micht we bring this harberie this nicht weill to cause :
 heip,

That we micht with ressoun baith thus excuse,
 To-morne, on the morning, quhen thow sall on leip, 85 “ Thank you ”
 Pryse at the parting, how that thow dois ; will come more
 For first to lofe, and syne to lak, Peter ! it is schame.” suitably when he
 leaves next
 morning.

The King said, “ in gud fay,
 Schir, it is suith that 3e say.”
 Into sic talk fell thay, 90
 Quhill thay war neir hame.

Arrived at the
Collier's house,

he peremptorily
summons his
wife,

and she, ever in
awe of the Churl,

welcomes them
both.

[A iij, back]

He orders her to
kindle a noble
fire,

and cook two
Capons,

while he sends the
horses to stable.

At the door the
King stands to
let the Collier
pass first;

To the Coil3earis hous baith, or thay wald blin,
The Carll had Cunning weill quhair the gait lay :
“ Vndo the dure beliue ! Dame, art thow in ?
Quhy Deuill makis thow na dule for this euill day ?
For my Gaist and I baith cheueris with the chin, 96
Sa fell ane wedder feld I neuer, be my gude fay ! ”
The gude wyfe [was] glaid with the gle to begin—
For durst scho neuer sit summoundis that scho hard
him say—

The Carll was wantoun of word, and wox wonder wraith.
All abaisit for blame, 101
To the Dure went our Dame,
Scho said, “ Schir 3e ar welcome hame,
And 3our Gaist baith.”

“ Dame, I haue deir coft all this dayis hyre, 105
In wickit wedderis and weit walkand full will ;
Dame, kyith I am cummin hame, and kendill on ane
fyre ;
I trow our Gaist be the gait hes farne als ill.
Ane Ryall rufe het fyre war my desyre,
To fair the better, for his saik, gif we nicht win
thair-till ; 110

Knap doun Capounis of the best, but in the byre,
Heir is bot hamelie fair, do beliue, Gill.”
Twa cant knaifis of his awin haistelie he bad :
“ The ane of 3ow my Capill ta,
The vther his Coursour alswa ; 115
To the stabill swyith 3e ga.”
Than was the King glaid.

The Coil3ear gudlie in feir, tuke him be the hand,
And put him befor him, as ressoun had bene ;
Quhen thay come to the dure, the King begouth to
stand, 120
To put the Coil3ear in befor, maid him to mene.

He said, "thow art vncourtes, that sall I warrand!"

He tyt the King be the nek, twa part in tene,
"Gif thow at bidding suld be boun or obeysand,
And gif thow of Courtasie couth, thow hes for3et it
clene!

but Rauf pushed
him in by the
neck,

125

Now is anis," said the Coil3ear, "kynd aucht to creip,
Sen ellis thow art vnknawin,
To mak me Lord of my awin;
Sa mot I thriue, I am thrawin,
Begin we to threip."

reproaching him
with his want of
breeding.

130

Than benwart thay 3eid, quhair brandis was bricht,
To ane bricht byrnand fyre, as the Carll bad.

In they go,

He callit on Gyliane his wyfe, thair Supper to dicht;
"Of the best that thair is, help that we had,

and Rauf calls for
Supper,

[. 135
no break in the old edition.]

Eftir ane euill day to haue ane mirrie nicht,
For sa troublit with stormis was I neuer stad.

after their
toilsome journey.

Of ilk airt of the Eist sa laithly it laid,

3it I was mekle willar than,

140

Quhen I met with this man."

[A iiij]

Of sic taillis thay began,

Quhill the supper was graid.

Sone was the Supper dicht, and the fyre bet,

And thay had weschin, I-wis, the worthiest was thair:

"Tak my wyfe be the hand in feir, withowtin let, 146

He orders his
guest to lead his
wife and begin
the board;

And gang begin the buird," said the Coil3ear.

"That war vnsemand, forsuith, and thy self vnset:"

The King profferit him to gang, and maid ane strange
fair,

when the latter
makes some
hesitation,

"Now is twyse," said the Carll, "me think thow hes
for3et!"

150

He leit gyrd to the King, withoutin ony mair,
And hit him vnder the eir with his richt hand,

the Churl with a
sudden blow
under the ear

sends him to the
floor.

Quhill he stakkerit thair with all
Half the breid of the hall ;
He faind neuer of ane fall, 155
Quhill he the eird fand.

As the King starts
up in anger,

He start vp stoutly agane—vneis nicht he stand—
For anger of that outray that he had thair tane.
He callit on Gyliane his wyfe, “ga, tak him by the hand,
And gang agane to the buird, quhair 3e suld air haue
gane.” 160

Rauf repeats his
order,

“Schir, thow art vnskilfull, and that sall I warrand ;
Thow byrd to haue nurtour aneuch, and thow hes
nane ;
Thow hes walkit, I wis, in mony wyld land,
The mair vertew thow suld haue, to keip the fra blame !
Thow suld be courtes of kynd, and ane cunnand
Courteir. 165

and bids him do
as he is bid.

Thocht that I simpill be,
Do as I bid the,
The hous is myne, pardie,
And all that is heir.”

He is master of
his own house !

The King thinks
he was never
so treated :

The king said to him self, “this is ane euill lyfe, 170
3it was I neuer in my lyfe thus-gait leird ;
And I haue oft tymes bene quhair gude hes bene ryfe,
That maist couth of courtasie, in this Christin eird.
Is nane so gude as leif of, and mak na mair stryfe,
For I am stonischit at this straik, that hes me thus
steird.” 175

[A iij, back]

but in fear

In feir fairlie he foundis, with the gude wyfe,
Quhair the Coil³ear bad, sa braithlie he beird.

does as he is bid,

Quhen he had done his bidding, as him gude thocht,
Down he sat the King neir,
And maid him glaid & gude cheir, 180
And said, “3e ar welcum heir,
Be him *that* me bocht.”

which mollifies
Rauf.

Quhen thay war seruit and set to the Suppar,
 Gyll and the gentill King, Charlis of micht,
 Syne on the tother syde sat the Coilgear, 185
 Thus war thay marschellit but mair, & matchit that
 nicht.

At supper

Thay brocht breid to the buird, and braun of ane bair, there was good
 And the worthyest wyne, went vpon hicht; cheer:
 Thay Beirnis, as I wene, thay had aneuch thair,
 Within that burelie bigging, byrnand full bricht. 190
 Syne enteris thair daynteis, on deis dicht dayntelie;
 Within that worthy wane
 Forsuith wantit thay nane.
 With blyith cheir sayis Gyliane,
 "Schir, dois glaidlie." 195

they wanted for
nothing.

The Carll carpit to the King cumlie and cleir:
 "Schir, the Forestaris, forsuith, of this Forest,
 Thay haue me all at Inuy, for dreid of the Deir;
 Thay threip that I thring doun of the fattest.
 Thay say, I sall to Paris, thair to compeir 200
 Befoir our cumlie King, in dule to be drest;
 Sir manassing thay me mak, forsuith, ilk 3eir,
 And 3it aneuch sall I haue for me and ane Gest.
 Thairfoir sic as thow seis, spend on, and not spair."
 Thus said gentill Charlis the Mane 205
 To the Coilgear agane:
 "The King him self hes bene fane,
 Sum tyme, of sic fair."

Rauf says the
King's foresters
threaten him on
account of the
royal Deer which
he kills,

but he will have
as many as he
wants in spite of
them.

Charlemagne
remarks that the
King himself has
on a time been
glad of such
cheer.

Of Capounis and Cunnigis they had plentie,
 With wyne at thair will, and eik Vennysoun; 210 [B J]
 Byrdis bakin in breid, the best that may be;
 Thus full freschlie thay fure into fusoun.
 The Carll with ane cleir voce carpit on he,
 Said, "Gyll, lat the cop raik for my bennysoun,
 And gar our Gaist begin, and syne drink thow to me;

Rauf bids his wife
send the Cup
round.

Sen he is ane stranger, me think it ressoun." 216
 Supper ended, They drank dreichlie about, thay wosche and thay rais ;
 The King with ane blyith cheir
 Thankit the Coil3ear ;
 they return to the Syne all the thre into feir 220
 fireside. To the fyre gais.

Rauf tells many Quhen they had maid thame eis, the Coil3ear tald
 tales, Mony sindrie taillis efter Suppair.
 Ane bricht byrnand fyre was byrnand full bald ;
 The King held gude countenance, and company bair,
 And euer to his asking ane answer he 3ald ; 226
 Quhill at the last he began to frane farther mair,
 and at last asks "In faith, freind, I wald wit, tell gif 3e wald,
 his guest Quhair is thy maist wyning?" said the Coil3ear.
 where he lives. "Out of weir," said the King, "I wayndit neuer to tell ;
 "With the With my Lady the Quene 231
 Queen," is the In office maist haue I bene,
 answer. All thir 3eiris fyftene,
 In the Court for to dwell."

"What is your Quhat-kin office art thow in, quhen thow art at hame,
 office with her ?" Gif thow dwellis with the Quene, proudest in pane ?"
 "A gentleman Ane Chyld of hir Chalmer, Schir, be Sanct Jame,
 of her bed- And thocht my self it say, maist inwart of ane ;
 chamber. For my dwelling to nicht, I dreid me for blame."
 "Quhat sall I call *the*," said *the* Coil3ear, "quhen
 thow art hyne gane ?" 240
 My name is "Wymond of the Wardrop is my richt Name ;
 Wymond of the Quhair euer thow findis me befoir the, *thi* harberie is
 Wardrobe. tane.

If you will come And thow will cum to the Court, this I vnderta,
 to court Thow sall haue for thy Fewaill,
 [B j, back] For my sake, the better saill, 245
 I will find you And onwart to thy trauaill,
 good sale for your fuel." Worth ane laid or twa."

He said, "I haue na knowlege quhair the Court lyis,
And I am wonder wa to cum quhair I am vnkend." Rauf does not
know where the
Court is,

"And I sall say thee the suith on ilk syde, I wis, 250

That thow sall wit weill aneuch or I fra the wend :

Baith the King and the Quene meitis in Paris

but is told, and
pressed to come.

For to hald thair 3ule togidder, for scho is efter send.

Thair may thow sell, be ressoun, als deir as thow will
prys ;

And 3it I sall help the, gif I ocht may amend, 255

For I am knawin with Officiaris in cais thow cum thair.

Haue gude thocht on my Name,

And speir gif I be at hame,

For I suppois, be Sanct Jame,

Thow sall the better fair." 260

"Me think it ressoun, be the Rude, that I do thy red, He agrees :

In cais I cum to the Court, and knaw bot the ane ;

Is nane sa gude as drink, and gang to our bed, and they drink
and retire.

For als far as I wait, the nicht is furth gane."

To ane preuie Chalmer belue thay him led, 265

Quhair ane burely bed was wrocht in that wane ;

Closit with Courtingis, and cumlie cled,

Of the worthiest wyne wantit thay nane.

The Coil3ear and his wyfe baith with him thay 3eid, The Collier and
his wife see him
to bed.

To serue him all at thay mocht, 270

Till he was in bed brocht.

Mair the King spak nocht,

Bot thankit *thame thair* deid.

Vpoun the morne airle, quhen it was day,

The King buskit him sone, with scant of Squary.

Wachis and Wardroparis all war away, 276

Early in the
morning,
the King dresses,
without help of
attendants.

That war wont for to walkin mony worthy.

Ane Pauyot preuile brocht him his Palfray,

[B ij]

The King thocht lang of this lyfe, and lap on in hy ;

He mounts his
palfray,

Than callit he on the Carll, anent quhair he lay, 280 and awakens Rauf

to take his leave.

For to tak his leif, than spak he freindly.
Than walkinnit thay baith, and hard he was thair ;

The Churl would
fain detain him,

The Carll start vp sone,
And prayit him to abyde none :
“Quhill thir wickit wedderis be done 285
I red nocht 3e fair.”

but the King says
he must go to his
duties.

“Sa mot I thriue,” said the King, “me war laith to byde ;
Is not the morne 3ule day, formest of the 3eir ?
Ane man that Office suld beir be tyme at this tyde,
He will be found in his fault, that wantis foroutin
weir. 290

He wants to pay
the good-wife,

I se the Firmament fair vpon ather syde,
I will returne to the Court, quhill the wedder is cleir ;
Call furth the gude wyfe, lat pay hir or we ryde,
For the worthie harberie that I haue fundin heir.”

but the Collier
scouts the idea.

“Lat be, God forbid,” the Coil3ear said, 295
“And thow of Charlis cumpany,
Cheif King of Cheualry,
That for ane nichtis harbery
Pay suld be laid.”

The guest presses
him then to
bring a load of
fuel to the Court.

“3ea, sen it is sa that thow will haue na pay, 300
Cum the morne to the Court, and do my counsall :
Deliuier the, and bring ane laid, and mak na delay,
Thow may not schame with thy Craft, gif thow
thriue sall.

Gif I may helf the ocht to sell, forsuith I sall assay,
And als my self wald haue sum of the Fewall.” 305

The Collier will
do so to see how
coals sell.

“Peter !” he said, “I sall preif the morne, gif I may,
To bring Coillis to the Court, to sequen thay sell sall.”
“Se that thow let nocht, I pray the,” said the King.

“In faith,” said the Coil3ear,
“Traist weill I salbe thair, 310
For thow will neuer gif the mair
So mak ane lesing.”

“ Bot tell me now lelely quhat is thy richt name ?

I will forȝet the morne, and ony man me greif.”

“ Wymond of the Wardrop, I bid not to lane ; 315

Tak gude tent to my name, the Court gif thow will
preif.”

“ That I haue said, I sall hald, and that I tell the plane ;

Quhair ony Coil³ear may enchaip I trow till encheif.”

Quhen he had grantit him to cum, than was the King
fane, 319

And withoutin ony mair let, than he tuke his leif.

Then the Coil³ear had greit thocht on the cunnand he
had maid ;

Went to the Charcoill in hy,

To mak his Chauffray reddy ;

Agane the morne airly

He ordanit him ane laid. 325

[B ij, back]
Having again
assured himself
of his guest's
name,

Rauf lets him go,

and prepares his
charcoal for the
morrow.

The lyft lemit vp beliue, and licht was the day ;

The King had greit knawledge the countrie to ken.

Schir Rolland and Oliuer come rydand the way,

With thame ane thousand, and ma, of fensabill men

War wanderand all the nicht our, & mony ma than thay

On ilk airt outward war ordanit sic ten, 331

Gif thay micht heir of the King, or happin quhair he lay ; in search of him.

To Jesus Christ thay pray that grace thame to len.

Als sone as Schir Rolland saw it was the King,

He kneillit doun in the place,

Thankand God ane greit space,

Thair was ane meting of grace

At that gaddering.

335 Glad were they
to find him !

The gentill Knicht, Schir Rolland, he kneillit on his kne,

Thankand greit God that mekill was of nicht ; 340 They thank God,

Schir Oliuer at his hand, and Bischoppis thre,

Withoutin commounis that come, and mony vther

Knicht.

and pass into
Paris;

Bishop Turpin
meets them in
solemn pro-
cession.
[B iij]

There was a
service at St
Denis,

followed by
Yule festivities.

Early next
morning

the Collier loaded
his mare,

and in spite of
his wife's
forebodings,

who remembers
her husband's
stiff blow,

Than to Paris thay pas, all that Cheualrie,
Betuix none of the day and ³ule nicht ;
The gentill Bischop Turpine cummand thay se, 345
With threttie Conuent of Preistis reuest at ane sicht,
Preichand of Prophecie in Proccessioun.
Efter thame baith fer and neir
Folkis following in feir,
Thankand God with gude cheir 350
Thair Lord was gane to toun.

Quhen thay Princis appeirit into Paris,
Ilk Rew Ryallie with riches thame arrayis.
Thair was Digne seruice done at Sanct Dyonys,
With mony proud Prelat, as the buik sayis. 355
Syne to Supper thay went, within the Palys ;
Befoir that mirthfull man menstrallis playis ;
Mony wicht wyfis sone, worthie and wise,
Was sene at that semblay ane and twentie dayis,
With all-kin principall plentie for his plesance. 360
Thay callit it the best ³ule than,
And maist worthie began,
Sen euer King Charlis was man,
Or euer was in France.

Than vpon the morne airle, quhen the day dew, 365
The Coil³ear had greit thocht quhat he had vnder tane ;
He kest twa Creillis on ane Capill, with Coillis anew,
Wandit thame with widdeis, to wend on that wane.
“ Mary, it is not my counsall, but ³one man that ³e knew,
To do ³ow in his gentrise,” said Gyliane ; 370
“ Thow gaif him ane outragious blaw, & greit boist blew ;
In faith thow suld haue bocht it deir, & he had bene
allane.

For thy, hald ³ow fra the Court, for ocht that may be ;
³one man that thow outrayd
Is not sa simpill as he said ; 375
Thairun my lyfe dar I layd,
That sall thow heir and se.”

“³ea, Dame, haue nane dreid of my lyfe to day ;
 Lat me wirk as I will, the weird is mine awin.
 I spak not out of ressoun, the suth gif I sall say, 380
 To Wymond of the Wardrop, war the suith knawin. [B iij, back]
 That I haue hecht I sall hald, happin as it may,
 Quhidder sa it gang to greif or to gawin.”
 He caught twa Creillis on ane capill, & catchit on his way
 Our the Daillis sa derf, be the day was dawin. 385
 The hie way to Paris, in all that he mocht,
 With ane quhip in his hand,
 Cantlie on catchand ;
 To fulfill his cunnand,
 To the Court socht. 390 and the Court.

Graith thocht of the grant had the gude King,
 And callit Schir Rolland him till, and gaif command-
 ment,
 (Ane man he traistit in, maist atour all vther thing,
 That neuer wald set him on assay withoutin his assent,)
 “Tak thy hors and thy harnes in the morning ; 395
 For to watche weill the wayis, I wald that thow went,
 Gif thow meitis ony leid lent on the ling,
 Gar thame boun to this Burgh, I tell the mine Intent.
 Or gyf thow seis ony man cumming furth the way,
 Quhat sumeuer that he be, 400
 Bring him haistely to me,
 Befoir none that I him se
 In this hall the day.”

Schir Rolland had greit ferly, and in hart kest
 Quhat that suld betakin, that the King tald. 405
 Vpon solempnit ³ule day, quhen ilk man suld rest,
 That him behouit neidlingis to watche on the wald,
 Quhen his God to serue he suld haue him drest.
 And syne, with ane blyith cheir, buskit that bald,
 Out of Paris proudly he preikit full prest ; 410
 In till his harnes all haill his hechtis for to hald,

insists upon
“dreeing his
wierd.”

He will keep
his promise,
happen what
may.

He takes the road
cheerily to Paris,

The King
remembers the
bargain,
and calls Sir
Roland,
to proceed to the
moor road,

and if he sees
any one whatever,

to bring him to
the hall.

Sir Roland
wonders much

at this Christmas
errand,

but goes as
commanded ;

and watches the
country.

He vmbekest the countrie, outwith the toun.

He saw na thing on steir,

Nouthar fer nor neir,

Bot the feildis in feir,

Daillis and doun.

415

[B iij]
About mid-morn

He huit and he houerit quhill midmorne and mair,

Behaldand the hie hillis and passage sa plane ;

the Collier comes
up,

Sa saw he quhair the Coil³ear come with all his fair,

With twa Creillis on ane Capill ; thairof was he
fane.

420

He followit to him haistely, amang the holtis hair,

For to bring him to the king, at bidding full bane.

whom he accosts,

Courtesly to the Knicht kneillit the Coil³ear,

And Schir Rolland him self salust him agane,

Syne bad him leif his courtasie, and boun him to ga ;

425

and orders to
come with him to
the King.

He said, "withoutin letting,

Thow mon to Paris to the King ;

Speid the fast in ane ling,

Sen I find na ma."

The Collier
demurs :

"In faith," said the Coil³ear, "3it was I neuer sa
nyse ;

430

Schir Knicht, it is na courtasie commounis to scorne :

Thair is mony better than I, cummis oft to Parys,

That the King wait not of, nouthar nicht nor morne.

he will fight first.

For to towsill me or tit me, thocht fould be my clais,

Or I be dantit on sic wyse, my lyfe salbe lorne." 435

Sir Roland
questions his
sanity,

"Do way," said Schir Rolland, "me think thow art not
wise,

I red thow at bidding be, be all that we haue sworne ;
And call thow it na scorning, bot do as I the ken,

Sen thow has hard mine Intent :

It is the Kingis commandement,

440

and insists.

At this tyme thow suld haue went

And I had met sic ten."

“I am bot ane mad man, that thow hes heir met ;

I haue na myster to matche with maisterfull men.

Fairand ouir the feildis, Fewell to fet,

445 The Collier
will go

And oft fylit my feit in mony foull fen ;

Gangand with laidis, my gouerning to get.

Thair is mony Carll in the countrie thow may nocht
ken ;

I sall hald that I haue hecht, bot I be hard set,

To Wymond of the Wardrop, I wait full weill [B iij, back]
quhen.” 450 to Wymond of
the Wardrobe ;

“Sa thriue I,” said Rolland, “it is mine Intent

That nouthur to Wymond nor Will

but Roland says
he shall go to the
King first.

Thow sald hald nor hecht till,

Quhill I haue brocht the to fulfill

The Kingis commandment.” 455

The Carll beheld to the Knicht, as he stude than ;

The Churl looks
at the Knight's
array :

He bair grauit in Gold, and Gowlis in grene,

Glitterand full gaylie quhen Glemis began,

Ane Tyger ticht to ane tre, ane takin of tene.

Trewlie that tenefull was trimland than, 460

Semelie schapin and schroud in that Scheild schene ;

Mekle worschip of weir worthylye he wan,

Befoir, into fechting with mony worthie sene.

His Basnet was bordourit, and burneist bricht

his basnet
gleaming
with precious
stones,

With stanes of Beriall cleir,

465

Dyamontis and Sapheir,

Riche Rubeis in feir,

Reulit full richt.

His plaitis properlie picht attour with precious stanis,

And his Pulanis full prest of that ilk peir ; 470

Greit Graipis of Gold his Greis for the nanis,

And his Cussanis cumlie schynand full cleir.

Bricht braissaris of steill about his arme banis,

his armour

Blandit with Beriallis and Cristallis cleir,

and accoutre-
ments,

Ticht our with Thopas, and trew lufe atanis ; 475
The teind of his Iewellis to tell war full teir.
His Sadill circulit and set, richt sa on ilk syde ;
His brydill bellisand and gay,
His steid stout on stray,
He was the Ryallest of array, 480
On Ronsy nicht ryde.

and wonders if
he is as manly
[C J]
as well made.

Of that Ryall array that Rolland in raid
Rauf rusit in his hart of that Ryall thing ;
“He is the gayest in geir, that euer on ground glaid ;
Haue he grace to the gre in ilk Iornaying. 485
War he ane manly man, as he is weill maid,
He war full michtie, with magre durst abyde his
meting.”

Sir Roland,
impatient,
bids him throw
off the load and
come on,

He bad the Coil³ear in wraith swyth withoutin baid,
Cast the Creillis fra the Capill, and gang to the King.
“In faith, it war greit schame,” said the Coil³ear ; 490
“I vndertuk thay suld be brocht,
This day for ocht that be mocht ;
Schir Knicht that word is for nocht
That thow Carpis thair !”

and not detain
him half the day
here.

“Thow huifis on thir holtis, and haldis me heir, 495
Quhill half the haill day may the hicht haue.”
“Be Christ that was Cristinnit, and his Mother cleir,
Thow sall catche to the Court that sall not be to craue.
It micht be preisit preiudice, bot gif thow suld compeir,
To se quhat granting of grace the King wald the gaif.”
“For na gold on this ground wald I, but weir, 501
Be fundin fals to the King, sa Christ me saue !”

It is the King's
command.

“To gar the cum and be knawin, as I am command, ✓
I wait not quhat his willis be,
Nor he namit na mair the, 505
Nor ane vther man to me,
Bot quhome that I fand.”

“Thow fand me fechand nathing that followit to feid, The Collier
undaunted
 I war ane fule gif I fled, and fand nane affray :
 Bot as ane lauch-full man, my laidis to leid, 510
 That leifis with mekle lawtie and laubour in fay.
 Be the Mother and the Maydin that maid vs remeid,
 And thow mat me ony mair, cum efter quhat sa may,
 Thow I sall dyntis deill, quhill ane of vs be deid, threatens him
with dints for his
interference,
 For the deidis thow hes me done vpon this deir day.”
 Mekle merwell of that word had Schir Rolland ; 516

He saw na wappinnis thair, at which Sir
Roland,
seeing no
weapons,
 That the Coilgear bair,
 Bot ane auld Buklair,
 And ane roustie brand. 520

“It is lyke,” said Schir Rolland, and lichtly he leuch, [Cj, back]
laughs lightly.
 “That sic ane stubill husband man wald stryke
 stoutly ;

Thair is mony toun man, to tuggill is full teuch,
 Thocht thair brandis be blak and vnburely ;
 Oft fair foullis ar fundin faynt, and als freuch. 525 He objects to
fighting,
 I defend we fecht or fall in that folly ;

Lat se how we may disseuer with sobernes aneuch,
 And catche crabitnes away, be Christ counsall I.
 Quhair winnis that Wymond thow hecht to meit and learning that
Wymond dwells
 to day ?”

“With the Quene, tauld he me ; 530 with the Queen,
 And thair I vndertuke to be,
 Into Paris Pardie, in Paris,
 Withoutin delay.”

“And I am knawin with the Quene,” said Schir he says he is
himself
acquainted with
the Queen,
and her ladies.
 Rolland,
 “And with mony byrdis in hir Bowre, be buikis and
 bellis ; 535

The King is into Paris, that sall I warrand,
 And all his aduertance that in his Court dwellis.

Since the Collier
is on his way to
Court he will
trust him,
on a pledge.

Me tharth haue nane noy of myne erand,
For me think thow will be thair efter as thow tellis ;
Bot gif I fand the, forrow now to keip my cunnand."

"Schir Knicht," said *the* Coilgear, "thow trowis me
neuer ellis, 541

Bot gif sum suddand let put it out of delay ;

Rauf will give
no pledge,

For that I hecht of my will,
And na man threit me thair till,
That I am haldin to fulfill, 545
And sall do quhill I may."

"3ea, sen thow will be thair, thy cunnandis to new,
I neid nane airar myne erand nor none of the day."

"Be thow traist," said the Coilgear, "man, as I am trew,
I will not haist me ane fute faster on the way ; 550

but bids Roland
get out of the way
(rink), or he shall
rue it.

Bot gif thow raik out of my renk, full raith sall
thow rew,

Or be the Rude I sall rais thy Ryall array ;
Thocht thy body be braissit in that bricht hew,
Thow salbe fundin als febil of thy bone fay."

[C ij] Schir Rolland said to him self, "this is bot foly 555

To striue with him ocht mair :

I se weill he will be thair."

Sir Roland takes
his leave,

His leif at the Coilgear
He tuke lufesumly.

but the Collier

"Be Christ !" said the Coilgear, "that war ane foull
scorne, 560

That thow suld chaip, bot I the knew, that is sa
schynand ;

For thow seis my weidis ar auld, and all to-worne,
Thow trowis nathing thir taillis that I am telland.

challenges him to
meet him alone
there next day,

Bring na Beirnis vs by, bot as we war borne,
And thir Blonkis that vs beiris, thairto I mak ane
bland, 565

That I sall meit the heir vpon this mure to morne,
Gif I be haldin in heill—and thairto my hand—

Sen that we haue na laiser at this tyme to ta."

In ane thourtour way,

Seir gaitis pas thay,

Baith to Paris in fay ;

Thus partit thay twa.

when he will have
leisure to tackle
him.

570

The gentill Knicht, Schir Rolland come rydand full
sone,

And left the Coil³ear to cum, as he had vndertane ;

And quhen he come to Paris the hie Mes was done,

The King with mony cumly out of the Kirk is
gane.

Sir Roland
returns to the
King,
leaving the
Collier to follow.

Of his harnes in hy he hynt withoutin hone,

577

And in ane Rob him arrayit richest of ane ;

In that worschipfull weid he went in at none,

As he was wont, with the wy that weildit the wane,

On fute ferly in feir, formest of all.

581

Richt weill payit was the King

Of Schir Rollandis cumming ;

To speir of his tything

Efter him gart call.

The King is glad
to see the knight,

585

The King in counsall him callit, "cum hidder, Schir
Knicht !

Hes thow my bidding done, as I the command ? "

"In faith," said Schir Rolland, "I raid on full richt,

To watch wyselie the wayis ; that I sall warrand.

Thair wald na douchtie this day for Iornay be dicht ;

Fairand our the feildis full few thair I fand ;

591

Saif anerly ane man that semblit in my sicht,

Thair was na leid on lyfe lent in this land."

that he has seen
no one,

"Quhat kin a fallow was that ane, Schir, I the pray ? "

"Ane man in husband weid,

595

Buskit busteously on breid ;

Leidand Coillis he ³eid

To Paris the way."

save a poor man
conveying coals.

The King
reproaches him
for not bringing
that poor man.

“Quhy hes thow not that husband brocht, as I the
bad?”

I dreid me, sa he dantit the, thow durst not with him
deill.” 600

Sir Roland
hastens out,

“In faith,” said Schir Rolland, “gif that he sa had,
That war full hard to my hart, and I ane man in heill.”

He saw the King was engreuit, and gat furth glaid,
To se gif the Coil³earis lawtie was leill: 604

“I suld haue maid him in the stour to be full hard stad,
And I had witten that the Carll wald away steill;

Bo[t] I trowit not the day that he wald me beget.”

and meets a
porter,

As he went outward bayne,

He met ane Porter swayne

Cummand raith him agayne, 610

Fast fra the ³et.

who says that a
Collier is

“Quhair gangis thow, Gedling, thir gaitis sa gane?”

“Be God,” said the Grome, “ane gift heir I geif;
I deuise at the ³et thair is ane allane,

Bot he be lattin in beliue, him lykis not to leif. 615

clamouring to be
let in at the
palace gate.

With ane Capill and twa Creillis cassin on the plane,
To cum to this Palice he preissis to preif.”

“Gif thow hes fundin that Freik, in faith I am fane;
Lat him in glaidly, it may not engreif.

Sir Roland bids
the porter

Bot askis he eirnestly efter ony man?” 620

Than said the Gedling on ground:

“³e, forsuith in this stound,

Efter ane Wymound

In all that he can.”

[C ij]
admit him
quickly to seek
for Wymond.

“Pas agane, Porter, and let him swyith in, 625

Amang the proudest in preis, plesand in pane.

Say thow art not worthy to Wymond to win,

Bid him seik him his self, gif thair be sic ane.”

Agane gangis Schir Rolland, quhair gle suld begin,

And the ³aip ³eman to the ³et is gane; 630

Enbraissit the bandis belive or that he wald blin,
 Syne leit the wy at his will wend in the wane.

"Gang seik him now thy self," he said vpon hicht :

The Porter
 admits Rauf,

"My self hes na lasair
 Fra thir 3ettis to fair."

635

"Be Christ," said the Coil3ear,
 "I set that bot licht."

"Gif thow will not seik him, my awin self sall :
 For I haue oft tymes swet in seruice full fair.

who bids him
 mind his mare
 and load,

Tak keip to my Capill, that na man him call,

640

Quhill I cum fra the Court," said the Coil3ear.

"My laid war I laith to lois, I leif the heir all ;

Se that thow leis thame not, bot 3eme thame full 3air."

In that hardy in hy, he haiket to that hall,

For to wit gif Wymondis wyning was thair.

645

while he looks
 for Wymond,
 who bade him
 come.

He arguit with the Ischar offer than anis,

"Schir, can thow ocht say

Quhair is Wymond the day ?

I pray the, bring him gif thow may

Out of this wanis."

650

He trowit that the wy had wittin of Wymond he wend,

Bot to his raifand word he gaue na reward ;

Thair was na man thairin that his name kend,

Nobody knows
 the name,

Thay countit not the Coil3ear almaist at regaird.

He saw thair was na meiknes nor mesure nicht mend,

He sped him in spedely, and nane of thame he spaird ;

Thair was na fyue of thay Freikis, that nicht him furth
 send, but the Collier

He socht in sa sadly, quhill sum of thame he saird.

He thristit in throw thame thraly with threttis.

[C iij, back]

Quhen he come amang thame all,

660

pushes sturdily
 forward,

3it was the King in the hall,

And mony gude man with all,

Vngane to the meit.

to where the King
is dining in state

Thocht he had socht sic ane sicht all this seuin 3eir,

Sa solempnit ane semblie had he not sene ; 665

The hall was properly apperrellit and paintit but peir,

Dyamountis full dantely dentit betwene.

It was semely set on ilk syde seir,

Gowlis glitterand full gay, glemand in grene,

in a splendid hall

Flowris with Flourdelycis formest in feir, 670

With mony flamand ferly ma than fyftene.

The rufe reulit about in reuall of Reid,

Rois reulit Ryally,

Columbyn and Lely ;

Thair was ane hailsum harbery 675

Into riche steid.

With Dosouris to the duris dicht, quha sa wald deme,

with all dainties,

With all diuers danteis dicht dantely ;

Circulit with siluer semely to sene,

Selcouthly in seir he was set suttelly. 680

Blyth byrdis abufe, and bestiall full bene,

Fyne foullis in Fyrth, and Fischis with fry ;

and adornments.

The flure carpit and cled, and couerit full clene,

Cummand fra the Cornellis closand quemely.

Bricht Bancouris about browdin our all, 685

Greit Squechonis on hicht,

Anamalit and weill dicht,

Reulit at all richt

Endlang the hall. 689

Rauf would fain
see Wymond

“Heir is Ryaltie,” said Rauf, “aneuch for the nanis,

With all nobilnes anournit, and that is na nay ;

Had I of Wymond ane word, I wald of thir wanis,

Fra thir wyis, I-wis, to went on my way ;

[C iij]
and get away.

Bot I mon 3it heir mair quhat worthis of him anis,

And eirnestly efter him haue myne E ay.” 695

He thristit in throw threttie all atanis,

Quhair mony douchtie of deid war Ioynit that day.

For he was vnburly, on bak thay him hynt ;
 As he gat ben throw,
 He gat mony greit schow ;
 Bot he was stalwart, I trow,
 And laith for to stynt.

After many
 rebuffs
 and shoves,

700

He thristit in throw thame, and thraly can thring,
 Fast to the formest he foundit in feir :

704

Sone besyde him he gat ane sicht of the Nobill
 King,

he catches sight
 of the King,
 and cries,
 "Yon is
 Wymond !

"3one is Wymond, I wait, it worthis na weir ;
 I ken him weill, thocht he be cled in vther clething,
 In clais of clene gold kythand 3one cleir.

I know him in
 any clothes :

708

Quhen he harbrait with me, be half as he is heir,
 In faith he is of mair stait, than euer he me tald.

but he is grander
 than he led me
 to expect !"

Allace, that I was hidder wylit !

I dreid me sair I be begylit !"

The King preuilie smylit,

The King smiles
 at his surprise.

Quhen he saw that bald.

715

Thair was seruit in that saill Seigis semelie,

Mony Sen3eorabill Syre on ilk syde seir ;

With ane cairfull countenance the Coil3ear kest
 his E

Rauf casts his eye
 on the Queen,

To the cumly Quene courtes and cleir :

"Dame, of thy glitterand gyde haue I na gle,

720

Be the gracious God that bocht vs sa deir ;

To ken Kingis Courtasie, the Deuill come to me,

And sa I hope I may say, or I chaip heir.

and says if he can
 once escape,

Micht I chaip of this chance, that changes my
 cheir,

Thair suld na man be sa wyse,

725

no man shall
 entice him here
 again !

To gar me cum to Parise,

To luke quhair the King lyis,

In faith, this seuin 3eir !"

[C iij, back]
But when they
leave the table,
the King relates
his adventure,

Quhen worthie had weschin, and fra the buirdis went,
Thay war for-wonderit I wis of thair wyse Lord;
The King fell in carping, and tauld his Intent, 731
To mony gracious Grome he maid his record.

and the Collier's
behaviour.

How the busteous Beirne met him on the bent,
And how the Frostis war sa fell, and sa strait ford.

Rauf quakes,

Than the Coil3ear quoke as he had bene schent, 735
Quhen he hard the suith say how he the King schord.

and wishes rather
that he had the
King alone on
the moor—or the
best of his
Knights.

“Greit God! gif I war now, and thy self with all,
Vpon the mure quhair we met,
Baith all suddandly set,
Or ony Knicht that thow may get 740
Sa gude in thy hall!”

The lords laugh
loud;

Thir Lordis leuch vpon loft, and lystinit to the King,
How he was ludgeit and led, and set at sa licht;

the Knights bid
hang him.

Than the curagious Knichtis bad haue him to hing,
“For he hes seruit that,” thay said, “be our sicht.”

“God forbid!”
quothe the King;

“God forbot,” he said, “my thank war sic thing 746
To him that succourit my lyfe in sa euill ane nicht!
Him semis ane stalwart man, and stout in stryking,

“he shall be
knighted
himself!”

That Carll for his Courtasie salbe maid knicht.
I hald the counsall full euill that Cristin man slais,
For I had myster to haue ma, 751
And not to distroy tha
Tha[t] war worthie to ga
To fecht on Goddis fais!”

He dubs him on
the spot,

Befoir mony worthie he dubbit him Knicht, 755
Dukis and digne Lordis in that deir hall.

“Schir, se for thy self, thow semis to be wicht;
Tak keip to this ordour, ane Knicht I the call;
To mak the manly man, I mak the of nicht,

assigns him a
revenue,
and promises the
next vacant fief

Ilk 3eir thre hundreth pund assigne the I sall. 760
And als the nixt vacant, be ressonabill richt,
That-hapnis in France, quhair sa euer it fall,

Forfaltour or fre waird, that first cummis to hand,
 I gif the heir heritabilly,
 Sa that I heir, quhen I haue hy,
 That thow be fundin reddy
 With Birny & brand."

[Dj]
 that comes into
 his hands.

765

"It war my will, worthy, thy schone that thow wan,
 And went with thir weryouris wythest in weir;
 Heir ar curagious Knichtis, suppois thay the nocht
 ken,

He desires him to
 win his spurs,

For thy simpill degre that thow art in heir.
 I beseik God of his grace to mak the ane gude man,
 And I sall gif the to begin glitterand geir."

771

Ane Chalmer with Armour the King gart richt than
 Betaucht to ane Squyar, and maid him keipeir.

arms him,
 and gives him
 60 squires,

With clois Armouris of steill for that stout Knicht,
 Sextie Squyaris of fee,
 Of his retinew to be;

as a retinue.

That was ane fair cumpany

Schir Rauf gat that nicht.

780

Vpon the morne airly, Schir Rauf wald not rest,
 Bot in Ryall array he reddyit him to ryde;
 For to hald that I haue hecht, I hope it be the
 best,

Early next
 morning
 Sir Rauf sets off

To 3one busteous Beirne that boistit me to byde.
 Amang the Galzart Gromis I am bot ane Gest,
 I will the ganandest gait to that gay glyde;
 Sall neuer Lord lauch on loft, quhill my lyfe may
 lest,

785

That I for liddernes suld leif, and leuand besyde.
 It war ane graceles gude that I war cummin to,

Gif that the King hard on hicht

790

That he had maid ane carll Knicht

Amang thir weryouris wicht,

And docht nocht to do."

Vpon ane rude Runsy he ruschit out of toun ;
 In ane Ryall array he rydis full richt ; 795
 to the moor where he had challenged [Dj, back] Euin to the Montane he maid him full boun,
 Roland. Quhair he had trystitto meit Schir Rolland the Knicht.
 Derfly our Daillis, discoverand the doun,
 Gif ony douchtie that day for Iornayis was dicht.
 He band his blonk to ane busk on the brent broun,
 Syne baid be the bair way to hald that he had hecht.
 Quhill it was neir time of the day that he had thair bene,
 There he remains on the look out, He lukit ane lytill him fra,
 He sa cummand in thra
 The maist man of all tha, 805
 till he sees That euer he had sene.

 a Knight on a Camel advancing towards him. Ane Knicht on ane Cameill come cantly at hand,
 With ane curagious countenance, and cruell to se ;
 He semit baldly to abyde with Birny and with brand,
 His blonk was vnburely, braid and our hie. 810
 Sir Rauf prepares for the onset, Schir Rauf reddyit him sone, and come rydand,
 And in the rowme of ane renk in fewtir kest he ;
 He seimit fer fellonar than first quhen he him fand,
 He foundis throw his forcenis gif he micht him se.
 and they rush together with terrible force. He straik the steid with the spurris, he spreit on the bent ;
 Sa hard ane cours maid thay, 816
 Both their steeds perish, That baith thair hors deid lay,
 Their speiris in splenders away
 Abuse thair heid spreit.

 and on foot, Thus war thay for thair forcynes left on fute baith,
 Thay sture hors at that straik strikin deid lay than ;
 Thir riche restles renkis ruschit out full raith,
 they renew the combat, Cleikit out twa swordis and togidder ran.
 Kest thame with gude will to do vther skaith,
 Bair on thair basnetis thay Beirnis or thay blan. 825
 both loath to lose the gree, Haistely hewit thay togidder, to leif thay war laith
 To tyne the worschip of weir that thay air wan ;

Na for dout of vincussing thay went nocht away.

Thus ather vther can assaill

With swordis of mettaill ;

830

Thay maid ane lang battaill

A long hour they
fight,

Ane hour of the day.

Thay hard harnest men, thay hewit on in haist ;

[Dij]

Thay worthit heuy with heid, and angerit with all ;

Quhill thay had maid thame sa mait, thay failze almaist, till both grow
faint.

Sa laith thay war on ather part to lat thair price fall.

The riche restles men out of the renk past, 837

Forwrocht with thair wapnis, and euill rent with all ;

Thair was na girth on the ground, quhill ane gaif *the*
gaist ;

“³arne efter ³eilding,” on ilk syde thay call. 840

As each cries,
“Now, think of
yielding !”

Schir Rauf caucht to cule him, and tak mair of the licht,

He kest vp his Veseir,

With ane Cheualrous cheir,

Sa saw he cummand full neir

Ane vther kene Knight.

845

Rauf espies
another Knight
coming.

“Now, be the Rude !” said Schir Rauf, “I repreif the !

He taunts his foe
with broken faith,

Thow hes brokin conditioun, thow hes not done richt :

Thow hecht na bakheir to bring, bot anerly we ;

Thairto I tuik thy hand, as thow was trew Knight.”

who was to meet
him alone.

On loud said the Sarazine, “I heir the now lie ! 850

“Thou liest,”
says the Saracen ;

Befoir the same day I saw the neuer with sicht ;

Now sall thow think it richt sone, thow hes met
with me,

“I never saw
thee before.”

Gif Mahoun or Termagant may mantene my micht.”

Schir Rauf was blyth of that word, & blenkit with his
face ;

Blithe is Rauf to
find his foe is a
Saracen.

“Thow sayis thow art ane Sarazine? 855

Now thankit be Drichtine,

That ane of vs sall neuer hine,

Vndeid in this place.”

Neither intends
to let the other
go alive;

Than said the Sarazine to Schir Rauf succudrously,
"I haue na lyking to lyfe to lat the with lufe." 860

He gaue ane braid with his brand to the Beirne by,
Till the blude of his browis brest out abufe.

The kene Knicht in that steid stakkerit sturely,
The lenth of ane rude braid he gart him remufe.

they close in with

Schir Rauf ruschit vp agane, and hit him in hy; 865
Thay preis furth properly thair pithis to prufe.

[Dij, back]
short knives;

Ilk ane a schort knyfe braidit out sone;

In stour stifly thay stand,

With twa knyfis in hand;

With that come Schir Rolland

870

As thay had neir done.

when Sir Roland
rides forward,
parts them,

The gentill Knicht Schir Rolland come rydand ful richt,
And ruschit fra his Runsy, and ran thame betwene:
He sayis, "thow art ane Sarazine, I se be my sicht,
For to confound our Christin men, that counterissakene.

and calls on the
Saracen to

Tell me thy name tyte, thow trauelland Knicht! 876

Fy on thy fechting! fell hes thow bene;

Thow art stout and strang, and stalwart in fecht;

Sa is thy fallow in faith, and that is weill sene.

accept Christ.

In Christ and thow will trow, thow takis nane outray."

"Forsuith," the Sarazine said, 881

But the Saracen
is not driven to
that yet,

"Thy self maid me neuer sa affraid

That I for souerance wald haue praid,

Na not sall to day.

and defies them
both at once.

"Brief me not with 3our boist, but mak 3ou baith boun,
Batteris on baldly the best, I 3ow pray." 886

Sir Roland
disdains the
unfair play,

"Na," said Schir Rolland, "that war na resoun,
I trow in the mekle God, that maist of michtis may.

The tane is in power to mak that presoun,

For that war na wassalage sum men wald say; 890

but again calls
on him to forsake
Mohammed,

I rid that thow hartfully forsaike thy Mahoun;

Fy on that foull Feind, for fals is thy fay!

Becum Christin, Schir Knicht, and on Christ call ; and become a
Christian Knight.
It is my will thow conuert,
This wickit warld is bot ane start— 895
And haue him halely in hart
That maker is of all.”

"Schir Rolland, I rek nocht of thy Rauingis ; The Saracen twits
Thow dois bot reuerance to thame that rekkis it him,
nocht ;

Thow slane hes oft, thy self, of my Counsingis, 900
Soudanis and sib men, that the with schame socht. [Dij]

Now faindis to haue fauour with thy fleichingis, defies him,

Now haue I ferlie, gif I fauour the ocht ;

We sall spuilze 3ow dispittously at the nixt springis,
 Mak 3ow biggingis full bair, bodword haue I brocht.

Chace Charlis 3our King fer out of France ;
 Fra the Chane of Tartarie,
 At him this message wald I be,
 To tell him as I haue tauld the,
 Withoutin plesance.”

“ Tyte tell me thy name, it seruís of nocht ;
 3e Sara3eins ar succuderus and self willit ay,
 Sall neuer of sa sour ane brand ane bricht fyre be
 brocht,

The Feynd is sa felloun als fers as he may." 914

“Sa thriue I,” said the Sarazine, “to threip is my thocht,

Quha waitis the Cristin with cair, my cusingis ar thay;

My name is Magog, in will and I mocht,
To ding thame doun dourly that euer war in my way.

His own name is
Magog.

To ding thame doun dourly that euer war in my way.

For thy my warysoun is full gude at hame quhair I dwel."

"In faith," said Schir Rolland, 920 Sir Roland again

“That is full euill wyn land

To haue quhill thow ar leuand,

Sine at thine end hell.

tries to convert him,
 with the bait of rich duchies,
 a worthy wife,
 Dame Jane of Anjou,
 heiress-apparent of two duchies.

“ Wald thow conuert the in hy, and couer the of sin,
 Thow suld haue mair profite and mekle pardoun ;
 Riche Douchereis seir to be sesit in, 926
 During quhill day dawis, that neuer will gang down ;
 Wed ane worthie to wyfe, and weild hir with win,
 Ane of the riche of our Realme be that ressoun ;
 The gentill Duches, Dame Iane, that claimis be hir kin
 Angeos and vther landis, with mony riche toun. 931
 Thus may thow, and thow will, wirk the best wise,
 I do the out of dispair,
 In all France is nane so fair
 Als scho is, appeirand air 935
 To twa Douchereis.”

[D iij, back]
 The Saracen
 reckes nought of
 these attractions,
 but since the
 Christian God
 is so good,
 he will believe on
 him,
 and Christ his
 son.

“ I rek nocht of thy riches, Schir Rolland the Knicht,”
 Said the rude Sarazine in Ryall array,
 “ Thy God nor thy Grassum set I bot licht ;
 Bot gif thy God be sa gude as I heir the say, 940
 I will forsaike Mahoun, and tak me to his micht,
 Euer mair perpetuallie as he that mair may.
 Heir with hart and gude will my treuth I the plicht,
 That I sall lelely leif on thy Lord ay,
 And I beseik him of Grace, and askis him mercy, 945
 And Christ his Sone full schene,
 For I haue Christin men sene,
 That in mony angeris hes bene,
 Full oft on him cry.” 949

Sir Roland thanks
 God ;
 all three,
 on their swords,
 become sworn
 brothers,
 and proceed to
 court.
 The King
 celebrates the
 event.

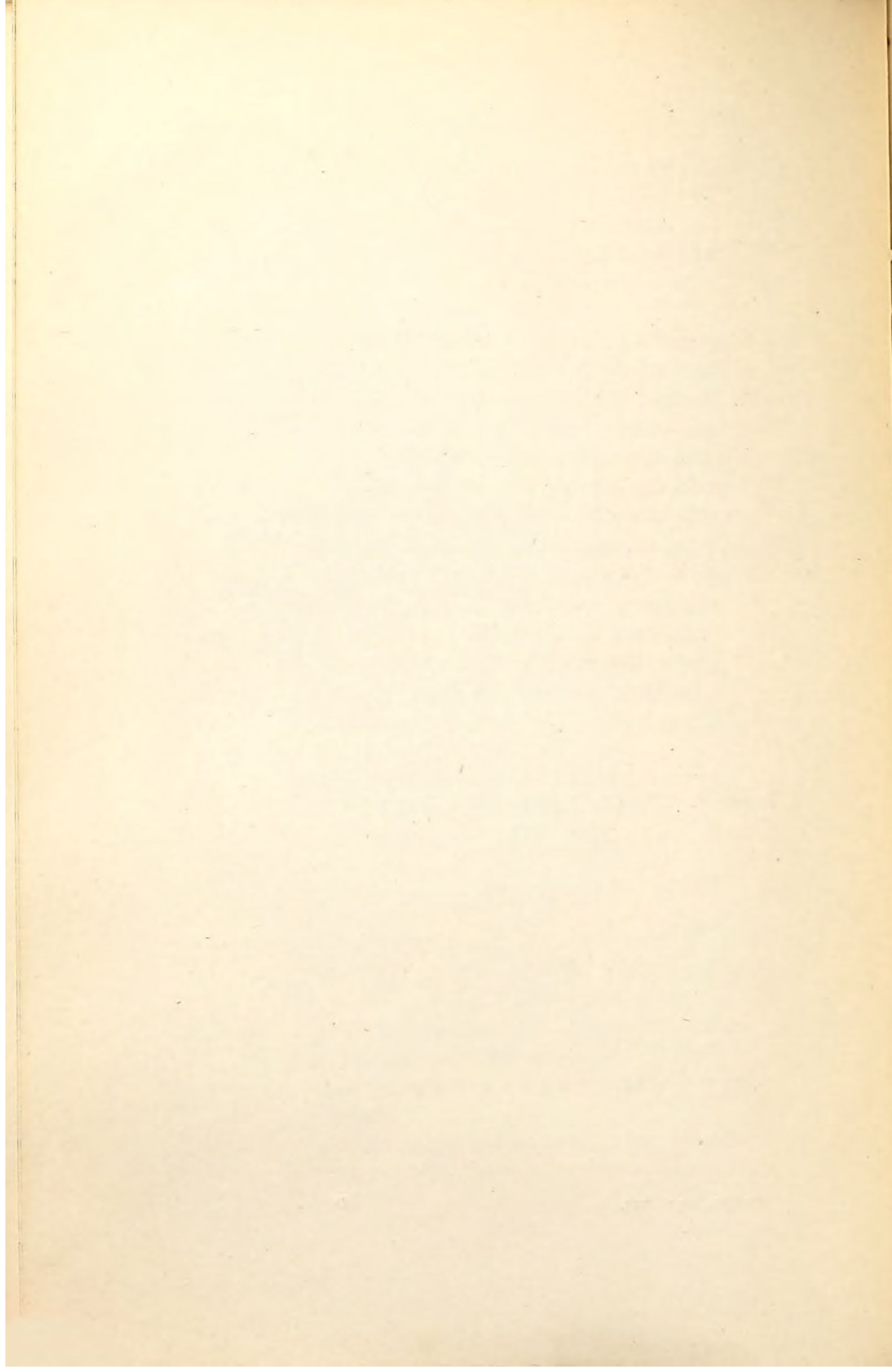
“ I thank God,” said Rolland, “ that word lykis me !
 And Christ his sweit Sone, that the that grace send.”
 Thay swoir on thair swordis swyftlie all thre,
 And conseruit thame freindis to thair lyfis end,
 Euer in all trauell, to leif and to die.
 Thay Knichtis caryit to the court, as Christ had thame
 kend. 955
 The King for thair cumming maid game and gle,
 With mony mirthfull man thair mirthis to mend.

Digne Bischoppis that day, that douchtie gart bring,		Bishops
And gaue him Sacramentis seir,		administer the
And callit him Schir Gawteir,	960	Sacraments,
And sine the Duches cleir		name him Sir
He weddit with ane ring.		Walter,
		and wed him to
		the Duchess.

Than Schir Rauf gat rewaird to keip his Knichtheid :		Sir Rauf's
Sic tythingis come to the King within thay nyne nicht,		Knighthood is
That the Marschell of France was newlingis deid ;	965	approved,
Richt thair, with the counsall of mony kene Knicht,		and he made
He thocht him richt worthie to byde in his steid,		maréchal of
For to weild that worschip worthie and wicht.		France.
His wyfe wald he nocht forzet, for dout of Goddis feid.		He duly sends
He send efter that hende, to leif thame in richt,	970	for his wife,
Syne foundit ane fair place quhair he met the King,		and on the spot
Euer mair perpetually,		where he met
In the name of Sanct Iuly,		the King,
That all that wantis harbery,		founds a hospice
Suld haue gestning.	975	in name of St.
		July.

Finis.

Imprentit at Sanc/tandrois be Robert Lekpreuik
Anno 1572



Rouland and Vernagu.

Rouland and Vernagu.

- | | | | |
|---|-----------|--|--|
| 1 | | <p style="text-align: center;">For he it sei3e wiþ si3t.</p> <p>Now bigin ichil of him,
Of charls þat was stout & grim,
 & tel 3ou al þat ri3t.</p> | <p>[Fol. 263, col. 1.]</p> <p>Now will I tell of
Charles, the stout
and grim,</p> <p>4</p> |
| 2 | ¶ | <p>An hundred winter it was and þre,
Seþen god dyed oþon þe tre,
 þat charls þe king
Hadde al fraunce in his hond,
Danmark & Inglond,
 Wiþouten ani lesing,
Lorein & lombardye,
Gascoun, bayoun, & pikardye,
 Was til his bidding;
& emperour he was of rome,
& lord of al christendome,
 þan was he an hei3e lording.</p> | <p>7</p> <p>King of France,

Denmark, and
England,</p> <p>10</p> <p>13</p> <p>and Emperor of
Rome.</p> <p>16</p> |
| 3 | I | <p>In þat time was an emperour
In costentin of gret honour,
 Constansious he hi3t;
God he loued & alle his,
& hated hem þat dede amis,
 Wiþ al his mi3t.
In speyn, þo þer was a king,
A stern man wiþouten lesing,
 þat werred ozain þe ri3t.
Ebrahim was his name,
Wide sprong his riche fame,
 He was a dou3ti kni3t.</p> | <p>Constantius was
then Emperor of
Constantinople,</p> <p>19</p> <p>22</p> <p>and Ebrahim
King of Spain.</p> <p>25</p> <p>28</p> |

He persecuted
the Christians,

and exiled the
Patriarch of
Jerusalem,

who complained
to Constantius.

Great was the
Emperor's grief.

In his grief he
prayed to Jesus,
[fol. 263, col. 2.]

who sent an angel
with a message

to invoke the aid
of Charlemagne.

Never so glad had
the Emperor
been.

- 4 ¶ Alle þat leued in godes lawe,
He lete hem boþe hong & drawe,
þo þat he miȝt of take ; 31
- & þe patriark of ierusalem
Out of lond he dede him flem,
Al for godes sake. 34
- þe patriarke was ful wiis,
& to þemperour he went y-wis,
His mone for to make, 37
- Hou þe king ebrahim
Out of lond exiled him,
Wiþ michel wer & wrake. 40
- 5 ¶ King costance þemperour
Made swiþe gret dolour
For þis tidinges, 43
- Ihū crist bisouȝt he,
Almiȝti god in trinite,
King of al kinges, 46
- He sende him grace him to slo,
þat had y-wrouȝt so michel wo,
& slawe godes ginges, 49
- & sone so he had þe bon y-bede,
An angel liȝt doun in þat stede,
& þis bode him bringes. 52
- 6 ¶ þe angel seyð to þemperour,
“Wele þe greteþ þi saueour,
Ihū, ful of miȝt, 55
- & bit þe sende wiþ michel anour,
After charls þe conquerour,
He is a douhti kniȝt. 58
- He schal þe help in batayl,
& sle þe sarrazin wiþouten fail,
þat doþ oȝain þe riȝt.” 61
- þemperour was glad & bliþe,
& þonked god fele siþe,
His hert nas neuer so liȝt. 64

- 7 ¶ Four þe best he sent of hem,
 þat on hiȝt dauid of ierusalem,
 & samuel al so, 67
 Ion of naples was anoþer,
 Ysac hiȝt þe ferþ broþer,
 þider he gan go. 70
 He went to þe palais of rome,
 & bi-for sir charli[s] come
 & told him of her wo; 73
 þai toke him þe letter & kist his hand,
 Swiche was þe lawe of þe land,
 & schal ben euer mo. 76
- 8 ¶ Charls wepe for þat dede,
 When he herd þe letter rede,
 & hete an heiȝeing, 79
 Al þat miȝt armes bere,
 Kniif or scheld, swerd or spere,
 Men schuld bi-for him bring. 82
 þai busked hem & made hem yare,
 To costentin for to fare,
 Wiþouten ani lesing. 85
 þemperour was glad y-wis,
 & vnderfenge wiþ miche blis,
 Sir charls þe king. 88
- 9 ¶ Riche iuels wiþouten lesing,
 Sir costance þe king
 Bifor sir charls he brouȝt; 91
 Sauage bestes for þe nones,
 Gold & siluer, & riche stones,
 Ac þer of nold he nouȝt : 94
 He bi-souȝt him of more honour,
 Of ihū our saueour,
 þat al þis world haþ wrouȝt, 97
 þat he on suffred passioun,
 Of þe croice & of þe croun,
 þer of he him bi-souȝt. 100

He sent four
 envoys with a
 letter

to Charles at
 Rome.

Charles was
 grieved,

and ordered all
 who could bear
 arms to assemble,

and then march to
 Constantinople.

[fol. 263, back,
 col. 1.]
 Constantius pre-
 sented Charles
 with jewels,

and other
 honours.

- He showed him
the holy relics,
- 10 ¶ þemperour his wil dede,
& ladde him to þe holy stede,
þere þe relikes ware ; 103
þer com swiche a swete odour,
þat neuer ȝete so swete sauour,
No feld þai neuer are ; 106
Of þe smal þat was so swote,
þre hundred sike hadde her bote,
& cast were out of care. 109
þan brouȝt þai forþ þe holy croun,
& þe arme of seyn simoun,
Bi-forn hem alle þare. 112
- a piece of the
cross,
- 11 ¶ & a parti of þe holy crosse,
þat in a cristal was don in clos, .
& godes cloþeing. 115
Our leuedi smok þ^t hye had on,
& þe ȝerd of araon,
Forþ þai gun bring, 118
& a spere long & smert,
þat longys put to godes hert,
He gaf charls þe king ; 121
& a nail long & gret
þat was y-driue þurch godes fet,
Wip outen ani lesing. 124
- the spear of
Longinus,
- and one of the
nails.
- 12 ¶ When charls had reseiued þat þing,
He bisouȝt ihū, heuen king,
To sende him miȝt & space, 127
For to wite þe soþe þere,
ȝif þe relikes verray were,
Er he þennes pase. 130
þan decended a liȝtnesse,
Doun riȝtes fram þe heuen blis,
In þat ich place, 133
þat þai wenden alle y-wis,
þai hadde ben in paradys,
So ful it was of grace. 136
- Charles prayed
for a proof of
the relics,
- and the place was
filled with a
heavenly light.
- [fol. 263, back,
col. 2.]

- 13 ¶ þai tok leue at þemperour,
 & þonked him of gret honour,
 & to aise in gascoyn went ;
 þer he duelled siker aplizt.
 So he biheld opou a nizt,
 Vp to þe firmament,
 A way of sterres he seiþe y-wis,
 Out of spaine in to galis,
 As red as brond þat brent.
 He bi-souþt god in trinite
 To sende him grace wite wat it be,
 Wip wel gode entent.
- 14 ¶ & in þe þouþt þat he was in,
 þer com a voice, & spac to him,
 Wip a milde steuen,
 “Iames þe apostel bi crist,
 Iones broþer, þe wangelist,
 Godes deciple of heuen,
 þat god bad prechy on þe se,
 For þi herodes lete me sle,
 þer of y þe neuen,
 Mi body lip in galis,
 Bizond speyne for soþe y-wis,
 Jurnays mo þan seuen.
- 15 ¶ For þi me wondrep wipouten fail,
 þat þou comest nouþt¹ to do batayl,
 þat lond for to winne,
 & 3if þou winnes þat lond y-wis,
 Y schal þe bring in to þat blis,
 þer ich woni inne.
 Al þat me sekep more & lesse,
 Schal haue for-3euenes
 Of her dedeli sinne.
 Now wende & do as y þe sede,
 & in batayl þou schalt spede,
 When þou it will biginne.
- 139 Charles returned
to Gascony,
- 142
and one night
saw a line of stars
pointing towards
Galicia.
- 145
- 148
- 151 And the voice of
James the
Apostle,
- 154
- 157 whom Herod had
killed,
- 160 told him how his
body lay in
Galicia, seven
days' journey
away,
- 163 [¹ written over
the line.]
- 166 and that he was to
go and rescue it ;
- 169 for which he
should have for-
giveness of all his
sins.
- 172

- The line of stars
betokened that
Charles should
conquer all the
country.
- [fol. 264, col. 1.]
- [¹ MS. Iameis.]
- Thrice did the
vision appear,
- and Charles
started with a
large army.
- First he laid
siege to Pam-
piloun for six
months,
- but could not
win it.
- Charles prays to
God to enable him
to win the city,
- and immediately
the walls fall
down.
- 16 ¶ þe way of sterres bitokneþ y-wis,
þat of spaine & of galis
þou shalt be *conquerer* ; 175
Lorain & lombardye,
Gascoyne, bayoun, & pikardye,
Schal be in þi pouwer." 178
þus com þe apostel Iames,¹
þries to charls, & seyð þis,
þat was so stoute & fer. 181
Now wendeþ charls wiþ his ost
Into speyne wiþ michel bost,
As 3e may forward here. 184
- 17 ¶ þe first cite was pampiloun,
þat was a swiþe noble toun,
þat charls gan asayl ; 187
& sex moneþes he it bi-lay apliẏt,
þat noþing winne he it no miẏt,
For alle his batayle. 190
For þe walles so strong were,
He no miẏt haue non entre þere
Wiþ outen ani fayl, 193
þer were mani strong gines,
& fele þousand of sarazines,
Swiþe hey3e of parail. 196
- 18 ¶ þan praid charls to god of heuen,
"Lord, he seyð, here mi steuen,
Astow art ful of miẏt, 199
Sende me grace þis cite to winne,
& sle þe sarrazins her inne,
þat don oẏain þe riẏt." 202
þo felle þe walles of þe cite,
Charls entred wiþ his meyne,
Als a douhti kniẏt, 205
& þurch þe miracle þat was þere,
Ten þousand sarrazins cristned were,
In þat ich niẏt. 208

- 19 ¶ & þo þat nold nouȝt cristned be,
 He lete hem hong opon a tre,
 Er he þennes pase. 211
 þus charls þurch spayn gan gon,
 & wan þe cites eurichon,
 Al þurch godes grace. 214
 Where he com in ani erd,
 Ich man was of him aferd,
 þat loked on his face. 217
 þe names of eueri cite
 þat he wan, y schal tel ȝe
 Er ich hennes pase. 220
 20 ¶ Visim, lameche, & sumy, [fol. 264, col. 2.]
 Colomuber, luche, & vrry,
 Brakare & vimaraile, 223
 Compostel, a cite grete,
 Aurilian & tullet,
 þat strong is to asayl; 226
 Golddelfagar & salamencha,
 Vline, canayls, madris, al swa
 Calatorie & lestoyl, 229
 Medinacel, an heiȝe cite,
 Segouus þe grete, & salamenche,
 Gramie & sturgel, 232
 21 ¶ Godian & emerite, Godian,
 Bourg in spaine, þ^t nis nouȝt lite,
 A swiȝe noble toun; 235
 Nasers & maped,
 Carion & vrpaled,
 & oche of gret renoun; 238 Oche,
 Burbagalle, a castel al so,
 Costant, petros, & oþer mo,
 Bayet & pampiloun, 241 Pampiloun,
 Ventos in þe grene vale,
 Caparre, eustorge, & entale,
 Gascoine & bayoun, 244 Bayonne,

Then Charles
marched through-
out Spain,

and took every
city:

[fol. 264, col. 2.]

amongst them
Compostella,

Salamanca,

Madrid,

Segovia,

Godian,

Portugal and Saragossa, Granada,	22	¶ Toutor, a strong castel, Landulif & portingal, Burnam & saragouns, Granad & satyne, Costaunce & deine,	247
Seville, Acon,		Teragon & valouns, Leride, acoun, & siuile, Charls wan in a while,	250
and many others.		Agabie & vrens, Quaramelide, gibalderie, Barbaster, vice, & almarie,	253
At Acon lay Torquas, the dis- ciple of St. James,	23	¶ Acoun, þat y spak of ere, Seyn Iames deciple lip þere, þat hat seyn torquas ; A swiþe fair oliif tre Beside his tounge men may se,	259
at whose tomb many miracles were wrought.		þat springeþ þurch godes grace ; Opon his fest in mid may, þer on is front of gret noblay,	262
[fol. 264, back, col. 1.]		Boþe more & lasse ; & who þat sekeþ hem verrament, At þe day of iuggement,	265
		Schal se godes face.	268
The whole of Spain did Charles win,	24	A lle þe londes þat were in spayne, Wip dint of swerd wan charlmain, Portingale & lauers ; Landuluf & chastel, Bigairs, bastles, & londes fele, Moys & nauers.	271
till he came to Lucerne, which		Alle þe londes he wan 3ern, Til he com to lucern,	
withstood him a whole year.		So stout he was & fers, & tvelmoneþ he it bilay aplizt, & noping win he it mizt, For al his dusse-pers.	277
			280

- 25 ¶ þo preyd charls to god abone,
 þat he him sent grace sone,
 þe cite for to winne. 283
 þo fel þe walles adoun riȝtes,
 King charls entred wiþ his kniȝtes,
 þurch þat ich ginne ; 286
 Charls acurssed þat cite,
 & ventos, & caparre, & deneye,
 For her dedeli sinne ; 289
 Deserd þai were after þan,
 þat neuer seþþen no cristen man,
 No durst com þer inne. 292
- 26 ¶ For charls curssed þo lucern,
 Also tite þe toun ganbern,
 & schal don euer mo ; 295
 & of þe smoc of þat toun,
 Mani takeþ þer of pusesoun,
 & dyep in michel wo : 298
 & þer þe oþer þre cites stode,
 Beþ waters red of helle flode,
 & fisches ther in al blo ; 301
 & who þat wil nouȝt leue me,
 In spaine men may þe soþe y-se,
 Who þat wil þider go. 304
- 27 ¶ & while charls was in þat stede,
 A fair miracle god for him dede,
 Er he gan þennes wende ; 307
 Braunches of vines charls sett,
 In marche moneþ wiþ outhen lett,
 As was þe riȝt kende ; 310
 & amorwe grapes þai bere,
 Red & ripe to kerue þere,
 For paners þai gun sende ; 313
 And for paners þai crid þo,
 ȝete men clepeþ þe cite so,
 & schal to þe warldes ende. 316

Then prayed
Charles again,

and again the
walls fell down.

And Charles
cursed that town
and others,

so that none
could live in
them,

and the waters
became red like
hell-flood, and the
fishes black, as
you may see to
this day.

And God showed
Charles a miracle,

[fol. 264, back,
col. 2.]

for in March the
vines bare ripe
grapes, more than
they could carry.

All the towns in
Spain Charles
won back,

28 ¶ Clodnius þe first cristen king,
& clotayrs wiþ outen lesing,
King dagabers & pipin, 319

Won mani tounes in spaine,
Ac þe gode charlmain,
Wan it al wiþ gin : 322

and destroyed all
the Saracen's
idols.

Alle þe maumetes in spaine were,
þat were þe sarrazins leue & dere,
King charls & turpin, 325

þai destroyd þurch godes miȝt,
Sum þurch miracle & sum þurch fiȝt,
So seyt þe latin. 328

A statue had
Mahoun made
with great craft,

29 ¶ & an image of gret pouste,
Stode on a roche bi þe se,
In þe gilden lond ; 331

His name was salanicodus,
As a man y-schapen he wes,
& held a glaive an hond, 334

and in it put
many fiends
to protect it,

Mahoun maked him wiþ gin,
& dede mani fendes þer in,
As ich vnderstond, 337

For to susten þe ymage,
& sett him on heiȝe stage,
For no man nold he wond. 340

30 ¶ þe face of him was turned souþe riȝt,
In her lay the sarrazins founde apliȝt
Of iubiter & mahoun ; 343

for that statue
would fall when
a king brought
Spain to
Christianity.

þat when y-born were þe king,
þat schuld spaine to cristen bring,
þe ymage schuld falle adoun ; 346

Charles overthrew
that statue,

Charls dede þat ymage falle,
& wan in spaine þe cites alle,
Boþe tour & toun ; 349

and with the
spoils built
churches.

& wiþ þe tresour þat he wan þere
Mani a chirche he lete arere,
þat was of gret renoun. 352

- 31 ¶ þe first chirche for soþ y-wis,
 Was seyn Iames in galis,
 þat he lete arere, 355
 Wip an hundred chanouns & her priour,
 Of seynt ysador þe *confessour*,
 For to serui þere : 358
 & in aise a chapel, and a chapel at
 Aix,
 Of lim & ston y-wrouȝt ful wel,
 Of werk riche & dere, 361
 & seyn Iames at burdewes,
 & on at tolous, anoþer at anevaues,
 & mo as ȝe may here. 364
- 32 **C**harls duelled siker apliȝt,
 þre mones & fourten niȝt,
 In bayoun wip his ost, 367
 þer fel a miracle of a kniȝt,
 Wiche þat was to deþ y-diȝt,
 þurch þe holy gost ; 370
 Sir romain for soþe he hiȝt,
 Er he dyd he hadde his riȝt,
 Wip outen ani bost ; 373
 On of his frendes he cleped him to :
 “ Y schal dye it is so,
 Ful wele þou it wost. 376
- 33 ¶ Mine cloþes þat ichaue,
 þer wip þat y be brouȝt in graue,
 Wip mete & drink & liȝt, 379
 & sel min hors on heiȝeing
 Pouer clerkes sauters to sing,
 þer to þat it be diȝt ; ” 382
 & when he hadde y-seyd þus stille,
 Also it was godes wille,
 þan died þe kniȝt, 385
 þe hors was seld wip outen duelinges,
 For to hundred schillinges,
 & put it vp apliȝt. 388

[fol. 265, col. 1.]
 First he built a
 church to St.
 James in Galicia,

and a chapel at
 Aix,

and churches at
 Bordeaux,
 Tolouse, and
 elsewhere.

While Charles
 was at Bayonne,

a miracle hap-
 pened to a knight,

Sir Romain.

On his death-bed
 he bequeathed his
 horse to be sold
 and the money
 given to the
 church.

His executor sold
 it for two hundred
 shillings, and
 kept the money.

At the end of a
month the knight
appeared to his
executor,

34 ¶ & at þe nende of þritti niȝt,
To his seketour com þe ded kniȝt,
& seyð in þis maner : 391

“Mi soule is in heuen blis,
For þe loue of min almis,
þat y sett here ; 394

[fol. 265, col. 2.]

& for þou hast at-hold min,
þritti days ichaue ben in pin,
þat wel strong were, 397

and told him he
should go to hell
for his dishonesty.

Paradis is graunted me,
& in þat pain þou schalt be,
þat ich was in ere.” 400

35 ¶ þe ded þus in his way went,
& he awaked verrament,
& wonder hadde apliȝt ; 403

In the morning
the executor told
his dream,

& amorwe his sweuen he told,
To erls & to barouns bold,
To squiers & to kniȝt : 406

and while he was
telling it, devils
came and carried
him off.

& amonges hem alle,
As þai stoden in þe halle,
þer com a windes fliȝt, 409

& fele fendes þ^t were swift,
& beren him vp in to þe lift,
& held him þere four niȝt. 412

36 ¶ Seriaunce þe bodi souȝt,
Ac þai no miȝt it finde nouȝt,
Four dayes no more. 415

At last his body
was found at
Navern,

Fro bayoun he went wiþ his ost,
& þurch nauern wiþ miche bost,
þe bodi þai founde þore, 418

his soul had gone
to hell.

þer þe fendes had let him felle,
& bere his soule in to helle,
To hard paines sore. 421

Such shall be the
fate of all false
executors.

So schal eueri sekatour,
þe dedes gode abigge wel sour,
þat hye bi-nimeþ þe pore. 424

- 37 **N**o[w] late we be of þis þing,
 & speke of charles þe king,
 þat michel was of miȝt, 427
 Of his lengþe & his brede,
 As þe latin ous sede,
 Ichil ȝou rede ariȝt; 430
 Tventi fete he was o lengþe,
 & al so of gret strengþe, 433
 & of a stern sight,
 Blac of here & rede of face,
 Whare he com in ani place,
 He was a douhti kniȝt. 436
- 38 ¶ Four times in þe ȝere,
 On his heued he bere,
 þe holy croun of þorn, 439
 At ester, at wissontide,
 & at seyn iames day wiþ pride,
 & in ȝole as god was born. 442
 & atte þe mete in þe halle,
 Among his kniȝtes alle,
 A drawe swerd him biforn, 445
 þis was þe maner ay,
 & schal be til domesday,
 Of emperour y-corn. 448
- 39 ¶ & whare he slepe aniȝt,
 Wel wise he was & wiȝt,
 & douted of tresoun, 451
 An hundred kniȝtes him kept,
 þat non of hem no slept,
 þat were of gret renoun, 454
 & eueri duȝti kniȝt
 Held a torche liȝt,
 & a naked fauchoun. 457
 þus king charls lay,
 Wiþ his ost mani a dai,
 In þe cite of pampiloun. 460

Now will I tell
you of Charles.

He was 20 feet
in height,

with black hair
and a ruddy
complexion.

Four times in
the year,

at Easter,
Whitsuntide,
[fol. 265, back.
col. 1.]

St. James's day
and Christmas,
he wore at his
table the holy
crown of thorns.

When he slept 100
knights guarded
him,

each with a torch
and a drawn
sword.

- One day came tidings to Charles of a doughty knight called
 Vernagu,
 who had come to fight with him.
- 40 ¶ & on a day com tiding,
 Vnto charls the king,
 Al of a douhti kniȝt, 463
 Was comen to nasers :
 Stout he was & fers,
 Vernagu he hiȝt ; 466
 Of babiloun þe soudan
 þider him sende gan,
 Wiȝ king charls to fiȝt, 469
 So hard he was to fond,
 þat no dint of brond,
 No greued him apliȝt. 472
- 41 ¶ He hadde tventi men strengþe,
 & fourti fet of lengþe,
 þilke panim hede, 475
 & four fet in þe face,
 Y-meten in þe place,
 & fiȝten in brede, 478
 His nose was a fot & more,
 His browe as brestles wore,
 He þat it seiȝe it sede, 481
 He loked loȝeliche,
 & was swart as piche,
 Of him men miȝt adrede. 484
- [fol. 265, back, col. 2.]
 He challenged Charles or any of his knights to fight.
- 42 ¶ Charls com to nasers
 Wiȝ his dusse pers,
 To se þat painim. 487
 He asked wiȝ outhen fayl,
 Of king charls batayl,
 To fiȝt oȝaines him : 490
 Charls wonderd þo,
 When he seiȝe him go,
 He bi-held him ich alim, 493
 For seȝþen he was y-bore,
 He no hadde y-sen bifore,
 Non þat was so grim. 496
- Charles was astonished,
 for never had he seen any so grim.

- 43 ¶ Sir oger þe danais,
A kniȝt ful curtays,
 To him first was y-sent ; 499
& at his coming,
Vernagu an heyȝeing,
 Vnder his arm him hent, 502
Y-armed as he was,
He toke him in þe plas,
 & to þe castel he went : 505
Sir oger schamed sore,
Him o-þouȝt þat com þore,
 & held him foule y-schent. 508
- 44 ¶ Reynald de aubeppine
Was sent to þat sarrazin,
 He serued him al so ; 511
& seyde to charlmain,
“ Sir, þo þou won spain,
 Harestow non better þo ? 514
So mahoun me ȝiue rest,
Oȝain ten swiche þe best,
 To fiȝt ich wold go.” 517
Sir costentin of rome,
& þerl of nauntes come,
 To fiȝt wiþ boþe to. 520
- 45 ¶ & vernagu bar boþe,
No were þai neuer so wroþe,
 To nassers castel, 523
Vnder aiþer arm on,
As stille as ani ston,
 Miȝt þai nouȝt wiþ him mele. 526
þo charls sent ten,
Al so he serued his men,
 Miȝt no man wiþ him dele. 529
Charls bi-þouȝt þo,
ȝif he sent mo,
 It were him wroþer hele. 532

Ogier first
 essayed,

but Vernagu took
 him under his
 arm,

and walked off
 with him.

Reynald was
 the next,

but he was served
 in the same way.

After him
 Costentin and the
 Earl of Nantes
 came out at once,

but Vernagu
 carried them off,

one under each
 arm.

Then Charles sent
 10 at once,
 but they all were
 treated in the
 [fol. 266,
 col. 1.]
 same way.

Then Roland
asked leave to
fight Vernagu;

46 **R**oland þe gode kniȝt,
þo bad leue to fiȝt,
Oȝain þat painim, 535
King charls seyð, “nay,
þou no schalt nouȝt bi þis day,
He is to stout & grim.” 538
So long he him bad,
þat leue of him he hadde.
Rouland armed him, 541
& com anon riȝt
In to þe feld, to fiȝt
Oȝain þat sarrazin. 544

and Charles
granted him
leave.

Vernagu picked
him out of his
saddle,

47 ¶ & at his coming þare,
Sir vernagu was ware
& tok him vnder his hond, 547
Out of his sadel he gan him bere,
& on his hors swere
He set roulond : 550
& roulond smot him so,
þat vernagu þo
Vnto þe grounde wond. 553
& when þe cristen seiȝe þis,
þat vernagu fallen is,
þai þonked godes sond. 556

but Roland felled
him to the
ground.

They drew their
swords,

48 ¶ þai lopen opon her stede,
& swerdes out þai brede,
& fiȝt þai gun þo. 559

and Roland cuts
Vernagu's horse
in two.

Rouland wiȝ durindale,
Brewen him miche bale,
& carf his hors ato : 562

Then Vernagu
killed Roland's
horse.

When vernagu was o fot,
He no coupe no better bot,
To roulond he gan go, 565
In þe heued he smot his stede,
þat ded to grounde he ȝede,
O fot þan were þai bo. 568

- 49 ¶ A fot þai tok þe fiȝt,
 & vernagu a non riȝt,
 His swerd he had y-lore. 571
 Rouland wiþ al his miȝt,
 He stired him as a kniȝt, [fol. 266, col. 2]
 & yaf him dintes sore. 574
 Til it was ogain þe none,
 þus þai layd opon,
 Ay til þai weri wore : 577
 Douk rouland sone he fond,
 þat wiþ no dint of brond, but Roland could
 not hurt him
 with a sword.
 He slouȝ him neuer more. 580
- 50 ¶ When it com to þe neue,
 Vernagu bad leue,
 To resten of þat fiȝt : 583
 Rouland him trewþe ȝaf,
 So he most bring a staf,
 After his wil y-diȝt ; 586
 Vernagu graunted wel
 & went to her hostel
 When þat was niȝt. 589
 Amorwe wiþ outen fail,
 þai com to þe batayl,
 Aiþer as douhti kniȝt. 592
- 51 ¶ Sir rouland brouȝt a staf
 þat king charls him ȝaf,
 þat was long & newe, 595
 þe bodi of a ȝong oke,
 To ȝif þer-wiþ a stroke,
 He was touȝ & trewe. 598
 & wiþ þat gode staf,
 Wel mani dintes he ȝaf
 Vernagu þe schrewe. 601
 & at þe non apliȝt,
 þai gun anoþer fiȝt,
 & stones to gider þrewe. 604
- They fought on
 foot,
 Then they took to
 stones.

- 52 ¶ Gode rappes for þe nones,
 þai ȝauen wiþ þe stones,
 þat sete swiþe sore ; 607
 Their helmets and
 shields were
 broken to pieces.
 þat helme & heye targe,
 þurch her strokes large,
 þer wiþ þai broken wore. 610
 Vernagu, feeling
 tired, asked leave
 to have a sleep.
 & vernagu at þat cas,
 So sore asleped was,
 He no miȝt fiȝt no more : 613
 At rouland leue he toke,
 þat time, so seyt þe boke,
 For to slepe þore. 616
- 53 ¶ Roland ȝaf leue him,
 For to slepe wele afin,
 & rest him in þat stounde, 619
 Roland agreed,
 and promised not
 to touch him in
 his sleep.
 & seyð þat he nold,
 For þe cite ful of gold
 Be þer wiþ y-founde, 622
 Slepeand to slen a kniȝt,
 þei þat he had in fiȝt,
 ȝif him deþes wounde. 625
 Vernagu went
 to sleep,
 þo vernagu lay adoun,
 To slepe he was boun,
 þere opoþ þe grounde. 628
- 54 ¶ & vernagu rout þore,
 As a wild bore,
 þo he on slepe was : 631
 and snored like a
 wild boar ;
 To him rouland gan gon,
 & tok þe gretest ston
 þat lay in þat place, 634
 so Roland brought
 a great stone and
 placed it under
 his head for a
 pillow.
 He leyð vnder his heued y-wis
 For him þouȝt it lay amis,
 To lowe at þat cas. 637
 & vernagu vp stode,
 He stard as he were wode,
 When he awaked was, 640

- 55 ¶ Vernagu asked anon,
 "Who leyd þis gret ston,
 Vnder min heued so?
 It no miȝt neuer be,
 Bot ȝif he were a kniȝt fre.
 Wist ich who it were,
 He schuld be me leue & dere,
 [*No gap in the MS.*]
 þei þat he were mi fo."
 Quap rouland, sikerly,
 "Certes it was y,
 For þat þou rot so.
- 56 ¶ & when þo me louest miche,
 Now tel me sikerliche,
 Whi þou art so hard,
 þat no þing may þe dere,
 Knif, no ax, no spere,
 No no dint of sward."
 Quap vernagu sikerly,
 "No man is harder þan y,
 Fram þe nauel vp ward,
 For-þi y com hider y-wis,
 To fiȝt wiþ king charlis,
 Wiþ þe hore bard."
- 57 ¶ Vernagu to rouland sede,
 "Al so þi god þe spede,
 Whare were þou y-born?"
 "In fraunce, bi seynt austin,
 King charls cosyn,
 Our kinde lord y-corn.
 We leueþ opon ihū,
 þat is ful of vertu,
 þat bare þe croun of þorn.
 & ȝe leueþ in þe fende,
 For-þi wiþ outen ende,
 ȝe schul be for lorn."
- Vernagu won-
 dered greatly at
 this act of
 courtesy,
- 643
- 646 and asked who
 did it.
- 649
- 652
- Roland asked the
 Saracen how it
 was he could not
 hurt him.
- 655
- 658
- Vernagu told him
 that only in the
 navel was he
 vulnerable.
- 661
- [fol. 266, back,
 col. 2]
- 664
- "Where wert
 thou born?"
 asked Vernagu.
- 667
- Roland told him,
- 670
- 673 and how he was a
 believer in Jesus
 Christ.
- 676

- Vernagu asked
who Jesus was.
- 58 ¶ & when þat vernagu
Y-herd speke of ihū,
He asked wat man he was. 679
- Roland answered,
"The king of
Paradise,
- þe king of paradys,
& lord ful of gras, 682
- who was born of a
virgin,
- In a maiden he was bore,
To bigge þat was forlore,
As sonne passeþ purch þe glas, 685
- suffered for man-
kind on the cross,
- & dyed opon þe rode,
For our alder gode,
& nouȝt for his gilt it nas : 688
- 59 ¶ & suffred woundes fīue,
& ros fram ded to liue,
þan þridde day ; 691
- rose on the third
day from death to
life,
- & fet out adam & eue,
& mo þat were him leue,
Fram helle for soþe to say, 694
- and ascended into
heaven, one God
in Three
Persons."
- & sitt in trinite,
O god in persones thre ;
Swiche is our lay." 697
- ¶ Vernagu seyð þo,
"It no miȝt neuer be so,
þer of y sigge nay. 700
- "How could he be
one and three ?"
asked Vernagu.
- 60 ¶ Hou miȝt it euer be,
þat he were on & thre ?
Tel me now þe skille." 703
- Rouland þan sede,
"Al so god me spede,
ȝis wiþ a gode wille. 706
- [fol. 267, col. 1]
Roland answers :
"As in a harp are
three things,
wood, and strings,
and sound, so in
God are three
persons :
- As þe harp has þre þinges,
Wode & soun & strenges,
& mirþe is þer tille, 709
- So is god persones þre,
& holeliche on in vnite,
Al þing to ful-fille. 712

- 61 ¶ & as þe sonne hap þinges þre,
 Hete & white on to se,
 & is ful of liȝt, 715
 So is god in trinite,
 Vnite & mageste,
 & lord ful of miȝt." 718
 Quap vernagu, "now y se,
 Hou he is god in persones þre,
 Now ich wot þat riȝt, 721
 Ac hou þat he bicom man,
 The lord þat þis world wan,
 þer of no haue y no siȝt." 724
- 62 ¶ Quap rouland, "he þat ous bouȝt,
 & al þing maked of nouȝt,
 Wele miȝt he be so hende, 727
 þat he wald sende his sone,
 In a maiden for to wone,
 Wiþ outen mannes kende." 730
 Quap vernagu, "saunfayl,
 þer of ichaue gret meruail,
 Hou miȝt he fram hir wende, 733
 Hou miȝt he of hir be bore,
 þat was a maiden bi fore,
 Y no may nouȝt haue in mende." 736
- 63 ¶ Rouland seyð to vernagu,
 "Mi lordes fader ihū,
 Is so michel of miȝt, 739
 þat he made sonne & se,
 & fisches in þe flod to be,
 Boþe daye & niȝt : 742
 Wele may he þan, as y þe er seyð,
 Ben y-bore of a maide,
 Wiþ outen wem apliȝt." 745
 Quap vernagu, "it may wele be,
 Ac hou he dyed y no can nouȝt se,
 Tel me now þat riȝt. 748
- And as in the sun
 are heat, bright-
 ness, and light, so
 is the Trinity in
 Unity."
- "Now I under-
 stand," said
 Vernagu; "but
 how could God
 become man?"
- "God," said
 Roland, "who is
 Almighty, sent
 His Son to be born
 man of a Virgin?"
- "How could a
 Virgin bear a
 child?" asked
 Vernagu.
- "God, who made
 sun and sea,
 night and day,
 could easily do
 that," replied
 Roland.
- "That might well
 be," said
 Vernagu;
 "but how could
 God die,

- [fol. 267, col. 2]
and rise again ?”
- 64 ¶ For i nist neuer no man,
þat aros after þan,
When þat he ded was, 751
& 3if he godes sone were,
He no miȝt nouȝt dye þere :
Tel me now þat cas.” 754
Quap rouland, “y schal tel þe.
His bodi slepe vpon þe tre,
& þe þridde day aras, 757
His godhed waked euer & ay,
& to helle tok þe way,
& bond satanas. 760
- And so must we
all at the day of
judgment rise,
and give account
of our lives.”
- 65 ¶ So schul we al arise,
& of þe dome agrise,
Atte day of iuggement, 763
& answerey for our dede,
þe gode & þe quede,
Hou we our liif haue spent.” 766
Quap vernagu, “now ichot wel,
Hou he aros ichadel,
& haue in min entent 769
Ac hou he steyȝe to heuen,
Y no can nouȝt neuē,
No wite verrament.” 772
- “But how did He
ascend into
heaven ?” said
Vernagu.
- 66 ¶ þan seyð rouland,
“O vernagu, vnderstand,
Herken now to me. 775
þat ich lord þat wiþ his miȝt,
In a maiden a-liȝt,
Y-born for to be, 778
As þe sonne aros in þe est,
& decended in þe west,
Astow miȝt now se, 781
Riȝt so dede god almiȝt,
Mounted in to heuen liȝt,
& sit in trinite.” 784
- “As the sun
which sets in the
west rises again
in the east,
so did He ascend
into heaven.”

- 67 ¶ Quap vernagu, "now ich wot,
 3our cristen lawe eueri grot,
 Now we wil fizt.
 Wheþer lawe better be,
 Sone we schul y-se,
 Long ar it be nizt."
 Rouland a dint him 3af,
 Wip his gode staf,
 þat he kneled aplizt,
 & vernagu to him smot,
 & carf his staf fot hot,
 Euen ato ari3t.
- 68 ¶ þo rouland kneld adoun,
 & maked an orisoun,
 To god in heuen li3t,
 & seyð, "lord vnder stond
 Y no fizt for no lond,
 Bot for to saue þi ri3t,
 Sende me now mi3t & grace,
 Here in þis ich place,
 To sle þat foule wi3t."
 An angel com ful sone,
 & seyð "herd is þi bone,
 Arise rouland & fizt,
- 69 ¶ & sched þe schrewes blod,
 For he nas neuer gode,
 Bi lond no bi se :
 þei alle prechours aliue,
 To cristen wald him schriue,
 Gode nold be neuer be."
 When rouland herd þat steuen,
 He stirt him vp ful euen,
 & fau3t wip hert fre ;
 Strokes bi sex & seuen,
 Togider þis kni3tes 3euen
 þat mani man mi3t y-se.
- 787 "Now," said
 Vernagu, "I
 understand your
 religion every
 whit: let us try
 whose religion
 God will prevail."
- 790
- 793 They then re-
 sumed their fight,
 [fol. 267, back,
 col. 1]
 and Vernagu cut
 Roland's staff in
 two.
- 796
- 799 Roland fell on his
 knees, and prayed
 God for help to
 overcome the
 Saracen.
- 802
- 805
- 808 An angel soon
 appeared, and
 bade him arise,
- and slay the
 infidel.
- 811
- 814
- 817 Roland started
 up, and laid on
 strokes by six and
 seven.
- 820

- 70 ¶ Rouland wiþ outen dueling,
þurch miȝt of heuen king,
Soon he cut off
the Saracen's left
arm,
Vernagu he smot, 823
þat þe left arm, & þe scheld
Fel forþ in to þe feld,
Fram þat painim fot hot : 826
His arm þo he had lore,
Swiþe wo him was þer fore
& fast he fauȝt y wot. 829
He smot rouland on þe croun,
A strok wiþ his fauchoun,
but Vernagu
hit him so sore on
the head
þat þurch þe helme it bot. 832
- 71 ¶ No hadde ben þe bacinet,
þat þe strok wiþ sett,
that had it not
been for his
helmet he had
been killed,
Rouland hadde ben aqueld. 835
þe sarrazin sayd aswiþe,
" Smite ich eft on siþe
[fol. 267, back,
col. 2]
þi liif is bouȝt & seld." 838
Rouland answerd, " nay,
Mine worþ þe raþer pay,
Bi god þat al þing weld ;" 841
& wiþ a strok ful large,
He clef þe sarrazins targe,
but with one blow
he cut Vernagu's
shield in two,
þat half fel in þe feld. 844
- 72 ¶ & at anoper venov,
Roland smot vernagu,
and with the next
stroke gave him
his death wound.
þat he fel down to grounde, 847
& rouland wiþ durindale
ȝaf him strokes fale,
& his deþes wounde. 850
þe paynem crid, " help, mahoun,
& Iubiter of gret renoun,
þat beþ so michel of mounde, 853
As ȝe beþ miȝt-ful helpeþ me,
þat ich miȝt y-venged me
Vernagu called on
his gods for help,
Of þis cristen hounde." 856

- 73 ¶ Rouland louȝ for þat cri,
 & syd, "mahoun, fikerly,
 No may þe help nouȝt : 859
 No Iubiter, no apolin,
 No is worþ þe Brust of a swin,
 In hert no in þouȝt." 862
 His ventail he gan vn-lace,
 & smot of his heued in þe place,
 & to charls it brouȝt : 865
 þo þonked he god in heuen,
 & mari wiþ milde steuen,
 þat he so hadde y-wrouȝt. 868
- 74 ¶ & al þe folk of þe lond,
 For onour of roulond,
 þonked god old & ȝong : 871
 & ȝede a procesioun,
 Wiþ croice & gomfaynoun,
 & salue miri song, 874
 Boþe widowe & wiif in place,
 þus þonked godes grace,
 Alle þo þat speke wiþ tong. 877
 To otuel also ȝern,
 þat was a sarrazin stern,
 Ful sone þis word sprong. 880

but Roland only
 mocked him.

Then he cut off
 his head and took
 it to Charlemagne,

who thanked God
 and Mary.

Then there was
 general thanks-
 giving in honour
 of Roland.

Soon the tidings
 of Vernagu's
 death reached
 Otuel.

The Romance of Otuel.

Otuel.

[fol. 268, col. 1]

[The numbers in brackets in the margin refer to the corresponding lines of "Roland and Otuel."]

- 1 **H**Erkneþ boþe 3inge & olde,
 þat willen heren of batailles bolde,
 & 3e wolle a while duelle,
 Of bolde batailles ich wole 3ou telle, 4
 þat was sumtime bitwene
 Cristine men & sarrazins kene.
- 2 ¶ þere was sumtime a king in france,
 A dou3ty man wiþ spere & launce,
 & made sarazins ful tame,
 King charles was his name,
 & was born in seint denys,
 Nou3t bote a litel fram parys,
 & was a wol treu kni3t,
 & meintenede cristendom ari3t.
- 3 ¶ In his time, a king þer was,
 An heþene þat vncristned was,
 þat was king of lumbardie,
 & was y-hoten king garsie.
 Marsile was his al so,
 & manie oþer londes mo.
 A swiþe gret lord he was,
 In his time non suych þer nas,
 On ihū crist ne leuede he nou3t,
 þat him hadde so dere a-bou3t.
 He leuede al in maumettrie,
 & for-sok god & seinte marie.
 In alle londes þere he wente,
 He slou3 al þat euere he hente,

Hearken all,
 young and old,

and I will tell you
 of the wars
 between the
 Christians and
 Saracens.

8 Once there was a
 doughty king of
 France, Charles, a
 true knight,

12

16 in whose time was
 a heathen king of
 Lombardy,

named Garsie.

20

A great lord he
 was,

24 but he believed
 not on Jesus
 Christ,

28

and his whole
thought was to
destroy Christi-
anity.

þat wolde on ihū crist bileue,
& tok þe lond to his byheue :
Nizt & day it was his þout,
To bringe cristendom to nout.

32

Never in all
heathendom was
there so great a
king :

[fol. 268, col. 2]

4 ¶ In heþenesse þer nas no king,
þat ne hel[d] of him sum þing,
Or dude him omage or feute.
Suich a mizty king was he,
Alle þei scholden to him bouwe.
He was lord of londes ynowe,
& 3it he þou3te wit maistrie,
Habben al cristendom to gye :
Al cristendom more & lasse,
He þou3te to maken heþennesse.

36

40

when he held his
parliament,

5 ¶ Whan he wolde hauen a *parlement*,
þere com to his comaundement,
To helpen hym wit alle þinges,
Fiftene heþene kinges :
& alle þei were togidere sworn,
þat cristendom scholde be lorn,
& maden alle here ordenaunce,
To werren uppon þe king of *France*,
For þei herden alle tidinges,
þat he was chef of cristene gynges,
& þe king wiste it wel.
Nou schulle 3e here hou it bifel,

44

48

fifteen kings came
at his command,
and swore to join
in war on
Charles,

for he was the
greatest of Chris-
tian kings.

52

On Childermas-
day Charles with
his douze-peres
went towards
Paris.

6 ¶ Hit was on childermasse day,
Sop to segge wiþ ouden nay,
þat king charles of sein denys,
Wente him to ward parys.
Hise duzze peres wit him he nam,
& mucche poeple to him kam,
& token alle here consail þare,
þat þei wolden wiþ alle fare,

56

[39.]

60

- Into Marsile riden and gon, [46]
 & werren þere wiþ godes foon, 64
 & hadden set a certein day,
 To wenden þider wiþ ouden delay :
 Bote ar þei þiderward ferden,
 Suiche tydinges þei herden, 68
 Of a sarasin¹ douȝti & good,
 þat a-moeuede al here blod.
- 7 ¶ þer com a sarazin ful of rage, [55]
 Fram king garsie in message, 72
 In to paris þe wei he nam,
 & to þe kinges paleis he kam.
 Otuwel his name was, named Otuel,
 Of no man a-fered he nas, 76
 Into þe paleis þo he cam,²
 A skwier be þe hon[d] he nam, [fol. 268, back,
 & seide : "ich am comen her, col. 1.]
 Kyng garsies messenger, 80
 To speke wiþ charles, king of þis lond,
 & wiþ a kniȝt þat heet Roulond,
 & a noþer hatte oliuer,
 Kniȝtes holden wiþouten peer : 84
 þose þre ich biseche þe,
 þat þou telle me whiche þei be."
- 8 ¶ þe skwier þouȝte wel by siȝt,
 þat Otuwel was a douȝti kniȝt, 88
 & for he was in message come,
 Bi þe hond he haueþ him nome,
 & ladde him in to þe halle,
 Among þe grete lordes alle, 92
 & þere þei stoden oppon her feet.
 He schewede him where þe king seet,

On his way he
 heard of a
 doughty Saracen,

named Otuel,

[fol. 268, back,
 col. 1.]

who was sent as
 a messenger from
 Garsie, to Charles

Roland,
 and Oliver.

Otuel is led by a
 squire into
 Charles' presence

¹ MS. sazasin.

² This line is twice written in the MS. ; at the end of fol. 268, col. 2, as above, and at the beginning of p. 268 back, col. 1, In to þe palais þo he cam.

& tauzte him hou he scholde knowe,
 þere þei seten oppon a rowe, 96
 Roulond & olyuer,
 & þe godde kniȝt ogger.

He went directly
 up to Charles,

9 ¶ Anon as otuwel hadde a siȝt
 Of charles þat was king & kniȝt, 100
 For eye of no man he ne leet,
 Bote wente to him þere he seet.

without any fear,

Hit was þe boldeste sarazin,
 þat euere þorte drinke win, 104
 & þat was sene wiþ oute lesing.

and said before
 them all:
 "Garsie, my lord,
 defies thee, and
 curses thee!"

þo he spak wiþ charles þe king.
 He seide to him amydde his halle: [93]
 "Sire king, foule mote þe falle, 108

þou art a-boute for to greue
 Mahoun þat we onne byleue,
 þere fore haue þou maugre,
 So þe greteþ garsie bi me, 112

And Roland
 he challenged
 to meet him in
 the field in single
 combat.

þat me haueþ in message sent,
 To seggen his comaundement.

& þou, Roulond, þat art his kniȝt, [109]
 Nou ich knowe þe be siȝt, 116

May ich mete þe in þe feeld,
 Wiþ þi spere & wiþ þi scheld,
 Ich wole wyte, so mote Ich þe,
 Riȝt bytwene me & te."¹ 120

[fol. 268, back,
 col. 2.]

.

¹ (Eight lines lost in consequence of the cutting out of the illumination at the beginning of the poem. These eight lines were on the back of the illumination.)

- 10 ¶
.
“þat þou makest offe þis bost,
Tel me nou 3ef þou wost.” [133]
Quaþ otuwel, “so mote ich þe,
I nelle nou3t hele for eie of þe. 124
It was oppon a weddenesdai,
In aueril be-fore þe may,
King garsie þe weie nam,
To þe Cite of rome he cam, 128
Twenti þousende was þe sawe,
þat were þare of sarazin lawe :
Coursouse m[i swerde ful] harde fel,
& bot þere Freinche flechs fol wel.” 132
11 ¶ Estu3t of leggers, a freinshe kni3t,
He sterte op anon ri3t,
& kyppte anon in his hond
A gret muche fir brond, [155] 136
& to otuwel a strok hadde ment,
& Roulong by-nam him þe dent.
12 ¶ þanne seide charles þe king,
“Ich for bede oppon alle þing, 140
þat noman be so wood,
For to don hym oþer þan good,
A kinges messenger for he is,
He ne schal habbe non harm, i-wis.” 144
13 ¶ “Sire king,” quaþ otuwel, “be mi blod,
& ani of hem be so wod,
To drawe to me swerd or knif,
Certes he schal lesen his lif.” 148
14 ¶ þe kinges kni3tes hadden tene,
Of otuwel wordes kene ;
Wiþ þat word anon ri3t,
Op starte a freinsche kni3t, 152
Bihinden otuwel he cam,

Said Otuel,
“I will tell thee.

It was in April
that Garsie with
20,000 men came
to Rome,

where with my
sword I slew full
many
Frenchmen.”

Estut, a French
knight,
aims a stroke at
Otuel with a
brand,

but Roland
warded it off.

Charles also
interposed to
protect him,

but Otuel defies
them all.

The French
knights are
enraged,

and one seizes
Otuel by the
head,

[fol. 269, col. 1.]
and attempts to
kill him with a
knife.

Otuel draws his
sword,
and slays him.

The French press
round Otuel to
avenge their
comrade,

but Otuel
threatens them,
and orders them
to sit down.

- & be þe hod otuwel nam, [165]
 & braid wiþ so gret miȝt,
 & braid adon þat heþene kniȝt, 156
 & anon out wiþ a knif,
 & wolde haue reued him his lif,
 & þat sarazin otuwel,
 Was i-armed swiþe wel, 160
 þat he ne dede him nouȝt bote good,
 Ne drouȝ of his bodi no blood.
- 15 ¶ He starte op & was wroþ,
 To ligge longe him was loþ, 164
 & Corsouze his brond he drouȝ, [175]
 & þe kinges kniȝt he slouȝ,
 & amang hem alle he stood,
 & lokede as he were wood. 168
 þe kinges kniȝtes were agramed,
 & summe of hem were aschamed,
 þat otuwel in þe halle,
 Slouȝ a kniȝt among hem alle, 172
 & bi-gunnen op to stonden,
 & þouȝte to leggen on him honden.
- 16 ¶ Otuwel þer of was war,
 & in his herte it him bar, 176
 þat þei nere a-boute no good,
 & seide to hem þere he stod ;
 “Bi þe louerd fire mahoun, [179]
 Kniȝtes i rede ȝe sitten a-doun. 180
 For ȝef ani of ȝou so hardi be,
 þat any strok munteþ to me,
 Mahoun mi god ich here for-sake
 ȝef he sschal euere ordres take, 184
 Of ani oþer bisschopes hond,
 Bot of Corsouze mi gode brond.”
- 17 þei be-helden otuwel alle,
 Kniȝtes & skwieres in þe halle, 188

- þer nas non þat þere stood,
 þat ne wende otuel were wod,
 & euere he held his swerd y-drawe,
 & ʒaf nouȝt of hem alle an hawe. 192
 King charles stood vpriȝt,
 & comaundede a non riȝt,
 þat no man sscholde be so wod, [181]
 To do þe messenger nouȝt bote good. 196
- 18 ¶ Kniztes & sweines in þe halle,
 Were wol glade þer of alle,
 þat þe king so bad,
 For mani of hem was sore adrad, 200
 & þei wiȝ drowen hem echone,
 & euere stod otuwel al one,
 & biheld hem as þei ʒede,
 ʒef ani him wolde strok dede. 204
- 19 ¶ þanne seide charles þe king :
 “ Bi god þat made alle þing, [182]
 Sarasin, nere þou messenger,
 Wroþer hele come þou her, 208
 I rede þou ʒeld op þi brond,
 & taket out of þin hond.”
- 20 ¶ Quaȝ otuwel, þat sarazin,
 “ Bi mahoun, þat is louerd myn,
 I nelle take it out of min hond
 To noman of al þi lond,
 þat is þer inne geten & bore,
 þat wind þou hauest ilore.” 216
- 21 ¶ “ Sarasin,” quaȝ roulond,
 “ Tak me þi swerd in myn hond,
 & iche wole saue þe bi mi blod,
 Sschal noman do þe nouȝt bote good, 220
 & whan þou art redi to fare
 For soþe þi swerd sschal be ʒare.” [191]

They all think
 Otuel must be
 mad.

Charles forbids
 any to touch the
 Saracen,

at which all are
 glad.

[fol. 269, col. 2.]

Charles calls on
 him to surrender
 his sword,

but Otuel
 declares he will
 give it up to no
 man.

Roland offers to
 take charge of it,
 and promises that
 none shall
 interfere with
 him.

Otuel refuses,
and advises him
to keep away
from him.

- 22 ¶ Quap otuwel þe sarazin ;
 “ Bi mahoun, þat is louerd min, 224
 þauz ich hadde skwieres twelue,
 Ich wole bere myn swerd mi selue.
 Holte o roum ! ich wolde rede,
 & þanne dostou a god dede.” 228

Charles asks
Otuel what his
message is.

- 23 ¶ “ Sarazin,” quap charles þe king,
 “ Let ben al þi þretning.
 Tel me nou alle & some
 In what message artou come.” 232

Otuel says he has
been sent by
Garsie,

- Otuwel, þat noble kniȝt,
 Answerede a non riȝt :
 “ Hider me sente king garsie, [205]
 Spaine is his, an[d] lumbardie, 236
 & manye londes name-coupe,
 þat i ne mai nouȝt nemne wiȝ moupe ;

to bid Charles to
forsake
Christianity,

he and all his
men,
and believe in
Mahomet,
and become
vassals of Garsie.

[fol. 269, back,
col. 1.]

That if he will
not do so,
Garsie will give
all his lands
to Olecent of
Slavonia.

- Bi me he sente þe to segge,
 þou sscholdest cristendom a-legge, 240
 & maken þine men in eche toun,
 For to leuen on fire mahoun,
 & þou & alle þine barons bolde,
 Of him ȝe sschulle ȝoure londes holde, 244
 þanne miȝtou amenden ȝif þou wilt,
 þat þou hauest mahoun agult :
 &, certes, bote it so bi-falle,
 Garsie wele ȝiue þine londes alle, 248
 To olecent of esclauenye,
 þe kinges sone of Ermenie,
 þat haueþ his .o. douȝter to wif,
 þat he loueþ as his lif ; 252
 þous sschall all þi murpe a-doun,
 Bote þou leue on sire mahoun.”

The douzperes
declare that
France must
never be given up,

- 24 ¶ þe duzze pieres answerede þo : [253]
 “ Certes, while we moun ride & go, 256
 Fraunse sschal he neuere ȝiue,

- To noman while we moun liue.
 Sire king, his wille nou þou wost,
 Let asemblen al þin ost, 260 and call on
 & let vs upon garsie wenden, Charles to march
 Alle hise londes for to sschenden; at once against
 Of wordes þat he haueþ ispeke, Garsie.
 For soþe we reden you be a-wreke." [258] 264
- 25 ¶ "Certes, sire king," quap otuwel,
 "þine freinsche kniȝtes kune ȝelpe wel,
 & whan þei beþ to werre ibrouȝt,
 þanne be þei riȝt nouȝt. 268
- 26 ¶ þauȝ þou bringe wiþ sscheld & spere
 Al þat euere may wepene bere,
 To werren vpon [k]ing garsie,
 Certes alle þei sscholden deie. 272
 & þou art king, & old kniȝt,
 & hauest iloren al þi miȝt,
 & in þi ȝinkþe, tak god hede,
 þou nere neuere douȝti of dede." 276
 and you yourself
 are old and
 feeble,
 and even when
 young you were
 no doughty
 knight."
- 27 ¶ þo was þe king was a-gramed,
 & alle hise duȝze peres asschamed,
 þat otuwel, þat heþene kniȝt,
 Tolde of hem alle so liȝt. 280
 They are all
 ashamed and
 annoyed at Otuel's
 insolence,
- 28 ¶ Roulond bi þe king stood, [292]
 & ameuede al his blod,
 & seide in wrapþe a non riȝt,
 To otuwel þat heþene kniȝt; 284
 "To werren on garsie ȝef we fare,
 In bataille, and i mete þe þare,
 & i may mete þe ariȝt,
 Bi ihū þat is ful of miȝt,
 þou ne sschalt neuere after þat day,
 Despice freinchs man, ȝef ich may." 288
 and Roland
 declares that if
 ever he meets
 Otuel in fight,
 he will show him
 what a French
 knight can do.
 [fol. 269, back,
 col. 2.]

- Otuel laughs,

and says he is quite ready at any moment.
- 29 ¶ “Ouȝ,” quap otuwel & louȝ,
“Wherto makestou it so touȝ,
To þrete me in anoper lond,
Nam ich [nouȝt] here at þin hond, [303]
Ȝef þou hauest wille to fiȝte,
Whan euere þou wolt let þe diȝte,
& þou sschalt finde me redi diȝt,
In þe feld to bide fiȝt.” 292 296
- Roland accepts the challenge,
- 30 ¶ “Bi god,” quap roulond, “ich wolde be ȝare
Whan ich wiste to finde þe þare,
& euele mote he þriue & þe,
þat ferst faillep of me & te.” 300
- and Otuel proposes the next day for the duel.
- 31 ¶ “Ȝe leue ȝa,” quap otuwel þo,
“Wheþer so faillep of us two,
Ich wole finde mahoun to borwe,
Ich wile be redi erliche to morwe.” 304
- Roland is willing,
- 32 ¶ Quap roulond, þar he stod on grounde,
“Selpe me gode.” feere ifounde
Riȝt be fore þe kinges Eien,
þat alle þe kinges kniȝtes seien,
Eiþer oper his trewþe pliȝte,
Vppon morwen for to fiȝte. 308 312
- and they plight their words to each other.
- Charles is pleased with Otuel,
- 33 ¶ King charles stod al stille,
& biheld his gode wille,
& seide, “it is harm, iwis,
þat þou nost what follaut is ;
Ȝef þou woldes follaut take,
& þine false godes for sake,
Iche wolle make the, so mote ihc þe,
& tou wille bleue wiþ me,
A riche man in mi lond,
þat ich wille sikere þe on hond.” 316 320
- and declares that if he will be baptized he will make him a rich man,
- 34 ¶ Otuwel, þat hardi kniȝt,
Answerde a non riȝt : 324

“ Cristes cors vppon his heued,
þat me radde such a red,
To forsake mi god mahun ;
I nelle nouȝt leue thi false sarmon.”

but Otuel with a
curse indignantly
refuses.

328

35 ¶ þauȝ otuwel speke outrage,
For he was comen on message,
King charles þat was heende and god,
Nolde (Noble)soffre him habbe nouȝt bote god,
Bote seide to him a non riȝt :
“ Be þou skwier, be þou kniȝt,
Tel me ȝef thi conseil is nome,
Of what linage þou art come.”

332

Charles asks him
of his rank and
family.
[fol. 270, col. 1.]

336

36 ¶ Otuwel answerde þis ;
“ A kinges sone ich am, iwis,
Sop to segge & nouȝt to lye,
Ich am þe kinges cosin garsie,
Fernagu myn eem was,
þat neuere ouer-comen nas,
Sir roulond þi cosin him slouȝ,
þere fore wole rise wo inouȝ,
þere fore ich desire so moche,
To fiȝte wiþ roulond sikerliche. .
Ich wille to morewen in þe day,
Awreken his deþ ȝef ich may,
Nou he haueþ iseid his sawe,
þat he ne mai him nouȝt wiþ drawe,
þat we schule boþe fiȝten ifeere.
Nou ich wille þat þou it here,
Min Emes deþ ich [wille] a-wreke,
Or myn herte sschal to-breke.”

Otuel says he is
a king's son,

340 cousin to Garsie,
and nephew to
Vernagu whom
Roland had slain,

344

348 and whose death
he wished to
avenge.

352

37 ¶ King charle[s] gan to meuen his blod,
Bot napeles he was hende & good,
& nolde for hise wordes heȝe,
Don otuel no vileinie.

Charles is vexed
at his insolence,

356

but as he is an
ambassador

- Bote comaundede a non a swein,
 Gon sechen him his chaumberlein, [321] 360
 A 3ing kni3t ant nou3t old,
 þat was wel norssched & bold;
 & seide to him, "sire Reiner,
 Tak here þis messeger, 364
 & to his in saueliche him lede,
 þat for no word ne for no dede,
 þat he haueþ don & seid,
 þat non hond be on him leid; 368
 & loke that he be wel idi3t,
 & onoured als a kni3t."
- 38 ¶ þe chamberlein a non dede,
 Als þe king him hadde ibede, 372
 & ladde him hom to his in;
 & whan he was icomen in,
 He tok his leue the chamberlein,
 & wente to þe king a3ein. 376
 Littel slep þe king þat ni3t,
 For ferd of roulant þat gode kni3t
 Of þe bataille he hadde inome,
 Leste he were ouer-come, 380
 For þe king hadde sein fol wel,
 þe kuntenaunse of otuel:
 þe king wiste wel a fin,
 Hit was a bold sarazin, 384
 For he sau3 hit wel by si3t,
 þo he sau3 him slen his kni3t.
- In the morning Charles, 39 ¶ On morwe þo þe dai sprong,
 & þe larke bi-gan hire song, 388
 King charles wente to cherche,
 Godes werkes for to werche. [330]
 Roulond, his cosin, wiþ him 3ede,
 Of godes help þat hadde nede, 392
 accompanied by Roland and his knights,

he gives him in
charge to Rayner

to be treated with
all honour due to
his rank.

Rayner conducts
Otuel to his
lodgings.

Charles cannot
sleep all night,

[fol. 270, col. 2.]

fearing that Otuel
may kill Roland.

þei wenten a non to here masse,
For here sinnen sscholde be þe lasse.

go to hear mass.

- 40 ¶ þo þe masse was iseid, [337]
& þe uestement doun ileid, 396
þe king & roulond ifere,
Wente forþ as 3e moun here,
Ri3t to þe paleis 3ate,
& founde houinge þer ate 400
Otuel, armed and idi3t, where they find
Al redi to bide fi3t. Otuel ready and
þo seide þat sarazin ; waiting for them.
- “ Sire king, where is þi cosin, 404
Roulond þat his trupe plizte, [341] He asks where
þat he wolde wiþ me fi3te ? Roland is.
He was þo fol heie of mod,
Is he nou ilete blod.” 408
- 41 ¶ Roulond stod & al¹ herde, [1 MS. al &]
Hou otuel toward him ferde,
& answerde a non ri3t :
“ By ihū, þat is fol of mi3t, 412
þin heued sschal fele vnder þin hood, Roland declares
þat i nam nou3t laten blood.” he will soon show
him what he can
do.
- 42 ¶ “ Wel-come be þou,” quap otuwel þo,
& turnde his stede & made him go, 416
& to þe place þo rod he, They all ride to
þere þe bataille sscholde be. the place chosen
for the fight ;
Al a-boute þe water ran,
þer was noþer man ne wimman, 420
þat mi3te in riden no gon, it is a field
surrounded by
water except in
one place,
at which Otuel
rides in first,
At no stede bote at on ;
& þere otuwel in rood, [fol. 270, back,
col. 1.]
No lengere he ne a-bood. 424
- 43 ¶ Roulond þat dou3ti kni3t,
Was fol hasteliche idi3t, but Roland is in
such a hurry

- & his stede he bi-strod,
 & no lengere he ne abood, 428
 Er þe dai i-don it were,
 þer þei sschollen fiȝten ifere.
 Anon als roulond be-heeld,
 Otuwel houede in þe feel[d], 432
 Roulond was so egre to fiȝte,
 þat for al þe world he ne miȝte
 Abide to riden in at þe ȝate,
 þere otuwel rod in ate, 436
 He þoute þe nekste weie to ride,
 & no lengere he nolde a-bide,
 He smot his stede wiþ spores briȝte,
 & wiþ help of godes miȝte, 440
 Ouer þe water þe stede swam,
 & to londe saf he cam.
- 44 ¶ Anon riȝt als roulond
 Hadde ikauȝt þe druȝe lond, 444
 Gret enuye was ham be-twene, [451]
 þei riden to-gedire wiþ speres kene,
 þat were steue & nouȝt longe ;
 & þe kniȝtes were boȝ stronge, 448
 & smyten eiȝer in oȝeres sscheld,
 þat boȝe hors fellen in þe feld,
 & risen aȝein op fram þe grounde,
 & boȝe kniȝtes were hole & sounde. 452
- 45 ¶ þo þe stedes were risen boȝe,
 þe kniȝtes woxen boȝ fol wroȝe,
 & drowen swerdes ate laste,
 & eiȝer huȝ on oȝer faste. 456
 Roulond to otuwel smot
 A strok, þat fol sore bot,
 He wolde haue smiten otuwel,
 & he blenkt swiȝe wel, 460
 & roulond smot þe stede broun, [466]
- when he sees
 Otuel waiting for
 him,
- that he makes his
 horse swim across
 the river.
- At once they
 charge,
- their horses fall,
 but they
 themselves are
 not hurt.
- They draw their
 swords.
- Roland aims a
 stroke at Otuel,
- who dodges it,

- & clef þe heued al adoun,
 & þe stede fel to grounde,
 Bot otuwel was hol & sounde. 464
 and the sword
 cleaves the head
 of his horse.
- 46 ¶ Roulond was hende & good of wille,
 & houede oppon his stede stille,
 To smiten made he semblant non,
 Er otuwel was risen & gon. 468
 Roland waits for
 Otuel to get up.
 [fol. 270, back,
 col. 2.]
- 47 ¶ "Roulond," quap otuwel, "what was þe?
 Art tou blynd, miȝtou nouȝt se
 Wil ich oppon mi stede sat?
 Whi sscholde mi stede habbe that? 472
 It hadde be more honour to þe,
 For soþe to habbe i-smite me."
- 48 ¶ "Ouȝ," quap roulond, "blame me nouȝt,
 Bisengeme, ihc habbe i-fouȝt. 476
 Otuwel, ich hadde yment,
 þat þou sscholdest haue ifeled þat dent.
 Ich hadde wel leuere, so mote ich þe,
 Otuwel, habbe ȝouen it þe." 480
 "By Saint
 James," says
 Roland, "I meant
 the stroke for
 you."
- 49 ¶ Otuwel was wroþ his stede was slawe,
 & wiþ his swerd he bar i-draue,
 He smot to roulond wiþ good wille,
 þat [h]ouede oppon his stede stille. 484
 þat he hadde roulond ment,
 & he failede of his dent,
 & smot roulondes gode stede,
 þat neuere eft on erþe he ne ȝede. [478] 488
 Otuel in a rage
 smites at Roland,
 but misses him,
 and kills his
 horse instead.
- 50 ¶ Otuwel þoute on errore deede,
 þo he hadde slawe his stede,
 Hou roulond houede stille as ston,
 Til he was risen & gon; 492
 & he stod al stille,
 & leet roulond risen at wille,
 & seide, "roulond, so mote ich þe,
 þat strok ich mente to þe, 496
 Otuel gives
 Roland time to
 get up,
 and declares he
 meant the stroke
 for him,

not for his horse.

& nou it is on þi stede istunt,
Let nou stonde dunt for dunt."

They fight fiercely
on foot.

51 ¶ þo þei sien non oþer bote,
þei wenten to-gidere al on fote, 500
& strokes ʒeden bi-twene ham so kene,
þat þe fer sprong out bi-twene.

Charles prays to
God, to
save Roland.

52 ¶ King charles wiþ hise kniʒtes bolde, [486]
Was come þe bataille to bi-holde, 504
& bi-souʒte god fol of miʒt,
He sscholde saue roulond his kniʒt.

Roland, finding
that Otuel is a
strong knight,

53 ¶ Boþe kniʒtes were gode & stronge,
& fouʒten to gider swiþe longe, 508
Roulond was a hende kniʒt,

and smites hard,
[fol. 271, col. 1.]

& feled þat otuwel smot ariʒt,
& þat myʒt was in his arm,
& þoute to sauen him fram harm, 512

offers him
Belecent, the
king's daughter,
in marriage,
if he will
become Christian.

& seide, "otuwel, let þi fiʒt,
& leue on ihu ful of miʒt,
& ich wele ben at acent,
þat þou sschalt wedde belecent, [521] 516
þe kinges douʒter, mi nese þat is ;
I rede, otuwel, þat þou do þis."

Otuel declares
nothing will make
him renounce his
religion.

54 ¶ Quap otuwel to roulond,
"Whil mi swerd is in min hond, 520
Al þi preching is for nouʒt,
Hit ne cam neuere in my þout,
Me ne stant nouʒt of þe swich awe,
þat þou sschalt make me reneie mi lawe, 524
For to wedde belecent ;
So nis nouʒt mi wille iwent."

The fight is
renewed.

55 ¶ þo þei ne miʒte nouʒt acente,
Aʒein to bataille þei wente, 528
& fouʒten harde to-gidere beie ;
Neueron of oþer ne stod eie.

- 56 ¶ Roulond bi-gan to meuen his blood,
 þat otuwel so longe stood, 532 Roland with all
 & for tene vp wiþ þe brond, his might aims a
 þat he bar in his hond, stroke at Otuel's
 & in þe heued he þoute to redde head,
 Otuwel, bote nouȝt he ne spedde. 536
 Otuwel starte o side, but Otuel starts
 & lette þe swerd bi him glide, to one side,
 & roulond wiþ þe swerdes end, and the sword
 Reiȝte Otuwel oppon þe lende ; 540 wounds him in
 Als he wolde þe dent fle, [552] the thigh,
 Otuwel fel on kne. so that Otuel falls
 on his knee.
- 57 ¶ Otuwel a-sschamed was,
 þat he knelede oppon þe gras, 544
 & for anger his herte gan sswelle, He is soon up,
 & þouȝte roulonde for to quelle ;
 In the heued he hadde him ment, and makes a cut
 Bote roulond bleinte for þe dent, 548 at Roland's head,
 As swete ihu crist wolde,
 þat roulond þere deie ne sscholde.
 Bi side þe heued þe dent wente,
 & þe hauberk he to-rente, 552 but misses it,
 Fram þe hepe bon an heiȝ, and cuts a great
 þat alle þe pece out fleiȝ. piece off his
 hauberk.
- 58 ¶ King charles sauȝ þere he stood,
 & was fol dreri in his mood, [574] 556 [fol. 271, col. 2.]
 & was swiþe sore afriȝt,
 To lese roulond his gode kniȝt,
 For otuwel smot so heterliche,
 þe king wende sikerliche, 560
 þat roulond sscholde been ylore,
 & was a sori man þere fore.
- 59 ¶ As þe king stod in doute,
 He spak to his folk aboute, 564
 & seide to alle þat þere were ;

and he bids all
his knights to
kneel and pray
for an end of the
duel, and

the conversion
of Otuel.

They do so,

and immediately
a white dove
descends from
heaven and settles
on Otuel's head.

Otuel at once
leaves off fighting,

and says he will
accept Roland's
offer,

and will become a
Christian.

Roland gladly
agrees.

[fol. 271, back,
col. 1.]

“ Lordinges, doth as ich 3ou lere,
Sitte eche man oppon his kne,
& biddeth to god in trinite, 568

For his *grace* & for hise mi3tes,
Sende sei3tnesse bi-twene þo kni3tes
& 3iue otuwel wille to day,
For to reneien his lay.” 572

60 ¶ Euerichone þei token here red,
& deden as þe king ham bed,
To ih'u crist þei deden here bone,
& swete ih'u herde ham sone. [578] 576

A whit coluere þer cam fle,
þat al þe peple mi3ten se,
On otuweles heued he li3te,
þoru þe uertu of godes mi3te. 580

& otuwel, þat dou3ti kni3t,
Wiþ-drou3 him anoon ri3t
Fram roulond, & stod al stille,
To fi3te more he ne hadde wille, 584
& seide, “ Roulond þou smitest fol sore, [582]
Wiþ-drau þin hond & smi3t na more.

3ef þou wolt holden þat þou me het,
þat i sschal wedde þat maiden swet, 588
þe kinges dou3ter, belesent,

For soþe, þan is mi wille went,
3ef i sschal wedden þat faire may,
Ich wille bileuen oppon þi lay, 592
& alle myne godes forsake,
& to 3oure god ich wille take.” [585]

61 ¶ Roulond likete þat word fol wel,
& answerede otuwel; 596
“ I þonke it ih'u, ful of mi3t,
þorou wham þat *grace* is in þe li3t.”

62 ¶ Otuel caste of his hond
Coursouse, his gode brond, 600

- & roulond his also,
 & to-gidere þei gune go.
 Eyther for-ʒaf oþer his loþ,
 Nas non of hem wiþ oþer wroþ,
 Bote clippe & kusse eyþer oþer, [588]
 As eiþer hedde been oþeres broþer.
- 63 ¶ King charles rood þidere a non,
 & kniʒtes wiþ him many on.
 Anon as he þider cam,
 Bi þe hon[d] roulond he nam,
 & seide, "roulond, for godes Erþe,
 Hou is þe and þis man iwurþe?
 So harde strokes as ʒe habben ʒiue,
 Hit is wunder þat ʒe liue."
- 64 ¶ "Sire," quap roulond, "we beþ al sounde,
 Noþer of vs ne haueth wounde. [598] 616
 Otuwel haueþ his conseil nome,
 þat he wile cristene by-come,
 & ich habbe granted bi ʒoure acent,
 þat he sschal wedde belecent."
- 65 ¶ "Certes," quap charles þo,
 "Nou þou wolt þat it be so,
 I grante wel þat it so be,
 For whi þat he wille dwelle wiþ me.
 þanne hadde ich þe & oliuer,
 Otuwel, & gode ogger,
 In all þe world in lenkþe & brede,
 þer nis king þat nolde me drede."
- 66 ¶ þe king took otuwel a non,
 & to his paleis made him gon,
 & makeden murþe & meloudie,
 Of alle maner of menestausie,
 For þe miracle þat was wrouʒt,
 þat otuwel hadde iturnd his pouʒt.

They both throw
 down their
 swords,
 and embrace
 each other,
 and walk off
 together.

604

Charles with his
 knights ride to
 meet them,

608

and asks what
 has happened.

612

Roland tells him
 that Otuel has
 agreed to become
 Christian,
 if he may marry
 Belicent.

620

Charles agrees at
 once.

624

628

They all return to
 the palace,

and make great
 rejoicing for the
 conversion of
 Otuel.

632

On the morrow
they conduct him
to church,

where he is
baptised by
Turpin.

Charles then
offers him his
daughter ;

[fol. 271, back,
col. 2.]

but Otuel declares
he will not marry
her until the war
is over,

and Garsie a
prisoner or slain.

Charles is greatly
pleased.

He calls a council
of his douzeperes,

to advise whether
they shall attack
Garsie at once or
wait till spring.

They advise him
to wait.
During all the
winter Charles
makes prepara-
tions for the
campaign.

67 ¶ On moruen þo þe day was briȝt,
þei ladden to churchē þat noble kniȝt, 636
Bisschop turpin was bisschop þo,
He follede him þat day & nammo.

68 ¶ þo otuwel hadde follauȝt nome, [613]
& to þe kingges pees was come, 640
þe king beed him his douȝter a non,
& feire londes mani on.

69 ¶ Otuwel to þe king saide,
“Sire, keep me wel þat maide, 644
For soþe ich nele hire neuere wedde,
No neuere wiþ hire go to bedde,
Er þi werre to þe ende be brouȝt,
& sum what of þi wille wrouȝt, 648
Whan king garsie is slawe or take,
þanne is time mariage to make.” [660]

70 ¶ Quap king charles to otuwel ;
“Nou i se þou louest me wel, 652
& ȝef i leue, so mote I þe,
þou ne sschalt nouȝt lese þi loue on me.”

71 ¶ þo leet þe king asemblen a non,
Alle hise duzze peres echon. 656
“Lordinges,” he seide, “what is ȝoure red, [663]
King garsie seiþ, i sschal be ded,
& as ȝe habbeþ iherd segge,
He þenkeþ cristendam to legge, 660
Wheþer wole we wenden oppon him anon,
Oþer abide til winter be gon ?”
þe duzze peres acentenden þer to,
To bide til winter were i-do, 664
& alle winter þe king of Fraunce,
Lette maken his purueianse.
Al þat winter at hom he bod, [685]
& in somer to werre he rod. 668

- L** Ordinges, boþe 3inge & olde,
 Her[k]neþ as we formest tolde,
 Hou þe werre was fol hy3e,
 Bitwene king charles & king garsie. 672
 Anon as winter was ygon,
 þe king a semblede his host a non,
 & mochel peple cam to his hond [697]
 Out of mani diuerse lond. 676
 Aueril was comen an winter gon, [721]
 & charles tok þe weie a non,
 & drou3 him to ward lumbardie,
 To werren oppon king garsie. 680
 þere was set wiþ outen faille
 Certein day of bataille.
- 72 ¶ Anoon as charles was icome,
 Ni3 honde þar þe bataille was nome, 684
 In a mede a non ri3t
 þe kinges paulons were ipi3t,
 Vnder an hul besides a riwere,
 & bi-fel as 3e moun here. 688
 Fol ni3 þe water þe king lay,
 Of bataille for to a-bide his day,
 & vppon þat oþer side,
 He mi3te seen hise enemis ride, 692
 & þere nas brugge ne forde non,
 þat man mi3te ouer riden ne gon.
- 73 ¶ King charles þat gode kni3t,
 Tok carpenters a non ri3t, 696
 & lette make a brugge a non,
 þat men mi3ten ouer gon, [755]
- 74 ¶ þo þe brugge was al 3are,
 þat men mi3ten ouer fare. 700
 Hit bitidde vppon a day,
 Wil charles in his bed lay,

Now I will tell
you of the war
with Garsie.

In the following
April Charles sets
out on his
campaign towards
Lombardy.

The tents are
pitched under a
hill,
near a river,
[fol. 272, col. 1.]

over which was
neither bridge
nor ford.

Then Charles
causes a bridge to
be made.

One day early

Roland, Oliver,
and Ogier cross
the river in
search of
adventures.

þat roulond an[d] oliuer,
& þe gode kniȝt oger, 704

Ouer þe brugge þei wenten ifeere,
Auntres for to sen & here. [763]

& þo þei ouer passed were,
Such auntres þei funden þere, 708

For al þe good vnder sonne,
þei nolde habben þe gamen bi-gonne.

The same day
four kings of
Garsie's army,

75 ¶ Of garsies oft foure heþene kinges,
Wenten for to¹ here tidinges, 712

For alle cas þat miȝte bitide,
Wel i-armed bataille to bide.

Here foure names ȝe moun wite,
As we finden in romaunse write, 716

Turabeles,

76 ¶ Turabeles hatte þe to king,
A stout sarazin, wiþ-uten lesing ;

Balsamun,

77 ¶ þat oper balsamun het,
A werse man ȝede non on fet ; 720

Astaward, and

78 ¶ Astaward was þe þriddes name,
He louede werre & hatede game ;

Clarel,

79 ¶ þe ferþe king hiȝte Clarel,²
þat neuere ȝite ne dede wel. 724

were out riding,
hoping to meet
with some of the
French knights,

As þei riden alle yfere,
þat on seide as ȝe moun here ;
“Mahoun leue ous ȝit abide, [793]

In to Fraunce þat we moun ride, 728

but especially
with Roland.

& ich miȝte roulond mete,
Al wiþ wrapþe ich wolde him grete :

[fol. 272, col. 2.]

þat traitour he slouȝ mi broþer,
Ne gete ich neue[r] eft such a noþer.” 732

80 ¶ Roulonde herde & oliuer,
& þe gode kniȝt ogger,
Hou þei speken hare wordes hiȝe,

¹ MS. te.

² MS. Clar, the rest of the word being erased.

- & þratten roulond to die ; 736
 & roulond was so nyȝ,
 þat alle foure kinges he syȝ. Roland sees them,
- 81 ¶ “Felawes,” quap roulond a non,
 “Ich am war of oure fon, 740
 þei beþ foure, And we bote þre,
 Dapeit habbe þat hem fle ;
 Nou we habben fonnden game,
 Gawe to hem a godesname !” and points them
 out to his
 companions.
- 82 ¶ Anon as clarel ham syȝ,
 He seide, “oure enemys beþ nyȝ,
 Ich se bi here cuntenaunse,
 þei beþ cristene men of fraunce. 748
 Charles ost liþ here bi-side,
 In paulons bataille to bide,
 & þese beþ of hise men, i-wis,
 þerfore mi reed is þis,¹ 752 and proposes to
 attack them,
 þat we hasteliche to ham ride, [1 MS. istis]
 & loke wheþer þei wole abide.”
- 83 ¶ Wip þat word þe kinges a non,
 Touchede here stedes & made hem gon, 756
 & toward þe cristene kniȝtes þei riden,
 & þei douȝtiliche a-biden. which they do.
- 84 ¶ Astaward wip roulond mette,
 Nouȝt he ne spak, ne him ne grette, [811] 760
 Bot smot him wip his spere anon,
 þorou þe sscheld he made hit gon.
 & roulondes spere, y-wis,
 Was wel betere than was his, 764
 To astawardes herte hit ȝede,
 & caste him doun of his stede,
 “Aris,” quap roulond, “& tak þe bet,
 At this time þou art i-let.” 768
 but is slain by
 him.

- Ogier charges at
Curabeles,

and bears him
down.
- [fol. 272, back,
col. 1.]
Oliver and
Balsamum
engage,
- and Oliver cuts
the Saracen's
neck across.
- Clarel charges at
Roland,
- and unhorses
him,
and disables his
horse.
- Ogier unhorses
Clarel,
- 85 ¶ Curabeles no lengere ne a-bood,
To god ogger a non he rod ;
Ogger was a strong kniȝt,
& rod to him wiȝ gret miȝt, 772
& bar a-don hors & pak,
& þe sarazins nekke to-brak.
- 86 ¶ Balsamum & oliuer, [823]
Eyȝer neiȝede oȝer ner ; 776
þo balsamum bi-gan to ride,
Oliuer nolde no lengere a-bide ;
He pingde his stede wiȝ spores kene,
& smot a strok þat was sene, 780
He ne miȝte þo no bette do,
Bote gurde þe nekkebon otwo.
- 87 ¶ þus roulond & oliuer,
& þe gode kniȝt ogger, 784
Slouwen þe heȝene kinges þre,
& ȝit nolde nouȝt clarel fle :
To þe duk roulond he rood,
& roulond his strok a-bod. 788
For wrappe hiȝe felaus were islein,
He rood to roulond wiȝ gret mayn,
& bar a spere greet & long ;
& the sarazin was strong, 792
& in the sadel sat faste,
& roulond to grounde he kaste. [834]
Wiȝ þe fal þe steede a noon,
To-barst þat o sschanke bon, 796
Roulond vpon his feet stood,
& ne hadde nouȝt bote good.
- 88 ¶ Ogger sauȝ fol wel þo,
þat roulondes hors was a-go, 800
Ogger þat was douȝti of dede,
Smot doun clarel of his stede.
Oliuer tok þe stede a non, [840]

- & to roulond he gan gon. 804 whose horse
 "Roulond, haue þis," quap oliuer, Oliver seizes and
 "þis þe sente good ogger, brings to Roland.
 & clarel he haueþ to grounde iprowe,
 For he brouzte þe so lowe." 808
- 89 ¶ Roulond þat hadde his stede ilore, Roland thanks
 þonkede hem boþe þer fore, them both.
 & wos þe gladdeste man vnder sonne,
 þat he hadde an hors i-wonne. 812
- 90 ¶ Clarel vppon his feet stood, Clarel will not fly,
 & fauȝt as he were wood, but stands his
 On none manner he nolde fle, ground against all
 Bot fauȝt aȝein hem alle thre. 816
- 91 ¶ þe þre kniȝtes were fol stronge, [fol. 272, back,
 He ne miȝte nouȝt dure aȝein ham longe, col. 2.]
 & seide to hem alle þre, 820 He soon sur-
 "Lordinges, let me o liue be : renders,
 To ȝou it were lutel honour, [850]
 To sle me þat nabbe no socour."
 To fiȝte more he for-sook,
 & roulond his swerd he tok ; 824 and gives up his
 Roulond was hende & nouȝt forsok, sword to Roland.
 & of clarel his swerd he tok.
- 92 ¶ "King clarel," quap ogger, Ogier bids Clarel
 "Worþ vp bi-hinden me her." 828 him :
 þo was king clarel glad,
 For to do þat ogger bad,
 & was staleworþe & liȝt,
 & lep vp¹ a non riȝt. 832 he does so,
 þo wenten þei forþ wiþ-uten targing, and they start
 & þoute presente charles þe king, homewards,
 Wiþ clarel þat þei hadden i-nome, ¹ MS. vt
 & hopeden to ben welcome. 836
 & of here weie þei were let,
 & swiþe harde þei were met : [858]

but find the way
beset by Saracens.

þei sien of garsies men a feerd,
Boþe wiþ spere & wiþ swerd, 840
Bitwen hem & þe pauloun,
þere þei sscholden wenden a-doun,
þei ne miȝte skapen in neuere a side,
þoru out hem þei mosten ride. 844

Ogier suggests to
slay Clarel,
as they cannot
escape with him,

93 ¶ “Felawes,” quap ogger þo,
To roulond & oliuer bo,
“Ich wene er we hom come,
Clarel ous worþ bynome ; 848
Lordinges, what is nou ȝoure red,
Wole we smiten of his hed ?”

but Roland and
Oliver will not
agree,

94 ¶ Quap roulond, “so mote ich þe,
At þat red nel ich nouȝt be.” 852
“No ich noþer,” quat oliuer,

and Oliver then
suggests to let
him go,

“Bi þe louerd sein Richer,
On liue i rede we leten him go,
& ne do we him nammore wo. 856
Such cas may fallen in sum neede,
He mai quiten vs oure mede.”

[fol. 273, col. 1.]

95 ¶ “Bi god,” quap ogger, “þat is soþ,
& where he do, or he ne doþ, 860
Hit where sschame to ous, iwis,
To sslen a man þat ȝolden him is :
I rede we leten him gon his wey, [867]
For we moten tenden to a noþer pley.” 864

which they do.

96 ¶ Alle þre þei were at on,
& leten clarel on liue gon.
Clarel nolde no lengere a-bide,
He ne askede non hors onne to ride, 868
Bote on fote dede him go,
& leuede hem þare in muchel wo.

97 ¶ “Nou, lordinges,” quap ogger
To Roulond & to oliuer, 872

- “Ich wole triste to my ssword,
& fonde forto passe þis ferd.
Ich hope, þoru help of godes miȝt,
To se mi lord charles þis niȝt. 876
Ȝef ani sarazin wiþ eie,
Comeþ to lette me of mi weie,
Selp me god & þis day,
He sschal abugge, Ȝef ich may.” 880
- 98 ¶ “Nou,” quap roulond, þat douȝti kniȝt,
“& ich wille helpe þe bi mi miȝt;
I nele to day bi sein martin,
Ȝilde me to no sarazin.” 884
- 99 ¶ Quap oliuer, “so mote ich þe,
In mani peril ich habbe ibe,
& yef ich faille at þis nede,
God ne lete me neuere eft spede;
I nele, Ȝef god halt me sound,
To day Ȝelde me to non hound.” 888
- 100 ¶ þei markeden hem alle þre,
To him þat þolede deþ on tre,
& no lengere þei ne abiden,
Anon in to þe ferde þei riden. [889] 892
- 101 ¶ A sarazin wiþ roulond mette,
& of his weie roulond lette;
He cam out of al þe here,
& bar to roulond a gret spere:
A bold kniȝt þat hatte byoun,
An[d] roulond bar him a-doun. 900
- 102 ¶ Oliuer, þat was his broþer,
He mette wiþ a noþer,
A douȝti kniȝt, an heþene man,
A strong þef þat heet bassan. 904

Ogier declares he
means to fight his
way home.

Roland says the
same,

and so does Oliver,

and they charge
into the Saracens.

Byoun, a Saracen,
attacks Roland,

but is slain by
him.

Oliver charges
Bassan,

[fol. 273, col. 2.]
and rides him
down;

& smot him riȝt vnder þe sscheld,
þat þere he lay amidde þe feld. 908

while Ogier cuts
down another
named Moter.

103 ¶ & þe gode kniȝt ogger,
Mette wiþ on, þat heet moter,
& wolde him habbe doun i-bore,
& ogger was wroþ þar-fore, 912
& smot þe sarazin so sore,
þat he ne spak neuere more.

Thus the French
knights exert
themselves,

104 ¶ Oliuer, ogger, & Roulond,
Among þe sarazins stureden here hond, 916
þoru help of god þat is a-boue,
þat ham hadde þat grace i-ȝoue.

and make great
slaughter
amongst the
Saracens.

þorou þe ferd as þei Riden,
Alle þat here strokes a-biden, 920
þei were maimed for euere more.
þe douȝti kniȝtes þei smiten so sore,
þat wiþ-inne a litel stounde,
þei felden mani on to grounde. 924

105 ¶ þo cam a soudan, stout & firs,
On of garsies duzze peers,
þat hatte karmel of tabarie; [895]
Oppon þe Sarasins he gan crie, 928
“Recreiede kniȝtes, whi nele ȝe fiȝte,
Traitours, þeues, where [is] ȝoure miȝte?
It is sschame bi god mahon,
þat oure folk goon þus a doun.” 932

Then Karmel of
Tabarie rallies his
men,

106 ¶ Wiþ þis word, carmel a non
Pingde his stede & made him gon,
& rood to ogger in þat hete,
& þoute he sscholde his lif for-lete; 936
& was strong, & ful of tene,
& smot sore, & þat was sene.

and charges at
Ogier,

whom he wounds
and unhorses,

He smot ogger in þe sscheld,
þat ogger lay amidde þe feld, 940

- Sore he fel oppon þe grounde,
& hadde a fol luþer wonde.
- 107 ¶ þe duk roulond þat seyȝ,
For wrappe he was wod wel nyȝ, 944
& for wrappe smot him so sore,
þat he ne spak neuere eft more.
but is himself cut
down by Roland.
- 108 ¶ þo cam anwe of nubie,
On of kinges kniȝtes garsie, 948
& felde oliuer to grounde,
Bote he ne ȝaf him neuere a wounde.
Then Anwe of
Nabia unhorses
Oliver,
- 109 ¶ Roulond was fol wroþ wiþ alle,
þo he sauȝ oliuer falle, 952
& anawe of nubie he smot,
þat neuere eft crouste he ne bot.
[fol. 273, back,
col. 1.]
and he, too, is
slain by Roland.
- 110 ¶ Oliuer ros ap fram þe grounde,
Al hol wiþ-uten wonde, 956
& a non his stede he nam,
& to roulond sone he cam.
Oliver is soon up
again.
- 111 ¶ þo was roulond fol fawe,
þat oliuer was nouȝt isslauwe, 960
þo þei were to-gidere imet.
þo were þei harde biset,
Amang sarasins þat were kene,
& þei smiten sore for tene. 964
- 112 ¶ Whil roulond fauȝt & oliuer,
Heuere stode þe gode ogger,
& hadde lorn his gode stede,
& his wounde gan faste blede ; 968
& ȝit he fauȝt þere he stod,
& leide on as he were wod.
but Ogier cannot
help them much
for his wound.
- 113 ¶ Whil ogger, þat douȝti kniȝt,
Aȝenes sarazins stod in fiȝt, 972
Oppon a stede Clarel come driue,
þat ogger halp to sauen o liue,
Clarel comes up,

- recognizes Ogier,
 and advises him to
 surrender to him,
 [1 MS. come]
- þorou counseil of roulond & oliuer.
 & a non he knuȝ ogger, 976
 “Ogger,” he seide, “hit is my red,
 ȝilte to me¹ or þou art ded; [952]
 þou holpe to saue mi lif a day,
 Ich wole sauen þin, ȝef I may.” 980
- 114 ¶ Ogger sauȝ wel wiȝ his Eye
 þat he was in point to deye,
 and Ogier does so. & to clarel he gan gon,
 & tok him his swerd a non. 984
- 115 ¶ Clarel nas no wedded man,
 Clarel hadde a fair lemman,
 þat was hoten aufanye,
 & was born in Ermenie. 988
- Clarel sends Ogier
 in charge of two
 knights to his
 mistress.
- 116 ¶ Clarel, anon riȝtes,
 Clepede to him two kniȝtes,
 & seide to hem anon;
 “To mi lemman ȝe schulle gon, [956] 992
 & segge þat ich sente hire þis kniȝt,
 & þat his wounde be heled ariȝt;
 & god hede to him nome,
 [fol. 273, back,
 col. 2.] To sauen him til mi to-come.” 996
- They do so.
- 117 ¶ Þe kniȝtes deden as he hem bad,
 To his lemman he was lad,
 þat was hoten aufanye, [962] 1000
 þat was kinges douȝter garsie,
 & ȝo was glad of þat present,
 To do clareles comaundement.
 Roulond & oliuer fouȝten,
 þat of here liues nouȝt ne rouȝten. 1004
 þei hadden fouȝten ouer myȝte,
 þei ne miȝte no lengere dure to fiȝte,
 An[d] a non turnden here steeden,
 & flowen for þei ne myȝten nouȝt speden. 1008
- Roland and
 Oliver at last have
 to fly.

- 118 ¶ To otuwel it was told,
 þat roulond þat was bold,
 Oliuer & ogger bo,
 Were ouer þe water go. 1012
- 119 ¶ Otuwel a non riȝtes,
 Leet armen him, & alle hise kniȝtes; [1024]
 þo he was armed & wel i-diȝt,
 He wente to þe king a non riȝt, 1016 goes to Charles,
 & seide, "sire, i dwelle to longe,
 Roulond, oliuer, an ogger þe stronge,
 Oue[r] þe water alle þre,
 Beþ went for envie of me, 1020
 To loke wher þei miȝten spede,
 To don any douȝti deede,
 Among þe sarazins bolde:
 & i sscholde be couward hoolde, 1024
 þer fore i nele no lengere abide;
 To sechen hem ich wole ride.
 þauȝ þei habben envie to me,
 Ich wille for þe loue of þe, 1028
 Fonden whoþer i miȝte comen,
¹To helpen hem ar þei weren inomen. [1 MS. Te]
 & ȝif hem any harm bytit,
 Let ham witen hare ounne wit." 1032
- 120 ¶ Quap þe king, "par charite,
 Otuwel, ich biseche þe,
 For godes loue hiȝe þe bliue,
 & fonde to sauē hem o liue, 1036
 Er þei be slawe or nome,
 & þe sschal sone socour come."
- 121 ¶ Otuwel no lengere ne abood,
 Anon his stede he bi-strood, 1040
 & alle hise kniȝtes bi his side,
 & toward þe ferd he gan to ride. [1029]

Meanwhile Otuel
 hears that Roland,
 Oliver, and Ogier
 had crossed the
 river.

He arms himself
 and his men,

goes to Charles,

and declares his
 intention of going
 to find and help
 them.

[1 MS. Te]

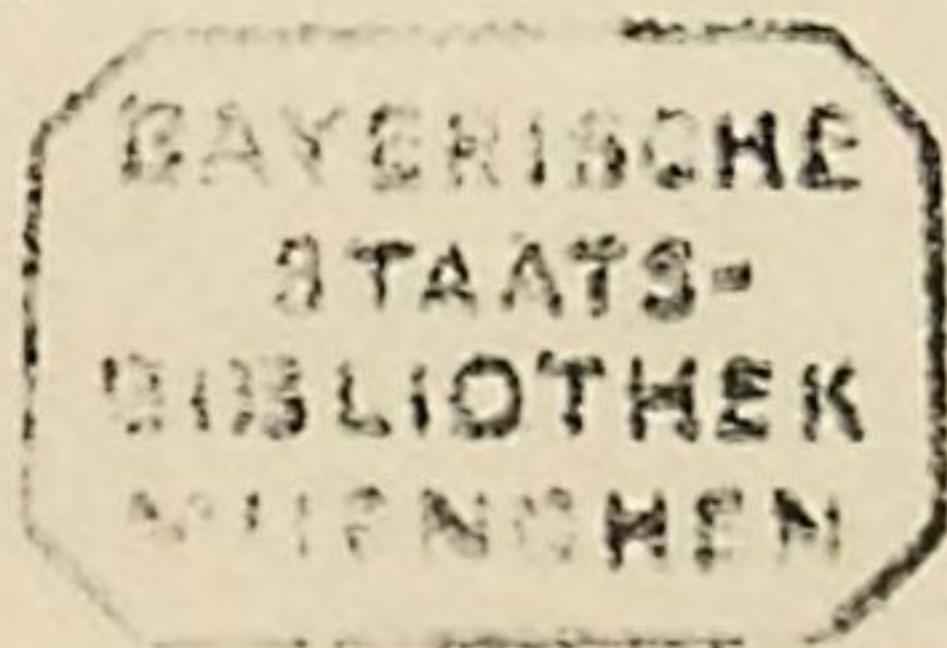
Charles begs to
 lose no time,
 but go at once.

[fol. 274, col. 1.]

Otuel and his
 men at once start
 toward the ford,

- and Charles orders
his men to arm.
- 122 ¶ A non as otuwel was goon,
þe king leet diȝte his host a non, 1044
After otuwel to wende,
As a god king & hende.
- Otuel sees Roland
and Oliver flying :
- 123 ¶ As otuwel bi-gan to ride,
He lokede a-bouten in eche side, 1048
& he sauȝ ate laste,
Where Roulond fleyȝ, & oliuer faste.
Otuwel touchede his stedes side, [1039]
& aȝein hem he gan ride, 1052
& seide, "turneþ aȝein a non,
& helpeþ to wreke ȝou on ȝoure fon ;
þei sschulle abugge, so mote ich þe,
þat makeþ ȝou so faste fle." 1056
- he rides to them,
and bids them
turn back on the
Saracens,
- which they do.
- 124 ¶ þo þei herden otuwel speken,
þat þei sscholden ben a-wreken,
þo were þei ferchs to fiȝte,
& tournden aȝein & were fol liȝte. 1060
- Otuel asks after
Ogier :
- 125 ¶ "Lordinges," quap otuwel þo,
"Whuder is god ogger go ?"
& þei answereden, sikinge sore,
"For soþe, we ne sien him nouȝt ȝore, 1064
We ne witen where he is by-come,
Wheþer he is islawe oþer nome."
- they tell him he is
a prisoner.
- 126 ¶ "Allas ! allas !" quap otuwel,
"þis tiding likeþ me nout wel ; 1068
Sire charles, my lord þe king,
Wole be sori for þis tiding.
For godes loue, hie we bliue,
& loke we whoþer ogger be a liue." 1072
- Otuel calls on
them to go with
him to rescue
Ogier
- They all ride back.
- O**tuwel & oliuer,
& Roulond þat douȝti bachelor,
Wip a feir compaignye,
þei bigunnen for to hie, 1076

- Toward king garsies host,
For to a-baten of hare bost.
- 127 ¶ þere was a sarazin strong, A Saracen,
 þat bar a brod swerd & a long, 1080
 & was hoten encumberer, Encumberer,
 & bigan to neiȝen hem ner,
 Oppon a muche blak stede; [fol. 274, col. 2.]
 & otuwel took of him hede, 1084
 & of his armes hadde a siȝt,
 & knuȝ him a non riȝt:
 & no lengere he ne abod,
 Otuwel to him rood, 1088
 & bar him doun hors & man, [1055] is borne down by
 þus otuwel gamen bi-gan. Otuel,
- 128 ¶ Estuȝt of legers, a noble kniȝt, while Estught
 þat wiȝ otuwel cam to fiȝt, 1092 slays another,
 Bar a spere of tre, fol fin,
 & smot a bold sarazin,
 In to þe bodi þoru þe sscheld,
 & þere he lay det in þe feld. 1096
 Oliuer ho slouȝ a noȝer, and Oliver and
 & þe ferþe roulond his broþer. Roland two
more.
- 129 ¶ þo þe freinche kniȝtes seien, 1100
 þe sarasins fallen wiȝ hare eien,
 þei nolden þo no lengere abide, Soon they make
 þei smiten to in Eche side, the Saracens fly.
 & felden sarazins faste,
 & þei flowen ate laste. 1104
- 130 ¶ King clarel made hem torne aȝein, Clarel rallies
 Oppon cristene men to lein, [1124] them,
 & he leide on faste,
 & þe þef ate laste, 1108
 Slou dromer of alemaine; and slays Dromer.
 þat rue fol sore þe king charlemaine



Erpater, king of
India,

smites Otuel;

131 ¶ Erpater king of ynde was,
He cam wip a mase of bras, 1112
& otuwel on þe helm he reizte,
So harde þat al þe heued to-queizte.

but Otuel cleaves
him in two.

132 ¶ Quap otuwel, "so mote y þe,
Ich ne þoute nauzt boruwe þat strok of þe; 1116
Bi min heued vnder myn hat,
I nele nouzt longe ouwe þe þat.'
Otuwel, wip a fauchoun,
Cleef him al þe heued a-doun, 1120
& he fil vnder his horse feet.
Quap otuwel, "þat Ich þe bi-heet."

The French press
on,

133 ¶ þo was otuwel fol of mood,
& fauht as he were wood. 1124

[fol. 274, back,
col. 1.]

and at last the
Saracens fly.

Al þe kinges ost a non,
Foleuweden otuwel Echon,
Roulond & oliuer,
& maden a foul larder. 1128
þe kniztes leiden on so faste.
þe sarazins flouwen ate laste.

Night comes on;

they leave off
fighting,

134 ¶ þo neizede it toward eue,
þo moste þe ost bileue, [1129] 1132
& dwellen þere al þat nizt,
Til on morwe þe dai was briht.

and in the morn-
ing Clarel comes
with a flag of
truce,

þo þe ost was wip drawe,
To resten hem, as is þe lawe, 1136
King clarel kam in fourme of pees,
Wip tweie felawes, mo ne lees,
Toward charles ost, þe king,
For to wyten a tiding: 1140
& otuwel azein him wente,
To wite who him þidere sente.

135 ¶ þanne seide king clarel,
To þe douhti otuwel, [1136] 1144

- “Knizt,” he seide, “so mote þou þe,
 Tel me what þi name be,
 þou art so douȝti man of dede,
 & mani a knizt hauest maked blede, 1148
 Ich wolde fol fain bi myn Eye,
 Bringge þi name to þe king garsie.” and asks Otuel
his name.
- 136 ¶ “Bi god, felawe,” quap otuwel,
 “Er þis þou kneuwe my name fol wel, 1152
 So god sschilde me fram sschame,
 Otuel is my cristine name :
 Mahun ich habbe for sake,
 & to ih’u ich habbe me take.” [1143] 1156 Otuel tells him,
and how he is
now a Christian.
- 137 ¶ “Allas !” quap clarel, “whi destou so ?
 So wrecheliche hauestou do.
 ȝit i rede¹ þou turne þi mood,
 & leef on mahoun, ore þou art wod, 1160 Clarel begs him to
recant,
[¹ MS. rere]
 & ich wole pese, ȝef þou wilt,
 þat þou hauest garsie a-gult.”
 “Fiȝ,” quap otuel þo, but Otuel scorns
 “On mahoun & on garsie bo. 1164
 Bi him þat maude adam & eue,
 Y nele neuere oppon ȝou leue.
 Bi ih’u, þat is fol of mizt,
 & ich may mete him ariȝt, 1168 and threatens
him.
 þere sschal no sarazin skape oliue,
 þat ich may hente, so mote ich þriue.”
- 138 ¶ “Otuwel,” quap clarel þo, [fol. 274, back,
col. 2.]
 “Were we sumware, bitwene vs two, 1172 Clarel challenges
him to single
combat,
 Bi mahoun, þat ich onne bileue,
 Oppon þi bodi ich wolde preue,
 þat mahoun may mo miracles make,
 þan he þat þou art to itake : 1176
 He nis nouȝt half, be mi croun,
 So mizty, as is sire mahoun.”

which Otuel
readily accepts.

139 ¶ Quap otuwel, "bi godes miȝte,
Clarel, mi truȝe ich ȝe pliȝte, 1180
Whan euere ȝou wolt, hit schal be,
Euele mote he ȝriue ȝat fle."

Clarel proposes to
fight the next
morning,

if he can trust to
have fair play.

140 ¶ Quap clarel, a non riȝt :
"Bi mahoun, ȝat is fol of miȝt, 1184
Woltou sikere me on hond,
ȝat no man of king charles lond,
Schal do me no vileynie,
By ȝe deap ȝat isschal deye, 1188
Mi conseil is a non inome,
To morue erliche ich wille come."

Otuel promises
none shall touch
him save
himself,

141 ¶ Quap otuwel, "ne doute ȝe nouȝt.
Bi god, ȝat al ȝe world haueȝ wrouȝt, 1192
& ȝe deȝ ȝat ischal deie,
ȝou ne sschalt hente no vileinie,
Of no man of king charles lond,
Bote riȝt of myn oune hond : 1196
Bi him, ȝat made leef & bouȝ,
ȝer offe ȝe sschall ȝinken ynouȝ."

on which Clarel
agrees.

Quap clarel, "ȝo do ȝi best,
To-morwe ȝou sschalt finde me prest." 1200

142 ¶ ȝus ȝe were ȝere boȝe at on, [1164]
Er ȝei wolden o twinne gon.
Eyȝer oȝer his treweȝe pliȝte
Oppon Morwen for to fiȝte. 1204

Early next morn-
ing Clarel comes
to the fight ready
armed.

143 ¶ On moruwen ȝo ȝe day sprong,
Clarel ȝe king ȝouȝte long
To ȝe pauloun til he cam,
To holde ȝe day, ȝat he nam : 1208
Oppon a stede wel idiȝt
He cam fol redi to bide fiȝt. [1212]

Charles and his
knights come out
to see him.

144 ¶ King charles wiȝ hise kniȝtes bolde,
Comen out clarel to bi-holde, 1212

Hou he com al redi diȝt,
 Boldeliche to bide fiȝt.

145. ¶ Clarel was bold on his bond, [fol. 275, col. 1.]
 For [O]tuwel sikerede him on hond, 1216 Clarel, relying on
Otuel's word,
has no fear,
 þat no man of flechs & blood,
 Ne sscholde doon him nouȝt bote good,
 Bot hem selue tweien fiȝte,
 & hadde þe maistrie who so miȝte. 1220
 þo was clarel fol trist,
 For to segge what him lust.
- 146 ¶ King charles was an old man,
 & clarel hede þer offe nam, 1224
 & seide, "charles, þou art old,
 Who made þe nou so bold,
 To werren oppon king garsie,
 þat is cheef of al painie? 1228 and mocks at
Charles for daring
at his age to war
on Garsie,
the chief of all
heathendom.
 Al paynime he haued in wold,
 þou dotest, for þou art so hold." [1252]
- 147 ¶ King charles waryþede anon riȝt,
 þat clarel tolde of him so liȝt, 1232 Charles is
enraged,
 & hadde iment þo fol wel,
 To habben ifouȝten wiþ clarel:
 & bad fetten his armure briȝt,
 & wolde armen him a non riȝt; 1236 and wants to fight
him himself;
 & seide in wrappe, "by godes miȝte,
 Ich mi self wole wiþ him fiȝte."
- 148 ¶ Roulond bi þe king stood,
 & bi-gan to meuen his mood, 1240
 & sede to þe king a non,
 "þou hauest, sire king, mani on,
 Gode douȝti kniȝtes of deede,
 To fiȝte þi self þou ne hauest no nede." 1244 but Roland says
there are plenty of
others ready to
fight for him.
- 149 ¶ "God sschilde, sire," quap oliuer,
 "Hit sscholde springe fer or ner, Oliver also
protests;

- To putte þin oune bodi to fiȝt,
& hauest so mani a douȝti kniȝt." 1248
- but Charles is
obstinate, 150 ¶ King charles swor his op,
& bi-gan to wexe wroþ,
& seide, "for ouȝt þat man may speke,
Miself, ich wile ben on him wreke." [1260] 1252
- until Otuel says
he has challenged
Clarel, 151 ¶ "A! sire," quap otuwel þo,
"For godes loue sei nouȝt so,
Ich & he beþ truþe pliȝte, [1263] 1256
þat we sschole to-gidere fiȝte,
& ich wole telle þe, wiþ oute faille,
Where fore we habbe taken bataille.
- [fol. 275, col. 2.] 152 ¶ He wolde habbe maked me ȝusterday,
To habbe reneied my lay, 1260
& seide, þat ich was ilore
& god nas nouȝt of marie bore:
& seide, algate he wolde preue,
þat ich am in mis beleue. 1264
þerefore he profreþ him to fiȝt,
To wite wheþer is more of miȝt,
Ih'u, þat is louerd min,
Or mahoun & apolyn: 1268
þous we habbeþ þe bataille inome,
& boþe we beþ iswore to come."
- Charles gives way 153 ¶ Quap þe king charles þo,
"Otuwel, whan it is so, 1272
Tak þe bataille a godes name,
& ih'u schilde þe fram sschame!"
and Otuel arms, Otuwel, þat noble kniȝt,
Lette armen him a non riȝt, 1276
& his gode stede bistrod,
& no lengere he ne abood,
and rides out to
meet Clarel. Bote to þe stede he rood fol riȝt,
þere clarel houede to bide fiȝt. 1280

- 154 ¶ Anon as otuwel was icome
 Here conseil was a non inome,
 No lengere þei ne abiden,
 Anon riȝt togidere þei riden,
 Noon oþer nas ham bitwene,
 Bote gode stronge speres & kene.
 Nas neuer noþer of oþer agast,
 & eiþer sat in his sadel fast,
 þat boþe stedes ȝeden to grounde,
 & þe kniȝtes weren al sounde ; [1301]
 & boþe stedes wenten forþ,
 þat on souþ, þat oþer norþ ;
 þe kniȝte on fote to-gidere ȝede,
 An drowen hare swerdes gode at nede,
 Ne sparede þei nouȝt þe swerdes egge ;
 Eyþer on oþer bi-gan to legge.
- 1284 The fight at once
begins.
- 1288
They are both
unhorsed,
- 1292
and they continue
the fight on foot.
- 1296
- 155 ¶ þei were boþe swiþe stronge,
 & fouȝten to-gidere swiþe longe.
 King clarel was wel neȝ wood,
 þat otuwel so longe stood :
 In gret wrappe otuwel he smot,
 & his swerd felliche bot,
 & þau þe swerd [nere] neuere so good,
 þe gode helm it wiþ-stood.
 Bote otuwel astoneied was,
 þere he stood vp on þe gras.
- Clarel gets angry,
- 1300
and stuns Otuel
with a blow on
the helmet.
- [fol. 275, back,
col. 1.]
- 1304
- 156 ¶ Quap otuwel, "so mote ich go,
 He ne louede me nouȝt, þat smot me so,
 Ich warne þe wel, so mote ich þe,
 þou sschalt habbe as good of me."
- 1308
Otuel says he will
return as good,
- 157 ¶ Otuwel, for wrappe, a non
 Areiȝte him on þe cheke bon ;
 Al þe fel of þat was þare,
 & made his teþ al bare.
- 1312 and bares Clarel's
cheek,
- [1320]

- and mocks him
for showing his
teeth.
- 158 ¶ þo otuwel sau3 is cheke bon,
He 3af clarel a skorn a non, 1316
& seide, "clarel, so mote þou þe,
Whi scheuwestou þe teþ to me,
I nam no toþ drawere, [1323]
þou ne sest me no cheine bere." 1320
- Clarel smites him
- 159 ¶ Clarel felede him wounded sore,
& was maimed for euere more,
An smot to otuwel wiþ al his miȝt;
& otuwel, þat douȝti kniȝt, 1324
Wiþ his swerd kepte þe dent,
þat clarel him hadde iment,
& yit þe dent glood adoun,
on the crown, & smot otuwel oppon þe croun. 1328
- 160 ¶ Quap otuwel, "bi godes ore,
Sarazin þou smitest fol sore,
Supen þi berd was ischaue
þou art woxen a strong knaue." 1332
- but with one
stroke Otuel kills
him.
- 161 ¶ Otuwel smot clarel þo,
O strok & nammo,
þat neuer eft word he ne spak,
& so otuwel his tene wrak. [1339] 1336
- Charles is
delighted,
- 162 ¶ þo was charles glad ynouȝ,
þat otuwel king clarel slouȝ,
& 3af otuwel, þat douȝti kniȝt,
and makes Otuel
an earl,
A god Erldam þat selue niȝt. 1340
- and there is great
rejoicing through-
out the army.
- Al þat in þe ost was,
Maden murþe & solas,
þat otuwel hadde so bigunne,
& hadde so þe maistri wonne; 1344
Al þat miȝt ouer al þe ost,
þei maden al þer ioye most.
- [fol. 275, back,
col. 2.] 163 ¶ þer cam a messenger & browȝte tiding,
To garsie þat riche king, 1348

þat otuwel, his cosin in lawe,
Hadde king clarel i-slawe.

The news is told
to Garsie,

- 164 ¶ þo garsie it vnder-ȝat, [1345]
He was swiþe sori for þat. 1352

& for wrappe þere he stood,
Corsede hise godes, as he were wood,
& seide, "allas & walawo !

who vows revenge
for it.

Nou is gode clarel go. 1356
Certes myn herte it wile to-breke,
Bote ich mowe clarel a-wreke."

- 165 ¶ þo lette garsie asemle a non, He summons all
Alle hise sarazins echon, his men. 1360

& þouȝte þoru out alle þing
To ben a-wreken on charles king,
& on his cosin otuwel ;
& on him self þe wreche fel. 1364

- 166 ¶ King charles herde be a spye, Charles is told of
þat garsie þratte him to die, this by a spy,
& he a-semlede hise kniȝtes echon, 1368
& sede to hem alle a non,

"Lordinges, garsie þinkeþ to ride,
For soþe i nele no lengere a bide."

þe king armede him a non, and arms all his
& alle hise kniȝtes echon, knights, 1372
þe king gurde him wiþ his swerd, and sets out to
& wente him self wiþ his ferd. meet Garsie.

- 167 ¶ þe king cam stilleliche wiþ his ost, 1376
& garsie cam wiþ gret bost,

þo þe ostes neȝeden nieȝ,
þat eiþer ost oþer sieȝ,

When the two
armies come in
sight of each
other,

Out of garsies ost cam ride, a Turk rides out
A turkein þat was ful of prude ; 1380

- 168 ¶ Roulond was good & hende, [1381]
& aȝenes him gan wende,

and charges
Roland,

þe tourkein no lengere nabod,
To roulond a non he rood, 1384

& gurde roulond wiþ a spere,
þat wel coupe a strok bere ;
& as douȝti as he was,

who loses one
stirrup.

His o stirop he las. 1388

169 ¶ Roulond was a-schamed þarfore,

þat he hadde his stirop lore,

[fol. 276, col. 1.]
Roland with
Durindal cuts
him down.

& wiþ dorendal, þat was good,

He smot þe tourkein oppon þe hood, 1392

& he sey doun of his stede ;

So rowlond quitte him his mede.

Quaþ roulond, “ þat ich þe biheet,

þou nult na more stenden on þi feet ; 1396

Min o stirop þou madest me tine,

Nou hauestou lose boþe þine.” [1392]

Another Saracen,

170 ¶ þer cam a noþer stout sarazin,

þat was armed wel a fin, 1400

Myafle,

þat hiȝte myafle of bagounde,

& wiþ a litel stounde

He made his stede swiþe to goon,

wounds Oliver.

& smot oliuer a noon 1404

þorou out al his armure briȝt,

He woundede sore þat gode kniȝt.

171 ¶ Roulond sauȝ be contenaunse, [1400]

[¹ MS. le]

His broþer was hurt wiþ þe¹ launce ; 1408

Roland comes to
his aid,

His wardecors a non he fond,

& tok a spere out of his hond,

& made his hors make a sturt,

To him þat hadde his broþer hurt ; 1412

and kills Myafle.

& touchede him wiþ þe speres ord,

þat neuere eft he ne spak word ;

& tok myafles stede a non,

& sette oliuer þer on. 1416

- 172 ¶ þere was a noble sarazin,
 A king þat heet galatyn, Galatyn next
rides out,
 & cam wiþ a compainie,
 & bigan faste to hie. 1420
 Otuwel was war of þat,
 Oppon his stede þere he sat,
 Hou king galatin cam wiþ wille,
 Cristene men for to spille. 1424
 Wiþ þe spores þe stede he nam,
 To galatyn þe king he kam.
 þorou þe bodi he him bar, but is at once
killed by Otuel.
 & bad he scholde eft be war 1428
 Of such a strok, whan it kam.
 Non oþer hede of him he ne nam,
 Bote rood forþ oppon his stede,
 & leet þe sarazin ligge & blede. 1432
- 173 ¶ þo smiten þo osten to-gidere a non,
 & fouȝten faste & good won : Then ensues a
general engage-
ment.
 & to-daschsten many a scheld, [fol. 276, col. 2.]
 Mani a bodi lay in þe feld. 1436
- 174 ¶ þo cam ouer þe doune ride,
 An heþene king, fol of prude,
 & browȝte wiþ him al ferche þo,
 A þousende sarazins & mo, A reinforcement
of 1000 Saracens
come up ;
 & fouȝten faste a good stounde, 1440
 & felden cristene men to grounde.
- 175 ¶ A douȝti bachelor cam ride,
 Oppon king charles side, [1429] 1444
 A ȝong kniȝt, þat sprong furst berd,¹ [¹ MS. herd.]
 Of no man he nas aferd;
 Fiue hundred men wiþ him he brouȝte,
 þat of hare lif litel þei rouȝte : but five hundred
young French
knights
 Nas non twenti winter old, 1448
 & echon was douȝti man & bold.

- He hadde ichosen hem fol wide,
 Bolde men bataille to bide. 1452
 þei fouzten faste wiþ inne a stounde,
 & brouzten sarazins to grounde :
 þei were bolde & fouzten faste,
 þe sarazins flouwen ate laste. 1456
 Roulond & oliuer hulpen wel,
 & þe douzty otuwel.
- soon put them to flight.
- 176 ¶ Coursabex, þe king, cam þo,
 & mette fleinde a þousend & mo, 1460
 "Traitous," quap coursabex, þe king, [1450]
 "Certes þis is a foul þing,
 þat 3e schule fle for ferd :
 Traitous, tourneþ a3ein þe herd,¹ 1464
 Tourneþ a3ein alle wiþ me,
 & we wole make þe freinche fle."
 þous coursabex him self allone,
 Made tourne hem a3ein echone. 1468
- [¹ MS. berd.]
 and rallies them,
- 177 ¶ þe 3inge kni3t þat was so bold,
 Ri3t nou þat ich offe hadde told,
 Wiþ coursabex wel sone he mette,
 & wiþ his swerd a non he sette 1472
 Such a strok oppon his croun,
 þat of his stede he fel a doun.
 þe 3inge kni3t to him cam,
 & coursabex o liue nam, 1476
 & sente him charles þe king. [1489]
 þo was he glad of þat tiding.
- but a young French knight
- unhorses Coursabex
- and takes him prisoner.
- [fol. 276, back, col. 1.]
- 178 ¶ þo þe tourkeins seien alle,
 þat coursabex was falle, 1480
 & cristene men smite sore,
 þei flouwen & nolde fi3te na more.
 & þe gode 3inge kni3t,
 Suwede & leidon doun ri3t. 1484
- Then all the Saracens again begin to fly.

- þere ne halp nouȝ[t] sire mahoun,
þe tourkeins ȝeden faste a-doun.
- 179 ¶ þo kam poidras of barbarin,
& wiþ him mani a sarazin. 1488
Poidras oppon the ȝunge kniȝt
Leid on wiþ al his miȝt,
& here men to-gidere huwen,
& heþene hornes faste blewen; 1492
Poidras & þe ȝinge kniȝt,
Bitwene hem was strong fiȝt,
Poidras hadde þe more mayn,
& hadde wel neiȝ þe kniȝt slain. 1496 and nearly slays him,
- 180 ¶ Otuwel, þat douȝti kniȝt,
Was war of þat a non riȝt.
Otuwel no lengere nabood,
To poidras a noon he rood, 1500 but Otuel sticks Poidras like a pig.
& smot poidras of barbarin,
þat þere he lay as a stiked swin.
- 181 ¶ Otuwel rood in to þe feerd,
& leide on faste mid his swerd. 1504 Otuel and the beardless knight make great havoc among the Saracens.
Roulond & oliuer,
Ne[i]ȝeden¹ otuwel ner,
& þe berdles kniȝt,
& slowen sarazins a-doun riȝt. 1508
[¹ MS. Ne ȝeden]
- 182 ¶ King garsie herde wiþ inne a stounde,
Hou hise men ȝeden to grounde :
King garsie hadde a conseiler,
& a non he took him neer, 1512 Garsie consults Arperaunt how they are to kill or take Otuel.
& seide to him, "sire arperaunt,
Aȝenes otuwel myn herte stant,
þat þous haueþ reneid his lay,
& sleþ mine men niȝt & day. 1516
Sire arperant, what is þi reed [1513]
þat þe þef traitour nere ded?

- Certes fraunce hadde be wonnen,
Ne hadde his tresoun be bigunnen." 1520
- Arperaunt says it
can never be done
while Roland is
alive.
[fol. 276, back,
col. 2.]
- 183 ¶ "King garsie," quap arperaunt,
"Bi mahoun þat 3onder stant,
Al þe while þat roulond
Mai bere durenal in his hond, 1524
& oliuer rit by his side,
For no þing þat may betide,
þou ne schalt neuere otuwel winne,
For nouȝt þat euere þou kans biginne." 1528
þo was garsie wel nyȝ wood,
For wrappe on molde þere he stood.
- 184 ¶ þere was an affrikan gent,
þat hatte baldolf of aquilent, 1532
King garsie seide to him anoon ;
" Certes, Baldoff, þou most goon,
& take wiþ þe kniȝt & swein,
& tourne þe cristene men aȝein ; 1536
& ich mi self wole after come,
& helpe þat otuwel were nome."
- Baldolf says he is
ready if Garsie
will support him.
- 185 ¶ Quap baldolf, " bi sire mahun,
Louerd, we wole don what we moun, 1540
& com þou after & tak hede,
Wuche maner þat we spede,
& ȝef þou sest þat nede be,
Com & help us er we fle, 1544
For whan an ost to flizt is went,
Bote socour come, it is schent."
- 186 ¶ Baldolf took his compainie,
& to þe bataille he gan heye, 1548
& wiþ inne a litel stounde,
Hard bataille þei habben i-founde.
- 187 ¶ Otuwel, douȝti of dede,
Where þei comen he took hede, 1552

- & no lengere he ne bood,
 Bote hasteliche to ham he rood.
 Roulond & oliuer,
 Neizeden otuwel ner,
 & þe gode 3inge kni3t,
 þat was so dou3ti man in fi3t.
 þo þei foure weren ifere,
 þo mi3te men seen & here
 Harde strokes dele & di3te,
 & wiþ sarazins boldeliche fi3te.
- 188 ¶ þer cam out of garsies ost,
 A man þat made muche bost,
 A king þat hatte karnifees,
 & muchel onour þere he les.
- 189 ¶ þer kam a kni3t of agineis,
 A bold man, & a courteis,
 & wiþ carnifees he mette,
 & wende Carnifees to lette :
 King karnifees him haueþ istunt,
 & slou3 him ate forme dunt.
 þo karnifees hadde þous do,
 He wende to seruen ham alle so ;
- 190 ¶ Otuwel no lengere na-bood,
 To karnifees a non he rood ;
 Karnifees knu3 otuwel,
 By hise armes swiþe wel,
 & seide to þe gode gome,
 "For-sworne þef, artou come?"
 "Bi mahoun," quap karnifees,
 "þou schalt hoppen heuedles."
- 191 ¶ Otuwel, wiþ oute targing,
 Answerede karnifees þe king,
 "Bi sein geme, ich ne habbe nou3t munt,
 þa þou schalt 3iue me þat dunt."

Otuel rides out to
 meet him,

followed by
 Roland, Oliver,

and the young
 knight.

[fol. 277, col. 1.]

Karnifees slays a
 knight of Agineis.

Otuel rides
 forward to engage
 him.

Karnifees knows
 Otuel,

- and attacks him,
and cuts off part
of his shield,
- 1588
1592
- 192 ¶ Quap otuwel, "good it wite,
þat strok was wel ismite.
Nou þou schalt, bi seint martyn,
Preuen a strok of myn."
Otuwel karnifees smot,
Wip Corsouse þat wel boot,
þat karnifees souzte þe ground,
Ros he neuere eft, hol ne sound.
- but Otuel with one
blow kills him.
- 1596
1600
- 193 ¶ þo þe sarazins wisten alle,
þat karnifees was ifalle,
& þat he nolde na more arise,
þo bigan ham alle to agrise :
For in al garsies feerd,
Nas such a man to handle a swerd.
þo tournde þei to flizt,
þe sarazins a non rizt.
- The Saracens are
panic-stricken,
and flee,
- 1604
1608
- [fol. 277, col. 2.] 194 ¶ þous þe gode otuwel,
& roulond þat was good & snel,
þoru þe help of godes mizt,
Maden þe sarazins tourne to flizt,
þrou swete ih'u cristes grace,
& þei suweden faste þe chasse.
þe sarazins were so a dredde,
In to þe water manye fledde,
Summe swumme¹ & summe sunke,
& coold water ynouþ þei drunke,
- pursued by Otuel
and Roland.
- 1612
1616
- [¹ MS. smūme.]
Many of them are
drowned.
- 195 **T**il Roulond & oliuer þe gode, [1543]
In manie² harde stoures stode.
- [² MS. mananie.] 1620

- Godde ogger in prisoun lay,
Bope bi nizt, & eke be day,
Herkneþ, what hede good to him nam,
& hou he out of prisoun kam. 1624
- 196 ¶ Seuene heþene kniztes bolde,
Ogger was bi-taken to holde,
& þe foure ogger slouþ,
& 3it he skapede wel inouþ. 1628
- 197 ¶ þere was a noble skuier,
þat wiþ queintize halp ogger.
Swiþe priueliche & stille
He brouþte ogger, to his wille, 1632 A squire brings
His swerd & his armure briþt, him his arms,
& ogger armede him a non riþt.
þo¹ he hadde on his gode wede, [1 MS. þe]
þe squier brouþte him a good stede. 1636 and a horse.
Ogger no lengere ne abood,
þe goodde stede he bistrood, [1551]
þe squier was armed, & wel idiþt,
& hadde a good hors & a liþt; 1640
& also stille as a ston
þe squier lep to horse a non,
& to þe porteres windou he kam,
& in his hond his mase he nam, 1644
& oppon þe windou he schof,
þat þe windou al to-drof. The squire breaks
the porter's
window.
- 198 ¶ Hit was abouten mid nizt,
& the porter was a-friþt, 1648
& asked a non, who was þare,
& who makede al þat fare. The porter
demands who is
there.
- 199 ¶ "Porter," quap þe squier þo,
' Vndo þe gate & let us go. 1652
We here tellen, bi sire mahoun,
þat cristene men goon alle a doun,

The squire says
they are going to
help their com-
panions against
the French.

& ich & mi felawes iwis,
We wole witen hou it is, 1656
& 3ef we ani good winne,
For soþe þou schalt parten þer inne."

The porter opens
the gate,

& he dude op þe 3ate wide,
& lette ham boþe out ride, 1660
& steek a3ein þe gate fast,
& þere þei sien ogger last.

and they ride all
that night till

200 ¶ Ogger rood al þat ni3t,
Til on þe morewen þe day was bri3t; 1664
þat neuere his feet comen on grounde,
Er he hadde his felawes founde.

they find Roland
and Oliver.

201 ¶ þo roulond & oliuer
Weren war of gode ogger, 1668
þei were fol glad of þat si3t, [1558]
& þonkeden ih'u fol of mi3t.

202 ¶ þo roulond & oliuer,
Adden imet wiþ gode [Ogger] 1672
þei were also fous to fi3t,
As euere was a foul to fi3t;

Then all fight the
Saracens,

& wenten in to þe bataille a non,
& fou3ten faste & good won, 1676
& made þe sarazins a-gaste,
& otuwel nas nou3t þe laste.

and kill nearly all
of them.

203 ¶ þo alle foure weren ifere,
þar nere none strokes dere, 1680
þo dou3ti kni3tes smiten so sore,
As þau3 þei ne hadden nou3t fou3ten 3ore,
þat wiþ inne a litel stounde,
Sarazins 3eden alle to grounde. 1684

King Garsie flees.

204 ¶ King garsie toke god hede,
Hou his folk to grounde 3ede,
& no lengere he ne abood,
Toward his paulons he rood. [1565] 1688

- 205 ¶ & otuwel a noon by-held, Otuel sees him,
 þere he rod in þe feld,
 & warende fore a non þo and tells the
 Roulund & oliuer bo, 1692 others.
 & ogger þat douȝty kniȝt,
 þat king garsie was tornd to fliȝt.
 þo roulund & oliuer, [fol. 277, back,
 & þe gode kniȝt ogger, 1696 col. 2.]
 Sien where king garsie rood,
 þer nas non þat lengere a-bood,
 Hasteliche þe wey þei nomen,
 & to king garsie þei comen. 1700 They all pursue
 him.
- 206 ¶ King garsie was a-fered to deye,
 & bi-gan mersi to crie,
 & seide, for soþe þat he wolde
 Of king charles, his lond holde, 1704
 & ben at eche parlement,
 Redi at his comaundement.
- 207 ¶ King garsie seide þis,
 "For his loue þat ȝoure good is, 1708
 Takeþ me on liue, & sle me nouȝt.
 Leet mi lif be for-bouȝt,
 & let me as a prisoun goon
 Bi-fore king charles a noon, [1573] 1712
 & don him omage wiþ myn hon[d],
 To holden of him al mi lond." and offers to do
 homage to
 Charles.
- 208 ¶ þanne seide otuwel,
 þat was douȝti kniȝt & snel, 1716
 To roulund & to oliuer,
 & to þe gode kniȝt ogger,
 "Nou he haueþ þis ȝift iziue,
 I rede þat we laten him liue. 1720
 Bi-fore þe king he schall be brouȝt,
 For gode, we nulle slen him nouȝt ;"
- At Otuel's
 suggestion they
 spare his life,

and lead him
before Charles.

An þei acenteden þerto,
& seiden, "it wile be wel ido." 1724
& wiþ outen any targing,
þei ladden him bi-fore þe king.

Otuel presents
him to the king.

209 ¶ þanne seide otuwel, þat gode kniȝt,
To king charles a non riȝt, 1728
"Sire," he seide, "her is garsie,
þat sumtime þratte þe to die,
He wile nou, ȝif þi wille be,
Do þe omage & feaute, 1732
& ben at þi comaundement ;
& at eche parlement,
Al redi at þin hond,
& holden of þe al his lond, 1736
& for his lond rente ȝiue,
Wiþ þe noue he mote liue."

* * * * *

[*End of MS.*]

NOTES.

- p. 3, l. 23. "be": by the time that: so in l. 38.
 p. 4, l. 45. "for the Rude lufe": for the love of the cross.
 p. 4, l. 46. "Rauf Coilgear": that is Ralph the charcoal-burner.
 p. 4, l. 50. "Coilis": charcoal.
 p. 5, l. 63. St. Julian was the patron of travellers. Thus in the *Ancren Riwele*, p. 350: "Heo iuinded, iwis, sein Julianes in, pet weiuerinde men 3eorne seched." Chaucer says of the Franklin that, "Seynt Julian he was in his contre." Prol. 340. See Mr. Furnivall's note in his edition of *Awdeley and Harman*, p. xxix; Dr. Morris' note on the passage quoted above from *Chaucer*, Chambers' *Book of Days*, II. 388; Brande, *Popular Antiquities*, ed. Hazlitt, I. 303, &c., and compare l. 973 below. In "John de Reeue," l. 170, the Reeve promises to give the king and his two companions lodging for the night, and adds

"soo that yee take itt thankeffullye
 in gods name and *S^t. Iollye*,
 I aske noe other pay."

And again, l. 572, the guests when leaving on the following morning "thanked god & *S^t. Iollye*."

- p. 5, l. 86. "Pryse at the parting": that is, don't praise too soon or till the entertainment is over. The same expression occurs in the *Gesta Romanorum*, ch. xii. p. 39, l. 20, where the original Latin is *a fine laudatur opus*. See further in my note to the passage.
 p. 6, l. 96. I do not understand the word *chin*.
 p. 7, l. 147. "begin the buird": take the chief seat at the table. Compare *Chaucer C. T.*, Prol. 52. In "John de Reeue" the Reeve bids the king "begin the dish (dais)," and again, John when told to "begin the bord," "att the bords end he sate him downe," l. 824.
 p. 9, l. 209. Compare the supper provided by Iohn de Reeue for his guests:

"By then came in red wine & ale
 the bores head into the hall,
 then sheild with sauces seere;
 Capons both baked and rosted,
 woodcockes, venison, without bost
 & dish meeate dight ffull deere.
 Swannes they had piping hott,
 Coneys, curleys, well I wott,
 the crane, the hearne, in ffere,
 pigeons, partrid[g]es, with spicerye,
 Elkes, ffloures, with ffrotrerye."

- p. 11, l. 262. "the ane": thee alone.
- p. 12, l. 290. He will, without doubt, be found to blame who is absent.
- p. 12, l. 306. "Peter!" A common exclamation. See Prof. Skeat's note to *P. Plowman*, C. viii. 182.
- p. 14, l. 355. "As the buik says." See Introduction.
- p. 14, l. 369. "but 3one man that 3e knew," &c., unless you know that man; to put yourself at his disposal or mercy.
- p. 15, l. 379. "The fate will be mine alone."
- p. 16, l. 436. "Do way!" So in *Guy of Warwick*, ed. Turnbull, 9844: "*Do way, leue sir, seyde Gij.*"
- p. 18, l. 499. "It might be set down to your harm."
- p. 20, l. 537. "me tharth": I need, þar = O.E. þearf, Ger. darf, was in Mid-English used both as a personal and impersonal verb. Comp. "*the þar not drede.*" *Guy of Warwick*, l. 6770, and "Of no wepon *he þar not dowte,*" *ibid.* l. 6830.
- p. 20, l. 540. I do not understand this line.
- p. 23, l. 664. "They thought the charcoal-burner hardly worth looking at."
- p. 24, l. 681. "bestiall": one of the few words which appear to bear out the theory of a French origin of the poem.
- p. 24, l. 693. Read "Fra thir wyis, I-wis, to went on my way."
- p. 26, l. 745. "He has deserved that, in our opinion."
- p. 26, l. 746. "god forbot": See *Cathol. Anglicum*, s. v. Forbott, p. 137, and note to *Sege of Melayne*, l. 406.
- p. 27, l. 768. "thy schone that thow wan." See Prof. Zupitza's note to *Guy of Warwick*, l. 436.
- p. 29, l. 835. "Mait": Fr. *mat.* See *Sir Ferumbras* Glossary, and *Sege of Melayne*, note to l. 1284.
- p. 30, l. 864. "The lenth of ane rude braid." Compare *Sir Ferumbras*, l. 971.
- p. 30, l. 866. "pithis": see the *Catholicon*, s. v. Pythe, p. 282, and note.
- p. 30, l. 888. "that maist of michtis may": a common expression in the old romances.
- p. 32, l. 941. "Angeris": See the *Catholicon*, s. v.
- p. 32, l. 955. "caryit": hastened. See instances in note to *Roland and Otuel*, l. 1555.
- p. 53, l. 973. "sanct July": see note to l. 63 above.
- p. 39, l. 79. "an heizeing": at once. The same phrase occurs again, ll. 380, 501.
- p. 39, l. 98, 99. Probably these lines should be transposed: the meaning being, he besought him for the crown and the cross, on which Christ suffered death.
- p. 40, l. 105. Compare *Sir Ferumbras*, l. 5955.
- p. 40, l. 106. To feel was used of any of the senses not necessarily of touch. Thus in *Gesta Romanorum*, p. 313, we read of hounds *feeling* a smell, as here. See note to Fele in *Cathol. Anglicum*.

- p. 40, l. 130. "longys": Longinus: see Prof. Skeat's note to *P. Plowman*, C. xxi. 82.
- p. 41, l. 137. "at": of. Compare "he nom ráed æt his monnen." *Lazamon*, 1648, and "mai he no leue at here taken." *Genesis and Exodus*, 2697.
- p. 41, l. 140. "he": that is Charles.
- p. 41, l. 141. Here begins the life of Charles, written by the *Pseudo-Turpin*. "opon a niȝt": Lat. *per singular noctes sæpe perspiceret*.
- p. 41, l. 154. For the construction, see Prof. Skeat's notes to *P. Plowman*, C. ix. 16, xvi. 131, and Prof. Zupitza's note to *Guy of Warwick*, l. 503, and *Sir Ferumbras*, l. 753, and note. Compare p. 93, l. 948 below.
- p. 41, l. 155. "on þe se": Lat. *super mare Galileæ*.
- p. 42, l. 173. "way of sterres": Lat. *caminum stellarum*.
- p. 42, l. 188. "sex": Lat. *tribus*.
- p. 43, l. 221. The *Pseudo-Turpin* gives the names as follows: "In Galletia, Visimia, Lamego, Dunia, Coimbria, Lirgo, Aurenias, Irattudo, Midonia, Buchara, (metropolis civitas sanctæ Mariæ,) Unarana, Crunia, Compostella: in Hispania, Auchala, Godolfaria, Taubamanca, Uzaeda, Ulmos, Canalias, Madriz, Marquada, Talavera: Medicina cœli, quæ est urbs excelsa: Berlanga, Osma, Seguntia, Segovia, quæ est Magna Avila, Salamanca, Sepulvega, Tolleta, Calatana, Badagotet, Eger, Godiano, Enuta, Altamora, Palencia, Lucena, Ventosa, quæ dicitur Carcesa, quæ est in valle viridi, Capana, Austega, Ovetum, Legio, Carrina, Duca, Nageras, Calacina, Urantia, Galathi, Miranda, Tutela, Sanagotia, quæ dicitur Cæsaraugusta, Pampilonia, Baiona, Iacca, Osca, in qua XC turres esse solent, Barbastra, Terragoa, Lerida, Tortosa oppidum fortissimum, Barbagalli oppidum fortissimum, Carmone op. fort., Aurelia, op. fort., Algaleti urbs, Adania, Inispalida, Excalona, Horamalagne . . . Satina, Granata, Sibilia, Corduba, Abula, Acintina in qua jacet beatus Torquatus Christi confessor, beati Jacobi cliens, ad sepulcrum cujus arbor olivæ divinitus florens miris fructibus onustatur per unumquemque annum in solemnitate ejusdem, ii. id. Madii." Caxton in his *Charles the Grete*, III. i. 2, judiciously omits the greater number.
- p. 44, l. 264. "front": an evident mistake for fruit: see above, and compare Caxton: "whyche dyd bere rype fruyt."
- p. 44, l. 271. "Portingale & lauers": Lat. *tellus Porto-gallorum, tellus Alavarum*.
- p. 44, l. 272. "Landulof": Lat. *Alandalutiorum tellus*: "Chastel": *tellus Castellanorum*.
- p. 44, l. 273. "Bigairs": Lat. *Biscaiorum tellus*. "Bastles": *tellus Basclorum*.
- p. 44, l. 274. "Moys & nauers": Lat. *tellus Maurorum, tellus Navanorum*.
- p. 44, l. 278. "tvelmoneþ": Lat. *trium mensium spatium*. Caxton: "foure monethes." Probably for & we should read *an*.

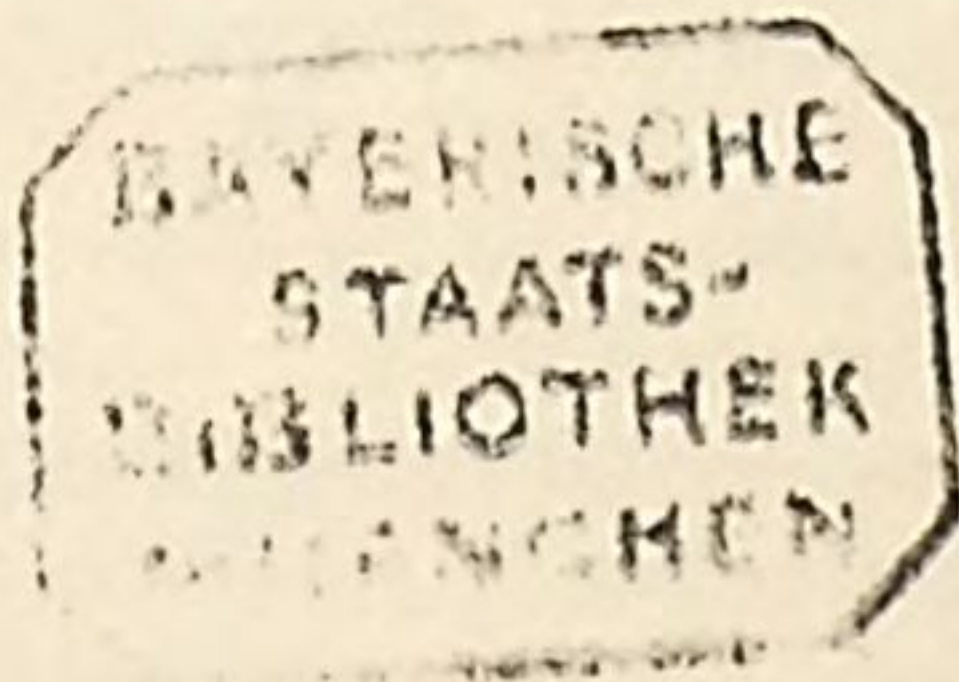
- p. 45, l. 290. Lat. *est inhabitata usque in hodiernum diem*. In the Latin the names appear as *Lacena, Ventosa, Canina, Adania*.
- p. 45, l. 294. "ganbern": the scribe appears to have mistaken these two words for one, as though there was another town "ganbern"; the meaning of course is that Charles at the same time burnt the town of Lucerne.
- p. 45, ll. 296-301. The Latin only says: *quidam est gurgis, qui a tribus annis in medio ejus [Lucerne] surrexit, in quo magni pisces et nigri habentur*. Compare Caxton.
- p. 45, l. 306. "A fair miracle": there is no reference to this in the *Pseudo-Turpin*.
- p. 45, l. 314. "And because they called so for baskets these men still call the city Paners, and will to the world's end."
- p. 46, l. 317. "Clodonius": Lat. *Clodoveus*.
- p. 46, l. 318. "clotayis": Lat. *Lotharius*.
- p. 46, ll. 320-322. Lat. *partim Hispaniam acquisiverant, partim dimiserunt, sed hic Carolus totam Hispaniam suis temporibus subjugavit*.
- p. 46, l. 328. See Introduction: and compare l. 429.
- p. 46, l. 331. "þe gilder lond": Lat. *in terra Alandabuf*, and so Caxton.
- p. 46, l. 332. "salanicodus": Lat. *Salameadis*. *Cader dicitur proprie locus in quo est Salam, in lingua arabica Deus dicitur*. Caxton: "Salancadys," which is the truest reading.
- p. 47, l. 356. Lat. *antistitem et canonicos secundum beati Isidori episcopi et confessoris regulam instituit*.
- p. 47, l. 362. "burdewes": Lat. *apud urbem buturensem*.
- p. 47, l. 363. "anevaus": Lat. *urben qua vulgo dicitur Axa*.
- p. 47, l. 366. "þre mones & fourten niȝt": Caxton: "thre yere."
- p. 47, l. 371. "Sir romain": Lat. *Romaricus*.
- p. 47, l. 380. "on heiȝeing": see note to l. 79.
- p. 47, l. 387. "to hundred schillinges": Lat. *centum solidis*.
- p. 47, l. 388. The subject (the false executor) is omitted.
- p. 48, l. 389. "þe nende": = at then ende or attē ende, the end: compare *atte nale* = at the ale-house (*P. Plowman*, c. viii. 19). See Prof. Skeat's note to *P. Plowman*, c. i. 43.
- p. 48, l. 396. "in pin þat wel strong were": Lat. *in tartareis pænis*.
- p. 48, l. 422. See note to *Gesta Romanorum*, ch. liii. p. 372, l. 24.
- p. 49, l. 425. ll. 425-461 are not in the *Pseudo-Turpin*: their place being taken by a long account of the struggle between Charles and Aigoland, which is given by Caxton in his *lyf of Charles the Grete*, Bk. III., pt. i. ll. 5—10 inclusive, pp. 208-220, ed. 1880-1881.
- p. 49, l. 431. Caxton, Bk. I., pt. ii. c. 3 (pp. 267, ed. 1880-1881) is rather vague, as he says "the lengthe of hys persone conteyned eyght feet after the mesure of his feet, which were merueyllously long"—and so the Latin.
- p. 50, l. 464. "nasers": Lat. *Nageram*.

- p. 50, l. 466. "Vernague": Lat. *Ferracutus*. Caxton: *Feragus*; one of "the generacion of golias."
- p. 50, ll. 473, 474. The scribe has reversed the numbers, for in l. 473, for "tventi": Caxton reads, "fourty," and so the Latin; and in l. 474 the Lat. has *viginti*, and Caxton, "twelue cubytes."
- p. 50, l. 476. Caxton says, "a cubyte brode," and so the Latin.
- p. 51, l. 501. "an heyzeing": Lat. *illico*: Caxton, "without makynge of ony semblaunte of warre."
- p. 51, l. 509. "Reynald de aubeppine": Lat. *Rainadas de albo spino*: Caxton, "Raynold daulbepyn."
- p. 51, l. 518. According to the Latin it was *Constantinus, rex romanus et Oliverius comes* that were next sent out to oppose Vernagu: Caxton gives the names as "Constayn of Rome & therte Noel."
- p. 51, l. 525. A common expression: compare "al so stille als a ston." *Havelok*, 928. See also *Otuel*, l. 1641.
- p. 51, l. 537. Compare *Sir Ferumbras*, l. 521 and note.
- p. 51, l. 560. See note to *Sir Ferumbras*, l. 988, and Dr. Hausknecht's note to the *Sowdone of Babylone*, l. 875.
- p. 51, l. 564. He knew of no better help or resource.
- p. 53, l. 581. "to þe neue": to the evening: Lat. *usque ad nonam*. See note to l. 389 above.
- p. 53, l. 585. There is no mention in either the original Latin or Caxton of an agreement that Roland was to be armed with a staff instead of a sword.
- p. 53, l. 588. The pronoun when the subject is frequently omitted: see Prof. Zupitza's note to *Guy of Warwick*, l. 10.
- p. 53, l. 593. "a staf": &c., Lat. *baculum quemdam retortum et lignum* (read *longum*) *secum detulit*.
- p. 54, l. 612. "asleped": compare *Sir Bevys*, 1697:
- "He wex *asleped* wonder sore,
He mighte ride no forther more:
He reinede his hors to a chesteine,
And felle aslepe vpon the pleine."
- p. 54, l. 684. "To redeem that which was lost."
- p. 54, l. 685. A common simile in mediæval theological writers.
- p. 57, l. 738. See note to l. 154 above.
- p. 59, l. 795. "fot hot": on the spot, instantly, hastily. Compare Chaucer, *Man of Lawes Tale*, 438: "Custance han thy take anon, *foot-hot*." The form *hot-fot*, with the same meaning, occurs in the *Debate of the Body and Soul*, l. 481, and *full-hote* in *Guy of Warwick*, 5063, 6498, 6656, &c.
- p. 60, l. 826. See note to l. 795.
- p. 60, l. 855. "me": no doubt a mistake for "be."
- p. 61, l. 861. "brust": apparently the only instance of this form.
- p. 61, l. 872. "a": on, in.
- p. 61, l. 874. Perhaps we should insert & before *miri*: "with salve! and merry song."

- p. 61, l. 878. See Introduction.
- p. 66, l. 52. "gynges": nations, peoples. A.S. *genge*, Icel. *gengi*.
- p. 66, l. 55. "childermasse day." See Introduction, p. xiii, and note to *Roland and Otuel*, l. 686.
- p. 68, l. 103. "Hit": so in *Sir Ferumbras*, ll. 1981, 3114, 3183, it is used referring to males, even in the plural.
- p. 68, l. 109. "þou art a-boute": thou art trying. See the *Catholicon Anglicum*, s. v. to Beabowteward, and additional note, p. xxviii.
- p. 68, l. 120. "te": the same form occurs again, l. 302.
- p. 69, l. 135. "kypte": seized, caught up. Icel. *kippa*.
- p. 69, l. 136. Probably we should read either "a muche gret fir brond," or "a gret muchel fir brond."
- p. 70, l. 176. "it him bar": I do not exactly understand these words.
- p. 70, l. 182. See Prof. Zupitza's note to *Guy of Warwick*, 6579.
- p. 70, l. 184. The meaning is that he would give him the tonsure with his sword in such a manner that he would never be able to receive it from any bishop.
- p. 71, l. 192. Compare "al nas wurþ an hawe." *Robert of Gloucester*, p. 524. For similar expressions see note to *Sir Ferumbras*, l. 5442.
- p. 72, l. 227. "Holte o roum": stand off, keep your distance. So in the *Towneley Mysteries*, p. 235: "stand on roume."
- p. 72, l. 231. "all & some": fully, completely.
- p. 72, l. 239. Compare *Sir Ferumbras*, l. 1808, and note.
- p. 72, l. 251. The sone of the king of Armenia: see note to p. 41, l. 154.
- p. 72, l. 280. "Thought so little of them."
- p. 73, l. 290. "ʒef ich may": as far as lies in my power. The phrase occurs frequently in *Guy of Warwick*: see the editor's note to l. 983.
- p. 74, l. 308. There is evidently some corruption here, though the meaning is plain enough.
- p. 74, l. 319. The forms *ich* and *ihc* are used indiscriminately in this poem.
- p. 76, l. 325. "Cristes cors" comes strangely from the lips of a Saracen.
- p. 76, l. 340. See note to p. 41, l. 154; and note to *Roland and Otuel*, l. 313.
- p. 76, l. 348. See note to l. 290, above.
- p. 77, l. 377. "slep": this strong form of the verb is not unusual; see instances in Stratmann.
- p. 77, l. 384. See note to l. 103.
- p. 78, l. 394. "For": in order that.
- p. 78, l. 400. "houinge": see Prof. Zupitza's note to *Guy of Warwick* 6338.
- p. 78, l. 437. "nekste": nearest, shortest.
- p. 78, l. 447. "steue": strong, stiff. The word is not common.

- p. 79, l. 466. See note to l. 400.
- p. 79, l. 476. Evidently there is a corruption here.
- p. 79, l. 485. See Prof. Zupitza's note to *Guy of Warwick*, l. 6579.
- p. 79, l. 491. See note to p. 51, l. 525.
- p. 79, l. 495. "so mote ich þe": as I may thrive. An expression of very frequent occurrence. See Prof. Zupitza's note to *Guy of Warwick*, l. 615.
- p. 80, l. 517. "nese": here, equal to cousin: nephew and niece were used, like cousin, vaguely for different degrees of relationship. See *Catholicon Anglicum*, s. vv. *Nese* and *Nevowe*.
- p. 80, ll. 523, 530. See note to *Sir Ferumbras*, l. 408.
- p. 80, l. 529. "beie": both. So in *Robert of Gloucester*, 47. "þat . . . 3onge were beie."
- p. 80, ll. 595, 596. That word pleased Roland well, and he answered Otuel: on the omission of the subject pronoun compare p. 51, l. 588, above, and *Sege of Melayne*, l. 27.
- p. 83, l. 603. "loþ": here seems to mean enmity, but the general meaning is hurt, injury.
- p. 83, l. 605. They embraced and kissed each other, as if each had been the other's brother.
- p. 83, l. 612. What has happened to you and this man?
- p. 83, l. 631. The subject pronoun þei is omitted.
- p. 84, l. 638. "nammo" = no more, no others. Cf. l. 1334.
- p. 84, l. 640. And had become reconciled to the king.
- p. 84, l. 661. Compare the corresponding passage in *Roland and Otuel*, l. 671.
- p. 85, l. 677. "Averil was comen & winter gon": In *Roland and Otuel*, "one þe forthirmoste daye of auerille," l. 721.
- p. 86, l. 717. "Turabeles": called in l. 769, below, *Curabiles*, and in *Roland and Otuel*, l. 785, *Corsabill*, and in l. 817, *Corsabolyn*.
- p. 87, l. 742. "Dapeit": an interjection or imprecation with the meaning of curses on! cursed! ill betide! It occurs frequently in Mid. English romances, &c. See for instance *Sir Tristram*, pp. 111, 191; *Havelok*, 296, 300, 926, &c.; *Horn Childe*, p. 290; *Seven Sages*, 2395; *Owl and Nightingale*, l. 99, &c. With the line compare *Macbeth*, v. 7: "Damned be him that first cries, hold, enough!" and l. 1182, below.
- p. 87, l. 752. Perhaps we should read "it is."
- p. 88, l. 792. "&": this is frequently used throughout the poem, in the sense of *but*: compare l. 837.
- p. 89, l. 828. Compare the *Sowdone of Babylone*, l. 1163: "Thai worthed vp on here stedles."
- p. 90, l. 867. "were at on": agreed; were of one mind.
- p. 91, l. 891. "markeden": signed with the cross.
- p. 91, l. 904. "þef": commonly used as a title of opprobrium or contempt.

- p. 92, l. 926. "du33e peers:" See note to *Sir Ferumbras*, l. 197. Here the meaning appears simply to be a chosen knight.
- p. 93, l. 948. "On of kinges kni3tes garsie": one of the knights of King Garsie. See note to p. 41, l. 154. Compare l. 1000.
- p. 93, l. 980. See note to l. 290, above.
- p. 94, l. 1000. See note to l. 948.
- p. 94, l. 1001. "3o": the same form occurs in the *Ormulum*, 115; *Polit. Religious and Love Songs*, iii. 79 and 84.
- p. 95, l. 1032. Compare *Sir Ferumbras*, 5127, "w3t þat þe selue, syr Amyrant": and the *Sege of Melayne*, ll. 555 and 698, and *Song of Roland*, l. 638.
- p. 96, l. 1065. We know not what has become of him. See Prof. Skeat's note to *P. Plowman*, B. v. 651.
- p. 99, l. 1161. "I will make peace or reconciliation for that in which you have offended against Garsie."
- p. 100, l. 1182. Compare l. 742, and note.
- p. 100, l. 1201. For "þe" read "þe[i]." "at on": agreed, of one mind. See Prof. Zupitza's note to *Guy of Warwick*, l. 5308.
- p. 103, l. 1307. "so mote ich go": a phrase of frequent occurrence in the old romances. See numerous instances in Prof. Zupitza's note to *Guy of Warwick*, l. 2572.
- p. 104, l. 1320. as a sign of business or profession of a barber-surgeon.
- p. 106, l. 1408. "le": apparently inserted by the translator inadvertently.
- p. 109, ll. 1505-1508. Compare ll. 1555-1558.
- p. 112, l. 1588. "gunde": a curious form, being really a double preterite.
- p. 112, l. 1619. "Til": while.
- p. 113, l. 1645. "And he pushed the window open, so that it flew all to pieces."
- p. 114, l. 1673. "Fous": probably we should read *fresch* or *frechs*. Cf. ll. 1059 & 1439.
- p. 114, l. 1680. I do not quite understand this line.
- p. 114, l. 1710. So in *Ayenbite*, p. 78: "hi couþen hire zennen vorbegge."



GLOSSARIAL INDEX.

- Abaisit, 6/101, *pp.* afraid, terrified. O.Fr. *esbahir* = to frighten, from *baer* = to open the mouth, to cry *baa* or *bo*
- A-bouzt, 65/24, *v. pt. s.* redeemed
- Abufe, 4/43, *adv.* on top, above
- Abugge, 91/880, *v.* suffer, pay for
- Aduertance, 19/537, *sb.* retinue, attendants
- Agramed, 70/169, *pp.* annoyed, enraged
- Agrise, 58/762, *v.* to fear, to be afraid
- Agult, 72/246, *pp.* offended, committed against
- Air, 8/160, *adv.* before, ere this
- Airar, 20/548, *adv.* earlier, sooner
- Airlie, 5/79, *adv.* early, soon. A.S. *earlic*
- Airt, 7/139, *sb.* quarter, or point of the compass. Gaelic *aird* = a quarter of the compass, *ard*, high
- Alder, Aldre, 56/687, *a.* of all: *our alder* = of all of us
- A-legge, 72/240, *v.* lay down, lay aside
- A-lizt, 58/777, *v. pt. s.* came down, descended
- Anamalit, 24/687, *adj.* enamelled
- Anent, 11/280, *adv.* opposite
- Anerly, 21/592, *adv.* only
- Aneuch, 8/162, *adv.* enough, sufficiently
- Angeris, 32/941, *sb. pl.* trouble, misery, suffering
- Anis, 7/126, one's
- Anour, 38/56, *s.* honour, reverence
- Anournit, 24/691, *pp.* adorned, decorated
- Aplizt, 41/140, *adv.* indeed, certainly
- Appeirandair, 32/935, *sb.* heiress-apparent
- Apperrellit, 24/666, *pp.* decorated, furnished
- Aqueld, 60/835, *v. pt. s.* killed
- Are, 40/106, *adv.* before
- Areizte, 103/1312, *v. pt. s.* reached to, struck
- Asleped, 54/602, *adj.* sleepy, drowsy
- Assay, 15/394, *sb.* trial, attempt. Fr. *essai*
- Atanis 18/475, *adv.* at once
- Ather, 12/291, *adj.* either, each
- Atour, 15/393, *adv.* over, above
- Attour, 17/469, *adv.* around
- Awin, 4/33, *adj.* own. A.S. *ágen* from *agan* = to possess
- Bacheleiris, 3/11, *sb. pl.* young warriors who had not yet received knighthood
- Baid, 18/488, *sb.* delay; 28/801, *vb. pt. t.* waited; 4/28. *vb. pt. t.* stayed, were

- Bair, 28/801, *adj.* open; 17/457, *vb. pt. t.* wore, bare; 9/187, *sb.* wild boar
- Bakheir, 29/848, *sb.* supporter, backer, second
- Bald, 15/409, *sb.* bold, daring man
- Bancouris, 24/685, *sb. pl.* coverings for benches
- Band, 28/800, *vb. pt. s.* bound, tied
- Bandis, 23/631, *sb. pl.* bolts, fastenings
- Bane, 16/422, *adj.* ready
- Banis, 17/474, *sb. pl.* bones
- Basnet, 17/484, *sb.* small helmet, O.Fr. *bassinet*, dimin. of *bassin* = a helmet in the shape of a *basin*
- Batteris, 30/886, *vb. imper.* fight, strike
- Bayne, 22/608, *adv.* readily, actively
- Be, 15/385, *adv.* before, by the time that
- Becum, 31/893, *vb. imper.* become
- Beed, 84/641, *v. pt. s.* offered
- Beget, 22/607, *vb.* deceive
- Begouth, 6/120, *vb. pt. t.* began, was about to
- Begylit, 25/713, *pp.* deceived, tricked
- Behufe, 4/41, *sb.* advantage, benefit
- Beie, 80/529, *a.* both
- Beir, 12/289, *vb.* hold
- Beird, 8/177, *vb. pt. t.* roared, shouted. A.S. (ge)-*bæran*
- Beirnis, 9/189, *sb. pl.* people, lit. children. Sc. *bairns*
- Belue, 6/94, *adv.* quickly, at once. O.E. *bi life* = with life
- Bellisand, 18/478, *adj.* elegant. Fr. *belle*, used adverbially, and *seant* = becoming
- Bennysoun, 9/214, *sb.* blessing, benison
- Bent, 26/733, *sb.* moor, heath. Ger. *binse* = rush, *bent* grass
- Benwart, 7/131, *adv.* inwards, towards the interior of the house
- Beriall, 17/465, *sb.* beryl
- Bestiall, 24/681, *sb.* animals, cattle. Fr. *bestiall*
- Bet, 7/144, *pp.* made better, made up. A.S. *bétan*
- Betakin, 15/405, *vb.* mean, betoken
- Betaucht, 27/775, *sb.* committed, given in charge. A.S. *bitæcan*
- Betuix, 14/344, *prep.* between. A.S. *betweox*
- Bid, 13/315, *vb. pr. t.* desire, wish
- Biddeth, 82/568, *imp. pl.* pray, beg
- Bigge, 56/684, *v.* to buy, redeem
- Bigging, 9/190, *sb.* house, building
- Bileue, 91/1132, *v.* leave off
- Birny, 27/767, *sb.* corslet
- Blan, 28/825, *vb. pt. t.* ceased, stopped. A.S. *blinnan*
- Bland, 20/565, *sb.* engagement; probably an error for *band*
- Blandit, 17/475, *pp.* blended, mixed
- Blenkit, 29/854, *vb. pt. t.* glanced, looked
- Blenkt, 78/460, *v. pt. s.* gave away
- Bleue, 74/320, *v.* remain, abide
- Blin, 6/92, *vb.* stop, rest
- Blue, 95/1035, *adv.* quickly
- Blonk, 28/800, *sb.* steed. Plan-chaz, *equus pallidus hodie blank*. Schilter. Thus *blonk* may have originally meant merely a *white* horse. Fr. *blanc cheval*.—Jamieson.

- Blyth, 5/75, *adj.* pleased, glad
 Bocht, 8/182, *vb. pt. t.* bought, redeemed
 Bode, 38/52, *s.* message
 Bodword, 31/905, *sb.* warning
 Boist, 14/371, *sb.* threatening, abuse; 30/885, *sb.* boasting, boasts
 Boistit, 27/784, *vb. pt. t.* boasted
 Bone, 59/807, *s.* a prayer, a petition
 Bordourit, 17/464, *pp.* bordered, encircled
 Borwe, 74/305, *s.* a security. *Finde Mahoun to borwe* = bring Mahomet as my security
 Bot gif, 20/551, unless
 Boun, 7/124, *adj.* ready. Icel. *buuin*, *pp.* of *bua* = to prepare; 16/425, *vb.* get ready, prepare
 Bowre, 19/535, *s.* palace, chamber. A.S. *búr*
 Braid, 30/861, *sb.* stroke; 28/810, *adj.* broad; 4/34, around, about
 Braidit, 30/867, *vb. pt. t.* drew. A.S. *bredan*
 Braissaris, 17/473, *sb. pl.* vambraces. In ancient armour pieces between the elbow and the top of the shoulder, fastened together by straps inside the arms. Fr. *brassard*, *brassart*
 Braissit, 20/553, *pp.* enveloped, covered. Fr. [*em*] *brasser*
 Braithlie 8/177, *adv.* violently, loudly
 Brand, 19/520, *sb.* sword. A.S. *brand*, *brond*
 Brandis, 7/131, *sb. pl.* brands, logs of wood
 Braun, 9/187, *sb.* brawn
 Breid, 8/154, *sb.* breadth, width; 9/187, *sb.* bread
 Brent, 28/800, *adj.* steep
 Brief, 30/885, *vb. imper.* [?]
 Broun, 28/800, *sb. pl.* rising ground, hill
 Browdin, 24/685, *pp.* embroidered
 Browis, 30/862, *sb. pl.* brows. A.S. *brúa*, *pl.* of *brú*
 Brust, 61/861, *s.* a bristle
 Buird, 7/147, *sb.* the board or table, hence = meal. A.S. *bord*
 Buklair, 19/519, *sb.* buckler
 Burelie, 9/190, *adj.* rough, rustic
 Burneist, 17/464, *pp.* burnished, polished. Fr. *brunir*
 Busk, 28/800, *sb.* bush, small tree
 Busked, 39/83; Buskit, 15/409, *vb. pt. t.* got ready, prepared. Icel. *buask* = to prepare oneself, from *bua* = to prepare
 Busteous, 26/733, *adj.* rough, burly. Welsh *bwyst*
 Busteously, 21/596, *adv.* roughly
 Byde, 27/784, *vb.* meet, await
 Bynome, 90/848, *pp.* taken away from
 Byrd, 8/162, *impers. vb.* it behoved, it became
 Byrdis, 19/536, *sb. pl.* ladies; 9/211, *sb. pl.* birds, fowls
 Byre, 6/111, *sb.* cowhouse
 Byrland, 7/132, *pr. p.* burning. A.S. *brennan*
 Cachit, 4/33, *vb. pt. t.* wandered, went astray. O.Fr. *cachier*
 Call, 23/640, *vb.* drive away
 Can, 22/624, *vb. pr. t.* knows; 25/703, *vb. pt. t.* began
 Cant, 4/42, *adj.* lively, active
 Cantlie, 15/388, *adv.* actively, briskly
 Capill, 4/43, *sb.* horse. Lat. *caballus*
 Carll, 4/42, *sb.* churl, countryman. A.S. *ceorl*

- Carpit, 4/44, *vb. pt. t.* spoke.
 Cf. Eng. *chirp*
 Carpit, 24/683, *pp.* carpeted
 Cassin, 22/616, *pr. p.* cast off, broken
 Cast, 4/33, *sb.* lot, chance
 Catchit, 15/384, *vb. pt. t.* started, hastened
 Caucht, 15/384, *vb. pt. t.* threw up, placed; 29/841, tried, wished
 Chachand, 4/42, *pr. p.* chachand the gait = pursuing his course. O.Fr. *chachier*
 Chaip, 20/561, *vb.* escape. Fr. *eschapper*
 Chalmer, 27/774, *sb.* chamber
 Chauffray, 13/323, *sb.* merchandise
 Cheiftyme, 3/1, *sb.* reign
 Cheir, 8/180, *sb.* welcome; 29/843, mien
 Cheualrous, 29/843, *adj.* chivalrous, knightly
 Cheueris, 5/96, *vb. pr. t.* shiver
 Childermasse day, 66/55, *sb.* the Holy Innocents' Day
 Chin, 5/96, *sb.* [?]
 Circulit, 18/477, *pp.* encircled, set round
 Clais, 16/434, *sb. pl.* clothes, dress
 Cled, 24/683, *pp.* covered
 Cleikit, 28/823, *vb. pt. t.* snatched. A.S. *gelæccan*; cf. Eng. *clutch*
 Cleir, 18/497, *adj.* pure, spotless
 Clene, 7/125, *adv.* completely, quite
 Clippe, 83/605, *vb.* embrace
 Clois, 27/776, *adj.* close-fitting
 Closand, 24/684, *pr. p.* closing in, fitting
 Coft, 6/105, *pp.* bought. Ger. *kaufen* = to buy
 Coillis, 4/50, *sb. pl.* coals, that is, charcoal
 Columbyn, 24/674, *sb.* columbine
 Commounis, 16/431, *sb. pl.* common people
 Compeir, 9/200, *vb.* appear
 Conseruit, 32/946, *vb. pt. t.* established
 Conuert, 31/894, *vb.* be converted
 Cop, 9/214, *sb.* cup, glass
 Cornellis, 24/684, *sb. pl.* corners
 Counsingis, 31/900, *sb. pl.* relations
 Counteris, 30/875, *vb. pr. t.* encounter, contend
 Coursour, 6/115, *sb.* steed
 Courtes, 25/719, *adj.* courteous
 Courtingis, 11/267, *sb. pl.* curtains. O.Fr. *curtine*, *cortine*
 Couth, 7/125, *vb. pt. t.* didst know, understood. A.S. *cunnan*, *pt. t. ic. cuðe*
 Crabitnes, 19/528, *sb.* quarrelling, ill-temper
 Craue, 18/498, *vb.* ask. Be to craue = be a question of asking
 Creillis, 4/43, *sb. pl.* panniers, baskets, creels
 Cristallis, 17/475, *sb. pl.* crystals
 Crouste, 93/954, *sb.* crust
 Cule, 29/841, *vb.* cool
 Cumlie, 9/196, *adv.* courteously
 Cunnand, 8/165, *adj.* sensible; 13/321, *sb.* covenant, promise
 Cunning, 6/93, *sb.* knowledge
 Cunningis, 9/209, *sb. pl.* rabbits
 Cuplit, 4/43, *pp.* coupled, tied together
 Cusingis, 31/916, *sb. pl.* friends. See Counsingis
 Cussanis, 17/472, *sb. pl.* armour for the thighs

- Daillis, 15/385, *sb. pl.* dales
Dantely, 24/667, *adv.* daintily
Dantit, 16/435, *pp.* frightened, daunted. O.Fr. *danter*. Lat. *domitare*
Dawin, 15/385, *pr. p.* dawning, breaking
Daynteis, 9/191, *sb. pl.* dainties, delicacies
Debait, 4/44, *sb.* hesitation, delay
Defend, 5/60, *vb. pr. t.* forbid, object
Deill, 19/514, *vb.* deal, give
Deip, 3/17, *sb.* [?]
Deir, 11/254, *adv.* dearly; 19/515, *adj.* wild
Deis, 9/191, *sb.* table. Fr. *dais*
Deme, 24/677, *vb.* examine
Dentit, 24/667, *pp.* set, inlaid
Derf, 15/385, *adj.* bold, hardy
Derfly, 28/798, *adv.* boldly
Deuse, 22/614, *vb. pr. t.* say, tell
Dew, 14/365, *vb. pt. t.* dawned. A.S. *dagian*
Dicht, 7/133, *vb.* prepare, get ready
Digne, 14/354, *adj.* worthy, noble
Ding, 31/918, *vb.* strike, smite
Discouerand, 28/798, *pr. p.* exploring
Dispair, 32/933, *adj.* unequal, unsuitable
Dispittously, 31/904, *adv.* despitefully
Disseuer, 19/527, *vb.* separate, part
Docht, 27/792, *vb. pt. t.* could, was able
Dois, 5/86, *vb. pr. t.* farest
Dosouris, 24/676, *sb. pl.* canopies
Douchereis, 32/926, *sb. pl.* duchies
Douchtie, 21/590, *adj.* valiant, doughty man. A.S. *dohtig*
Dourly, 31/918, *adv.* hardily, sternly
Draif, 3/17, *vb. pt. t.* drove
Dreichlie, 10/217, *adj.* slowly, as denoting long continuance (Jamieson)
Drest, 9/201, *pp.* treated
Drichtine, 29/856, *sb.* Our Lord. A.S. *drichten*
Drupe, 78/444, *a.* dry. Probably we should read *druze* or *drupe*
Dubbit, 26/755, *vb. pt. t.* dubbed, created
Duchepeiris, 3/10, *sb. pl.* the douzepers, or twelve Peers of Charlemagne
Dule, 9/201, *sb.* sorrow, mourning
Durandlie, 3/17, *adv.* continually, without intermission
Duris, 24/677, *sb. pl.* doors
Dwelling, 10/239, *sb.* absence, delay
Dyamountis, 17/466, *sb. pl.* diamonds
Dyntis, 13/514, *sb. pl.* blows
E, 24/695, *sb.* eye, attention
Eem, 75/341, *s.* uncle
Eie, 69/124, *v.* fear, dread, awe
Eir, 7/152, *sb.* ear
Eird, 8/156, *sb.* ground, floor
Eis, 16/222, *sb.* ease, comfort
Eisementis, 5/82, *sb. pl.* comforts
Ellis, 7/127, *adv.* otherwise, else
Enbraissit, 23/631, *vb. pt. t.* opened, undid
Enchaip, 13/318, *vb.* See note.
Encheef, 13/308, *vb.* achieve, accomplish, succeed
Engreif, 22/619, *vb.* be displeasing, annoy

- Engreuit, 22/603, *pp.* vexed, annoyed
 Erd, 43/215, *s.* a country, district
 Errore, 79/489, *a.* former, previous
 Eye, 68/101, *s.* fear, dread, awe

 Failze, 29/835, *vb. pt. t.* fell, fainted
 Faind, 8/155, *vb. pt. t.* feigned, pretended
 Faindes, 31/902, *vb. pr. t.* pretend, feign
 Fair, 6/112, *sb.* fare, food; 12/286, *vb.* to travel, journey; 16/419, *sb.* accompaniments, baggage
 Fairand, 17/445, *pr. p.* travelling
 Fairlie, 8/176, *adj.* wonderfully
 Fais, 26/754, *sb.* faith, truth
 Fallow, 5/72, *sb.* fellow, companion
 Fand, 5/72, *vb. pt. t.* found, met
 Fane, 9/207, *adj.* glad
 Farne, 6/108, *pp.* fared
 Fay, 5/88, *sb.* faith, truth
 Fechand, 19/508, *pr. p.* fetching, carrying
 Fechtine, 5/61, *sb.* quarrelling
 Fechting, 17/463, *sb.* battles, fighting
 Fee, 27/777, *sb.* property. *Lat. pecus*
 Feerd, 90/839, *s.* company, troop
 Feid, 33/969, *sb.* anger, enmity. *Eng. feud*
 Feildis, 3/8, *sb. pl.* fields
 Feir, 8/176, *sb.* fear
 Feir, 10/220, in feir or into feir = together, in company
 Feirslie, 3/18, *adv.* fiercely
 Feld, 6/97, *vb. pt. t.* felt, experienced; 40/106, perceived, experienced
 Fell, 3/2, *vb. pt. t.* happened, occurred
 Fellis, 3/2, *sb.* wild and rocky hills
 Fellonar, 28/813, *adj.* fiercer
 Fellounlie, 3/18, *adv.* fiercely, wildly
 Fensabill, 13/329, *adj.* fighting, sufficient for defence
 Ferche, 96/105, *a.*; 107/1439, fresh. *A.S. fersc*
 Ferd, 91/874, 105/1374, a company, a troop
 Ferd, 108/1463, *s.* fear; 95/1042, *s.* ford
 Ferly, 15/404, *sb.* wonder, astonishment
 Ferlyfull, 3/2, *adj.* wonderful, fearful
 Fet, 17/445, *vb.* fetch, procure
 Fewaill, 10/244, *sb.* fuel
 Fewtir, 28/812, *sb.* a rest for a spear
 Fischis, 24/682, *sb. pl.* fishes
 Flamand, 24/671, *adj.* sparkling
 Flan, 3/2, *sb.* storm, tempest. *Icel. flana*
 Fleichingis, 31/902, *sb. pl.* flattering promises
 Flem, 38/33, *v. t.* to banish, to drive out
 Flourdelycis, 24/670, *sb. pl.* fleur-de-lis
 Flure, 24/683, *sb.* floor
 Follaut, 74/316, *s.*; follauzt, 84/639, Baptism
 Follède, 84/638, *v. pt. s.* baptised
 Forbot, 26/746, *vb. impr.* forbid
 For-bouzt, 115/1710, *pa. par.* ransomed, redeemed
 Forcenes, 28/814, *sb.*; forcynes, 28/820. fierceness
 Ford, 26/734, *sb.* way, road
 Forestaris, 9/197, *sb. pl.* foresters, keepers

- Forfaltour, 26/763, *sb.* a forfeiture
 Forlete, 92/936, *v.* take away, destroy
 Formest, 12/288, *adj.* first, chief
 Foroutin, 11/290, *prep.* without
 Forrow, 20/539, *vb.* ?repent
 Forwrocht, 29/838, *pp.* tired out with working, or fighting with their weapons
 Forzeild, 5/78, *vb. imp.* reward, repay
 Forzet, 7/125, *pp.* forgotten
 Foullis, 19/525, *sb. pl.* birds
 Foundis, 8/176, *vb. pr. t.* goes, walks
 Frane, 10/227, *vb.* enquire, ask
 Freik, 22/618, *vb.* man, fellow
 Freuch, 19/525, *adj.* frail, weak
 Fule, 19/509, *sb.* fool
 Fundin, 12/294, *pp.* found, met with
 Fure, 3/8, *vb. pt. t.* went, rode
 Fusoun, 9/212, *sb.* abundance
 Fute, 3/19, *sb.* foot, foothold
 Fylit, 17/446, *vb. pt. t.* have dirtied, defiled
 Fyrth, 24/682, *sb.* an enclosure
 Fyue, 23/657, *num.* five

 Ga, 6/119, *vb. imp.* go
 Gaif, 18/500, *vb.* give, grant
 Gais, 10/221, *vb. pr. t.* go, proceed
 Gaist, 6/96, *sb.* guest; 29/839, *sb.* the ghost, life
 Gait, 4/42, *sb.* course, way
 Galzart, 27/785, *adj.* sprightly, active
 Ganandest, 27/786, *adj.* nearest, shortest
 Gane, 10/240, *pp.* gone, departed; 22/612, *adv.* quickly, hastily
 Gangand, 17/447, *pr. p.* going, travelling
 Gar, 5/215, *vb. impr.* cause, make
 Gart, 21/585, *vb. pt. t.* caused, ordered
 Gawin, 15/383, *sb.* gain, advantage
 Gay, 27/786, *sb.* observation, attention (Jamieson)
 Gedling, 22/612, *sb.* perhaps = *gadling* = a lazy fellow
 Geir, 18/484, *sb.* gear, dress
 Gestning, 33/975, *sb.* hospitality
 Gif, 15/397; gyf, 15/399, *conj.* if
 Gift, 22/613, *sb.* message
 Ginges, 38/49, *sb. pl.* people
 Ginne, 48/286, *sb.* a contrivance, a stratagem, a plan
 Girth, 29/839, *sb.* safety, refuge
 Glaid, 5/77, *adj.* glad, joyful; 22/603, *adv.* quickly, quietly; 18/484, *vb. pt. t.* walked, moved
 Glaive, 46/334, *sb.* a weapon consisting of a long cutting blade at the end of a lance
 Gle, 6/98, *sb.* work
 Glemis, 17/458, *sb. pl.* gleams, sun-rays
 Gome, 111/1579, *sb.* man
 Gomfaynoun, 61/873, *sb.* a banner, a standard. See note to *Sir Ferumbras*, l. 774
 Gouverning, 17/447, *sb.* livelihood, support
 Gowlis, 17/457, *sb.* gules, in heraldry red
 Graid, 7/143, *pp.* getting ready, being prepared
 Graipis, 17/471, *sb. pl.* ? balls, lumps
 Graith, 15/391, *adj.* earnest
 Grant, 15/391, *sb.* promise, bargain
 Grantit, 13/319, *pp.* promised, engaged

- Grassum, 32/939, *sb.* compensation, reward: lit. "the sum paid to a landlord by a tenant, at the entry of a lease, or by a new heir to a lease or feu" (Jamieson).
A.S. *gærsuma* = compensation
- Grauit, 17/457, *adj.* carved
- Gre, 18/485, *sb.* prize, superiority
- Greis, 17/471, *sb.* greaves
- Grief, 13/314, *vb.* trouble, vex
- Gromis, 27/787, *sb. pl.* men
- Gudlie, 6/118, *adj.* kindly
- Gyde, 25/720, *sb.* attire, dress
- Gye, 66/40, *vb.* rule, govern
- Gynges, 66/52, *sb. pl.* peoples
- Gyrd, 7/151, *sb.* a stroke, blow
- Haiket, 23/644, *vb. pt. t.* walked slowly, sauntered
- Haill, 15/411, *adj.* whole
- Hailsum, 24/675, *adj.* becoming, noble
- Hair, 16/421, *adj.* cold, keen
- Haist, 20/550, *vb.* haste, hurry
- Haistely, 28/826, *adv.* hastily
- Hald, 3/19, *vb.* hold, keep
- Hale, 4/52, *adj.* whole, entire
- Halely, 31/896, *adv.* wholly, entirely
- Hamelie, 6/112, *adj.* homely, poor
- Happin, 13/332, *vb.* happen upon, fall in with
- Harberie, 4/41; harbery, 5/64, *sb.* refuge
- Harbreit, 25/710, *vb. pt. t.* lodged
- Hard, 12/282, *vb. pt. t.* heard
- Harnes, 15/395, *sb.* arms, accoutrements
- Harnest, 29/833, *adj.* armed, in armour
- Hartfully, 30/891, *adv.* heartily, with the whole heart
- Hecht, 15/382, *pp.* promised
- Hechtis, 15/411, *sb. pl.* orders, engagements
- Heet, 91/904, *v. pt. s.* was named
- Heich, 3/19, *adv.* high, steep
- Heid, 29/834, *sb.* heat: heuy with heid = oppressed with the heat
- Heill, 20/567, *sb.* health: haldin in heill = in possession of good health
- Heip, 5/83 [?]
- Heir, 5/72, *adv.* here
- Heizeing, 39/79, *sb.* hurrying, haste: an heizeing = at once, in haste, without delay
- Helf, 12/304, *sb.* assist, help
- Hende, 33/970, *adj.* noble, gentle, kind
- Here, 91/897, *sb.* company, troop
- Hes, 5/81, *vb. pr. t.* hast
- Het, 6/109, *adj.* hot
- Heterliche, 81/559, *adv.* fiercely
- Hew, 20/553, *sb.* colour
- Hicht, 4/37, *sb.* on hicht = on high, lofty; 18/496, height: the day may haue the *hicht* = may reach its turning-point, i. e. *noon*
- Hie mes, 21/575, High mass
- Hine, 29/857, *adv.* hence: "sall neuer hine" is equivalent to "shall never leave, or depart"
- Holtis, 16/421, *sb. pl.* high, barren ground
- Hoqe, 21/577, *sb.* delay / *n*
- Houerit, 16/417, *vb. pt. t.* waited about
- Huifis, 18/495, *vb. pr. t.* tarry, delay
- Huit, 16/417, *sb. pt. t.* paused, stopped: the same as *hoved*
- Husband, 21/595, *adj.*; 22/599, *sb.* farmer's, country

- Hu3, 78/456, *vb. pt. s.* hewed, cut
 Hy, 13/322, *sb.* haste, speed
 Hynt, 21/577, *vb. pt. t.* took : of
 he hynt = he took off; 25/698, hit,
 struck
 Ifeere, 75/351, *adv.* together
 Iloren, 73/274, *pp.* lost
 Inwart, 10/238, *adj.* intimate
 Ipi3t, 85/686, *pp.* pitched
 Ischar, 22/646, *sb.* usher, door-
 keeper
 Ithand, 4/27, *adj.* constant, un-
 ceasing
 I-wis, 4/35, *adv.* in truth, cer-
 tainly
 Iornay, 21/590, *sb.* combat, a day
 of battle
 Iornaying, 18/485, *sb.* combat,
 contest
 Jurnays, 41/160, *sb. pl.* a day's
 journey
 Keip, 23/640, *sb.* attention, care :
 take keip = look after
 Keipeir, 27/775, *sb.* keeper, super-
 intendent
 Kend, 23/653, *vb. pt. t.* knew
 Kendill, 6/107, *vb. imp.* kindle,
 light
 Kene, 30/863, *adj.* daring
 Kerue, 45/312, *vb.* to cut
 Kest, 14/367, *vb. pt. t.* threw,
 placed; 15/404, revolved, won-
 dered, meditated
 Knaifis, 6/113, *sb. pl.* knaves,
 servants
 Knap, 6/111, *vb. imp.* knock
 down
 Kyith, 6/107, *vb. imp.* know
 Kypte, 69/135, *vb. pt. s.* caught
 up, seized
 Kythand, 25/708, *pr. p.* appear-
 ing, in sight
 Laid, 7/139, *vb. pt. t.* laid on,
 blew; 10/247, *sb.* load
 Laiser, 21/568, *sb.* leisure, time
 Laith, 12/287, *adj.* loth, unwilling
 Laithly, 7/139, *adv.* vilely, disa-
 greeably
 Lak, 5/87, *vb.* depreciate, find
 fault
 Lane, 13/315, *vb.* hide, conceal
 Lap, 11/279, *vb. pt. t.* leaped,
 mounted
 Las, 106/1388, *vb. pt. s.* lost
 Lattin, 21/615, *pp.* allowed, let
 Laubour, 19/511, *sb.* toil, hard
 work
 Lauch, 27/787, *vb.* laugh
 Lauch-full, 19/510, *adj.* loyal
 Lawtie, 19/511, *sb.* loyalty, fidelity
 Leid, 15/397, *sb.* person
 Leidis, 4/50, *vb. pr. t.* draw, carry
 Leif, 12/281, *sb.* leave, farewell
 Leifis, 10/511, *vb. pr. t.* lives
 Leif of, 8/174, *vb.* leave off, cease
 Leip, 5/85, *vb.* mount
 Leird, 8/171, *pp.* taught
 Leis, 23/643, *vb.* lose
 Lelely, 32/944, *adv.* loyally,
 faithfully
 Lely, 24/674, *sb.* lilies
 Lemit, 13/326, *vb. pt. t.* lightened,
 brightened
 Len, 13/333, *vb.* give, grant
 Lende, 81/540, *sb.* the loin
 Lent, 15/397, *adj.* slow, slowly
 travelling
 Lesing, 12/312, *sb.* a lie
 Let, 20/542, *sb.* hindrance
 Leuch, 19/531, *sb. pt. t.* laughed
 Leuand, 27/788, *pr. p.* living
 Leueþ, 55/671, *vb. pr. t.* believe
 Liddernes, 27/788, *sb.* cowardice

- Ling, 16/428, *sb.* line : in a line = in one line, that is, straight on without stopping; 15/397, heath, moor
 Lofe, 4/45, *sb.* love; 5/87, *vb.* praise
 Lois, 23/642, *vb.* lose
 Lou3, 74/291, *vb. pt. s.* laughed
 Ludgeit, 26/743, *pp.* lugged, dragged
 Lufesumly, 20/589, *adv.* pleasantly
 Luper, 93/942, *adv.* bad, dangerous
 Lyft, 13/326, *sb.* firmament, sky
 Lykand, 4/40, *adj.* pleased, satisfied
 Lykis, 32/943, *vb. pr. t.* pleases
 Lykit, 4/39, *vb. pt. t.* pleased
 Lystinit, 26/742, *vb. pt. t.* listened

 Magre, 18/487, *sb.* difficulty
 Maid, 6/121, *vb. pt. t.* caused
 Maisterfull, 17/444, *adj.* powerful
 Mait, 22/835, *adj.* fatigued. See Glossary to *Sir Ferumbas*, s. v. Mat
 Mantene, 29/853, *vb.* maintain, support
 Marschellit, 5/186, *pp.* arranged
 Mat, 19/513, *vb.* annoy, interfere with
 Matchit, 9/186, *pp.* paired
 Maumetes, 46/323, *sb. pl.* idols
 Maumetrie, 65/25, *sb.* idolatry
 May, 82/591, *sb.* a maid; 30/888, *vb. pr. t.* can do, is powerful
 Meiknes, 26/655, *sb.* modesty
 Meit, 5/81, *sb.* food, meat
 Meitis, 15/397, *vb. pr. t.* meet
 Mend, 32/957, *vb.* increase, augment

 Mene, 6/121, *vb.* to complain
 Mer, 3/22, *vb. pt. t.* put them into confusion
 Mettaill, 29/830, *sb.* mettle, excellence
 Midmorne, 4/29, *sb.* the middle of the morning
 Mirrie, 7/137, *adj.* merry, pleasant
 Mocht, 18/492, *aux. vb.* might
 Mon, 16/427, *vb. pr. t.* must
 Mote, 4/53, *aux. vb.* may
 Mounde, 60/853, *sb.* power, lit. protection. "A knight of mochel mounde." — *Launfal*, 597. A.S. *mund*
 Mure, 3/14, *sb.* moor, heath
 Myrk, 3/22, *adj.* dark, murky
 Myster, 26/751, *sb.* desire, need; 17/444, science, craft, art

 Nait, 5/61, *sb.* need
 Namit, 18/505, *vb. pt. t.* named, mentioned by name
 Nanis, 17/471, *adv.* for the nanis = for the occasion, for the nonce
 Neidlingis, 15/407, *adv.* needs, of necessity
 Nende, 48/389, *sb.* end. þe *nende* = þen ende = the end
 Neue, 53/581, *sb.* eve. þe *neue* = þen eue = the eve. Compare Nende
 New, 20/547, *vb.* renew
 Newlingis, 33/965, *adv.* recently, lately
 Nichtit, 4/40, *vb. pt. t.* became night, or dark
 Non, 53/602, *adj.* none; 14/344, *sb.* noon
 Noy, 20/538, *sb.* annoyance, hindrance
 Nurtour, 8/162, *sb.* education, manners
 Nyse, 16/430, *adj.* foolish, silly

- Obeysand, 7/124, *adj.* obedient
 Ocht, 11/255, anything, aught
 Officiaris, 11/256, *sb. pl.* officers, attendants
 Onwart, 10/246, *adv.* onward, in addition to
 Ord, 106/1413, *sb.* end, point
 Ordanit, 13/325, *sb. pt. t.* got ready, prepared
 O-pouzt, 51/507, *vb. pt. s.* it repented. A.S. *ofþyncan*
 O-twinne, 100/1202, *adv.* apart
 Outray, 8/151, *sb.* indignity, insult, ill-treatment. Fr. *outrage*
 Outwart, 13/331, *adv.* outwards, forward
 Outwith, 16/412, *prep.* outwards from, beyond
 Pane, 3/5, *sb.* pagandom, heathendom *fulf. = Genarand, Alitany*
 Pardie, 8/168, *ejac.* Pardieu, by God
 Parische, 3/20, *vb.* perish
 Pas, 5/71, *vb.* go, travel
 Pauyot, 11/278, *sb.* The meaning is not clear, but it seems to mean "a little page," from Ital. *paggetto* (Jamieson).
 Payit, 5/70, *adj.* pleased, satisfied
 Peir, 24/666, *sb.* an equal, a match
 Picht, 17/469, *pp.* studded
 Pingde, 88/779, *vb. pt. t.* spurred
 Pithis, 30/166, *sb. pl.* strengths
 Plaitis, 17/469, *sb. pl.* plate-armour
 Plane, 13/317, *adv.* plainly, clearly
 Plesance, 31/910, *sb.* joking
 Plicht, 32/943, *vb.* plight, pledge
 Point, 3/20, *sb.* in point = on the point of
 Preichand, 14/347, *pr. p.* telling, preaching
 Preif, 12/306, *vb.* prove, try
 Preikit, 15/410, *vb. pt. t.* rode
 Preisit, 18/499, *pp.* considered, reckoned
 Preissis, 22/617, *vb. pr. t.* presses, insists
 Preistis, 14/346, *sb. pl.* priests
 Presoun, 30/889, *sb.* prisoner. See note to *Sir Ferumbras*, l. 1000
 Prest, 15/410, *adv.* readily, quickly
 Preuie, 11/265, *adj.* private, separate
 Price, 29/836, *sb.* prize
 Principall, 14/360, *adj.* the greatest, the finest
 Pryme, 3/23, *sb.* six o'clock in the morning
 Pulanis, 17/470, *sb. pl.* greaves
 Quede, 58/765, *adv.* bad, wicked
 Queintize, 113/1620, *sb.* cunning
 Quemely, 24/684, *adv.* closely
 Quhair, 3/3, *adv.* where, when
 Quhat, 4/30, *pr. p.* which, what
 Quhat-kin, 10/235, what kind of
 Quhatsumeuer, 15/400, of what kind soever
 Quhen, 4/55, *adv.* whenever
 Quhiddel, 15/383, whether
 Quhill, 5/91, *adv.* until
 Quhip, 15/387, *sb.* whip
 Quhome, 18/507, *pr.* whom, whomsoever
 Quhy, 6/95, *adv.* why
 Quoake, 26/735, *vb. pt. t.* shook, trembled
 Raid, 3/14, *vb. pt. t.* rode
 Raifand, 23/652, *adj.* raving, foolish
 Raik, 9/214, *vb.* pass round
 Rais, 10/217, *vb. pt. t.* arose

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- Raith, 20/551, *adv.* quickly, soon
 Rauvingis, 31/898, *sb. pl.* ravings, foolish words
 Red, 12/286, *vb. pr. t.* advise, recommend
 Red, 11/261, *sb.* advice
 Reddyit, 27/781, *vb. pt. t.* prepared, made ready
 Regaird, 23/654, *sb.* notice, attention : countit at regaird = thought worth notice
 Rek, 31/898, *vb. pr. t.* reckon, think, value
 Remeid, 19/512, *sb.* remedy, satisfaction
 Remufe, 20/864, *sb.* move, give away
 Renk, 10/551, *sb.* way, course
 Renkis, 28/822, *sb. pl.* strong men
 Repreif, 29/846, *vb. pr. t.* reprove, blame
 Restles, 28/822, *adj.* eager
 Reuest, 14/346, *pp.* clothed, arrayed
 Reulit, 17/468, *pp.* arranged ; 24/672, *pp.* painted, marked
 Rew, 14/353, *sb.* street ; 23/551, *vb.* rue, repent
 Reward, 23/652, *sb.* regard, attention
 Rid, 38/891, *vb. pr. t.* advise, counsel
 Rob, 21/578, *sb.* robe
 Rois, 24/673, *sb.* roses
 Ronsy, 18/481, *sb.* a hack, riding horse
 Rot, 55/652, *vb. pt. t.* snored
 Roustie, 19/520, *adj.* rusty
 Rout, 54/629, *vb. pt. t.* snored. A.S. *hrútan*
 Rou3ten, 14/1004, *vb. pt. pl.* recked, cared
 Rowme, 28/812, *sb.* a spot, or place
 Rubeis, 17/467, *sb. pl.* rubies
 Rude, 4/45, *sb.* the cross
 Rufe, 5/80, *sb.* rest, ease ; 6/109, *adj.* rough ; 24/672, roof, ceiling
 Runsy, 28/794, *sb.* a hack, riding horse. *See* Ronsy
 Rusit, 18/483, *vb. pt. t.* wondered, admired
 Ryall, 3/14, *adj.* royal person, *i. e.* king
 Ryally, 24/673, *adv.* royally
 Ryfe, 8/172, *adj.* plentiful

 Sa, 3/8, *adv.* so
 Sadly, 23/658, *adv.* firmly, steadily
 Saill, 10/245, *sb.* sale, market ; 25/716, *sb.* hall, saloon
 Saird, 23/658, *vb. pt. t.* hurt
 Salbe, 4/56, shall be
 Salust, 16/424, *vb. pt. t.* saluted
 Sapheir, 17/466, *sb.* sapphires
 Sayand, 5/77, *pr. p.* saying
 Scant, 11/275, *sb.* lack, need
 Schapin, 17/461, *pp.* shaped
 Scheild, 17/461, *sb.* shield
 Schene, 17/461, *adj.* shining, glittering
 Schill, 5/59, *adj.* chill, cold
 Schir, 4/44, *sb.* sir
 Schone, 27/768, *sb. pl.* lit. shoes, here = spurs
 Schord, 26/736, *vb. pt. t.* threatened, scolded, abused
 Schow, 25/700, *sb.* shove, push
 Schroud, 17/461, *pp.* covered, protected
 Seigis, 25/716, *sb. pl.* seats
 Seiztnesse, 82/570, *sb.* reconciliation
 Seik, 22/628, *vb.* seek, look for
 Seimit, 28/813, *vb. pt. t.* seemed

- Seir, 3/25, *adj.* different
 Selcouthly, 24/680, *adv.* curiously, strangely
 Semblay, 14/359, *sb.* assembly, meeting
 Semelie, 17/461, *adv.* becomingly
 Sen, 4/51, *conj.* since, as
 Sen3eorabill, 25/717, *adj.* lordly, seignorial
 Seriaunce, 48/413, *sb. pl.* soldiers: those who served. Lat. *servientem*, acc. of *serviens*, pr. p. of *servio* = to serve
 Seruit, 9/183, *pp.* served
 Sesit, 32/926, *pp.* invested with
 Set, 23/637, *vb. pr. t.* reckon, consider
 Sey, 106/1393, *vb. pt. t.* tell
 Sib, 31/901, *adj.* related
 Sic, 4/33, *adv.* so, such
 Siking, 96/1063, *pr. p.* sighing
 Sindrie, 4/29, *adv.* in different directions; 10/223, *adj.* sundry, various
 Sir, 9/202, *adv.* frequent, many
 Sit, 6/99, *vb.* disregard, disobey
 Skaith, 28/824, *sb.* hurt, injury
 Skill, 4/57, *sb.* reason, sense
 Slane, 31/900, *pp.* slain
 Sobernes, 19/527, *sb.* quietness, peace
 Solempnit, 15/406, *adj.* solemn, sacred
 Soudanis, 31/901, *sb. pl.* sultans
 Souerance, 30/883, *sb.* mercy, sufferance
 Spaird, 23/656, *vb. pt. t.* questioned, enquired of
 Speid, 16/428, *vb.* speed, hasten
 Speir, 4/53, *vb. pr. t.* ask, enquire
 Speris, 4/51, *vb. pr. t.* askest
 Sperpellit, 3/26, *vb. pt. t.* were dispersed
 Splenders, 28/814, *sb. pl.* splinters
 Sprent, 28/815, *vb. pt. t.* sprang, leaped
 Springis, 31/904, *sb.* spring
 Spuil3e, 31/904, *vb.* spoil, ruin
 Squechonis, 24/686, *sb. pl.* escutcheons
 Squyary, 11/275, *sb.* attendants
 Stad, 22/605, *pp.* bested, pressed
 Stakkerit, 8/153, *vb. pt. t.* staggered
 Staluartlie, 4/32, *adv.* bravely, courageously
 Start, 31/895, *sb.* a moment, a brief space
 Stede, 102/1279, *sb.* place
 Steek, 114/1661, *vb. pt. t.* barred
 Steill, 17/474, *sb.* steel; 22/606, *vb.* steal
 Steir, 16/413, *sb.* stir: on steir = astir, moving
 Steird, 8/175, *pp.* stirred, aroused
 Steiris, 3/12, *vb. pr. t.* hastens, starts
 Steuen, 59/815, *sb.* a voice
 Stonischit, 8/175, *pp.* astounded, astonished
 Stound, 22/622, *sb.* moment, minute
 Stour, 30/868, *sb.* fight, contest
 Straid, 4/32, *vb. pt. t.* moved, struggled
 Straik, 8/175, *sb.* blow, stroke; 28/815, *vb. pt. t.* struck, smote
 Strait, 26/734, *adj.* narrow
 Stray, 18/479: ? on stray = astride
 Stubill, 19/522, *adj.* little, sturdy
 Stude, 17/456, *vb. pt. t.* stood
 Sture, 3/16, *adj.* rough, strong
 Stynt, 25/702, *vb.* stop
 Succuderus, 31/912, *adj.* arrogant, presumptuous

- Succudiously, 30/859, *adv.* arrogantly, haughtily
 Suddand, 20/542, *adj.* unexpected, unforeseen
 Suith, 4/52, *sb.* truth, sooth
 Summoundis, 6/99, *sb. pl.* orders
 Suppois, 11/259, *vb. pr. t.* am sure, warrant
 Swayne, 22/609, *sb.* man
 Swere, 52/549, *sb.* the neck
 Swoir, 32/945, *vb. pt. t.* swore, took an oath
 Swyith, 6/116, *adv.* quickly, at once
 Syne, 6/185, *adv.* then, afterwards
 Sy3, 87/738, 745, *vb. pt. t.* saw
- Ta, 21/568, *sb.* take
 Taillis, 10/223, *sb. pl.* tales, stories
 Tak, 32/941, *vb.* surrender, give up
 Takin, 17/459, *sb.* token, sign
 Tane, 30/889, the tane = one: for that ane = that one; 8/158, *pp.* received
 Targing, 89/833, *sb.* tarrying, delay
 Teind, 18/476, *sb.* tithe, tenth part
 Teir, 18/476, *adj.* tiresome
 Tene, 7/123, *sb.* anger
 Tenefull, 17/460, *adj.* awful
 Tent, 13/316, *sb.* notice, attention
 Teuch, 19/523, *adj.* tough, strong
 Thairin, 4/28, *adv.* therein, in it
 Thairun, 14/376, *adv.* thereon, on that
 Tharth, 20/538, *vb. impers.* ought, it behoves
 Thay, 3/2, *art.* those
 Thocht, 8/166, though, although; 8/178, *vb. pt. t.* seemed, appeared good to him
- Thopas, 18/470, *sb.* topaz stones
 Þorte, 68/104, *vb. pt. s.* ought. A.S. þearf
 Thourtour, 21/569, *adj.* cross, transverse
 Thra, 28/804, *sb.* eagerness, speed in thra = eagerly, speedily
 Thraly, 23/659, *adv.* eagerly
 Þratten, 87/736, *v. pt. pl.* threatened
 Thrawin, 7/129, *adj.* out of temper
 Threip, 5/79, *vb.* quarrel, fall out; 9/199, *vb. pr. t.* declare constantly
 Threttie, 14/345, *num. adj.* thirty
 Threttis, 23/659, *sb. pl.* threats
 Thrife, 4/53, *vb.* thrive, prosper
 Thring, 9/199, *vb.* thrust, shoot
 Thristit, 23/659, *vb. pt. t.* thrust himself, pushed
 Throw, 25/699, *adv.* eagerly
 Thus-gait, 8/171, *adv.* thus, in this manner
 Ticht, 17/459, *pp.* tied
 Til, 112/1619, *conj.* while
 Tine, 106/1397, *vb.* lose
 Tit, 16/434, *vb.* drag
 Tite, 45/294, *adv.* soon: also tite = at once
 To-blaisterit, 4/28, *vb. pt. t.* blew furiously
 To-come, 94/996, *sb.* coming, arrival
 To-drof, 113/1646, *v. pt. s.* hew in pieces
 To-morne, 5/85, *adv.* to-morrow
 To-queizte, 98/1114, *v. pt. s.* shook
 To-worne, 20/562, *pp.* worn to pieces
 Towsill, 16/434, *vb.* use or handle roughly
 Traist, 4/55, *vb. imp.* trust, believe; 20/548, *adj.* trusting, confident
 Trauale, 4/48, *sb.* work, labour

- Trauellouris, 5/82, *sb. pl.* travellers
 Trew lufe, 18/475, ? true-love knots
 Trimland, 17/460, *pr. p.* trembling
 Trist, 101/1221, *adj.* confident, bold
 Tuggill, 19/523, *vb.* struggle, strive
 Tuik, 3/25, *vb. pt. t.* took, followed
 Turnit, 3/4, *vb. pt. t.* returned, started back from
 Trow, 30/880, *vb.* believe
 Tyne, 4/58, *vb.* to be lost, to perish; 28/827, to lose
 Tyt, 7/123, *vb. pt. t.* took, seized
 Tyte, 30/876, *adv.* quickly, at once
 Tything, 21/584, *sb.* tidings, report

 Vmbekest, 16/412, *vb. pt. t.* looked round, cast his eyes round
 Vnburely, 19/524, *adj.* rough
 Vncourtes, 7/122, *adj.* uncourteous
 Vndeid, 29/858, *adj.* alive, un-killed
 Vnderfenge, 39/87, *v. pt. s.* received
 Vnderta, 10/243, *vb. pr. t.* engage, promise
 Vnder-3at, 105/1351, *v. pt. s.* understood
 Vneis, 8/157, *adv.* scarcely
 Vngane, 23/663, *pp.* not yet gone
 Vnkend, 11/249, *adj.* unknown
 Vnknawne, 7/127, *adj.* ignorant
 Vnrufe, 4/47, *sb.* trouble, toil
 Vnsemand, 7/148, *adj.* improper, unseemly
 Vther, 3/3, *adj.* other
 Venov, 60/845, *sb.* an encounter
 Veseir, 29/842, *sb.* vizor
 Vincussing, 29/828, *vb.* vanquishing, conquering

 Wa, 11/249, *adj.* unwilling, sorry
 Wachis, 11/276, *sb. pl.* watchmen, guards
 Waird, 27/763, *sb.* fate, destiny, chance
 Wait, 4/46, *vb. pr. t.* know
 Wald, 15/407, *sb.* moor, downs, wolds
 Walkand, 5/73, *pr. p.* travelling, walking
 Walkin, 11/277, *vb.* awake
 Walkinnit, 12/282, *vb. pt. t.* woke up, awoke
 Wan, 17/462, *vb. pt. t.* won, gained
 Wandit, 14/360, *vb. pt. t.* wound round, tied
 Wane, 3/7, *sb.* palace, dwelling
 Wantoun, 6/100, *adj.* free, quick. O.E. *wantowen* = ill-educated, from *wan*—prefix, signifying *want*, and A.S. *togen*, educated, *pp.* of *teón*
 Wapnis, 29/838; wappinis, 19/517, *sb. pl.* weapons, arms
 Wardecors, 106/1409, *sb.* a body-guard: hence, an attendant, a squire
 Wardroparis, 11/276, *sb. pl.* keepers of the wardrobe
 Warysoun, 31/919, *sb.* reward
 Warypede, 101/1231, *v. pt. s.* ? cursed or was annoyed
 Wassalage, 30/890, *vb.* action becoming a knight, a great achievement
 Wayndit, 10/230, *vb. pt. t.* cared, liked
 Wedderis, 3/21, *sb. pl.* weather, storm
 Weidis, 20/562, *sb. pl.* clothes
 Weild, 32/926, *sb.* enjoy, possess
 Weildit, 21/580, *vb. pt. t.* ruled, was master of
 Weill, 4/46, *adv.* well
 Weir, 12/290, 25/706, *sb.* doubt; 10/230, hesitation

- Weird, 15/379, *sb.* fate, destiny
 Weit, 6/106, *adj.* wet
 Wem, 57/745, *sb.* a stain. Compare *Sir Ferumbras*, l. 5725
 Weryouris, 27/769, *sb. pl.* warriors, fighting men
 Weschin, 7/145, *pp.* washed
 Wicht, 4/36, *adj.* rough, boisterous; 27/792, valiant, doughty
 Wickit, 3/20, *adj.* boisterous, tempestuous
 Widdeis, 14/368, *sb. pl.* ropes made of twigs of willow
 Will, 4/35, *adj.* lost, astray
 Willar, 7/140, *adj.* more lost, astray
 Win, 6/110, *vb.* succeed; 22/627, *vb.* find out, seek; 32/928, *sb.* pleasure, enjoyment
 Winnis, 19/529, *vb. pr. t.* dwells, lives
 Wirk, 32/932, *vb.* work, act
 Wise, 16/436, *adj.* in one's senses, sane
 Wist, 3/21, *vb. pt. t.* knew
 Wit, 95/1032, *sb.* blame; 10/228, *vb.* know, be informed
 With thy, 5/70, provided, if
 Witten, 22/606, *pp.* known
 Wold, 101/1228, *sb.* power, rule. So in *Sir Ferumbras*, l. 334; and *Perceval*, 2006:
 "That had those londis in wolde."
 Wond, 46/340, *vb.* turn, move
 Worschip, 28/827, *sb.* prize, glory
 Worthis, 24/694, *vb. pr. t.* has become, there is
 Worthyest, 9/188, *adj.* finest, best
 Wosche, 10/217, *vb. pt. t.* washed
 Wox, 4/35, *vb. pt. t.* became, was
 Wraith, 6/100, *adj.* angry, wrath
 Wrake, 38/40, *sb.* destruction
 Wreche, 105/1364, *sb.* ruin, calamity
 Wrocht, 11/266, *pp.* made, prepared
 Wroperhele, 51/532, *sb.* an ill fate, ruin
 Wy, 21/580, *sb.* men, nobles
 Wylit, 25/712, *pp.* beguiled, seduced
 Wyn, 31/921, ? pleasant
 Wynning, 10/229, *sb.* dwelling, residence: thy maist wynning = thy usual residence
 Wythest, 27/769, *adj.* most valiant, mightiest
 Yare, 39/83, *adv.* ready
 Y-corn, 49/448, *pp.* chosen
 Y-schent, 51/508, *pp.* disgraced
 3af, 71/192, *pt. s.* gave (a thought)
 3aip, 22/630, *adj.* crafty, cunning
 3air, 22/643, *adv.* earnestly, carefully
 3ald, 10/226, *vb. pt. t.* gave, returned
 3arne, 29/840, *vb. imper.* think, consider
 3ed, 20/547; 3eid, 7/131, *vb. pt. t.* went, proceeded
 3eir, 9/202, *vb.* year
 3eman, 22/630, *sb.* servant, attendant
 3ern, 44/275, *adv.* readily, easily
 3erne, 23/643, *sb.* take care of
 3et, 22/611, *vb.*; 3ettis, 23/635, *sb. pl.* gate, entrance
 3ilte, 94/978, *imp. sb.* yield
 3ole, 49/442, *sb.* yule-tide: Christmas
 3one, 25/708, *adv.* yonder
 3ule tyde, 3/4, *sb.* Christmas

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